



School commenced Sept  
8<sup>th</sup> 1887 and ended April  
10<sup>th</sup> 1888.

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ending of school April 10<sup>th</sup> / 8

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LIPPINCOTT'S POPULAR SERIES.

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THE  
FOURTH READER  
OF THE  
POPULAR SERIES.

BY  
MARCIUS WILLSON.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.



PHILADELPHIA:  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

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## PREFACE.

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IN calling the attention of educators to whatever, in this Fourth number, may be found peculiar in the character of a Reading Book for schools, we would refer, in addition to what is said here, to the explanatory preface of the Third Reader.

It will be seen that the plan of *localizing* events around a home centre of attraction, and carrying onward the same leading characters through the varying scenes incident to childhood and youth, and thence, still onward, into the sterner realities of life, continues to be a leading feature of the series,—a feature that is designed to give continuity and increased interest to the entire work; and we are quite confident that it will be found to serve this purpose without diminishing the variety of matter required in a Reading Book, or in any degree impairing its educational value. Indeed, we think we may justly claim that our “plan” admits the possibility of the very *greatest* variety. We refer to the table of contents for some idea of our acknowledged selections from others, and of our still more numerous *adaptations* of such pieces as we have found suited to our purposes. Nor is this all; for while the slender web of fiction that runs throughout is of our own weaving, we have borrowed, from a great variety of sources, whatever hues and colors we have found best adapted to give interest and variety to the pattern.

But, additionally, we would remind educators that such a plan, if successfully carried out, must furnish opportunities for making, incidentally, many practical suggestions to teachers,—for imparting information of special educational value to pupils,—and for carrying forward, to their legitimate results, the tendencies of early-formed habits and principles. It is the seeing, the careful watching, and following out of the natural, and, generally, slow growth of principles in the lives of individuals, and not merely casual glimpses of them in isolated cases, that make an indelible impression, and influence, in a controlling manner, the formation of character. How far we have succeeded in fitly shaping this

part of our plan to the educational objects we have had in view, must be left to the use of the books to determine.

With reference to the few "Oral Exercises" found at the bottoms of pages in this and the preceding numbers, we would say, that they are not designed, in the least, to teach *grammar*; but to lead pupils in a natural, easy and philosophical way, and of their own efforts, to comprehend the meaning of what they read, and to explain it to others, void of technicalities.

The *Writing Exercises* have a still higher object. They are a novel, and, as we believe, truly philosophical method of daily drill in the construction of sentences. As here planned they are exercises that will not be found at all difficult for those who go through them systematically, from the beginning of the book, while, at the same time, they will require *some* thought, on the part of pupils, to change the phraseology as required,—and more and more of it as the pupil advances; while in the latter part of this Fourth Reader he will find that he may exercise his judgment still further in selecting *the best* among several possible forms of expression.—[See the Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Series of Exercises, pp. 200, 225, and 289.]

It may be asked, "Why encumber a Reading Book with Exercises of this character,—and why not devote a separate work to them instead?" We answer, "Because they are very appropriately connected with lessons in reading, and really form part of them;—because they are much cheaper in this form than in any other;—and, what is most important, because they will be used extensively in this form, and without the necessity of separate classes in the school, and separate books." They are, moreover, to some extent, brief *analyses* of the Chapters; and hence, in addition to their main object, they serve as a kind of daily review of the reading lessons.

Having long been convinced, both from our experience as a teacher and from the well-known views of prominent educators, that children are seldom provided with sufficient school-reading in their Reading Books, we have made most of the numbers of the present series somewhat larger than is usual. We have aimed, thereby, to make the gradation, from the beginning, *very easy*, and still to attain as high a standard in the selections of the Fifth, and the Supplementary number, as the needs of pupils require. There is little danger that the amount of interesting and useful school-reading will be too abundant. Parents can provide their children with no better, safer, or *cheaper* reading—considering quality and adaptability—than is generally found in their Reading Books.

## SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

1st. We would recommend that the system of ORAL EXERCISES, of which only occasional examples are given, be continued throughout the entire work.

2d. To enable the class to write the exercises in the *Fourth, Fifth, Seventh, and Eighth Series*, as correctly as possible, let one pupil read aloud the first paragraph in the exercise, as it is given in the book; and then let another, with aid from the teacher if necessary, read the paragraph aloud as it should be written,—and so on through the entire Exercise. This preparation will interest pupils, and enable them to write the exercise with tolerable correctness. If the teacher will then correct the exercise, and require pupils to rewrite it carefully, much will be gained by them in habits of neat penmanship, correct spelling and punctuation, and good construction of sentences. What better *daily writing exercise* can they have, than this?

3d. But if the teacher, for want of time, or for any other reason, should think best to *omit* the writing of these exercises, let them be read and corrected in the class, as before suggested.

## RULES AND DIRECTIONS FOR READING.

Instead of an elaborate introductory treatise on correct reading, we have occasionally used the *inflections*, which all teachers understand, and have given brief rhetorical explanations where we thought they might be needed. One or two points more we will allude to here.

1st. In reading, or in speaking, it is often necessary to give greater *emphasis*, or *force*, to some words than to others. This emphasis is occasionally *indicated*, in these Readers as in other books, by printing in *Italics* the words requiring this emphasis. This is called “The Emphasis of Tone.”

2d. Words are sometimes emphasized by *prolonging* their pronunciation; sometimes with greater force than ordinary, and sometimes with less force. Thus:—“A great-wild-beast-glared-at me!” “He spoke to me in soft,-gentle,-and tender-tones.” This is called “The Emphasis of Time,” and may be designated by a superior dash as shown here.

3d. It may be remarked, in conclusion, that in common conversation, people—even the uneducated—generally use the proper emphasis and inflections, *because they speak naturally*. Therefore, we say to all, if you fully *understand* what you read, and read *naturally*, you will read correctly.

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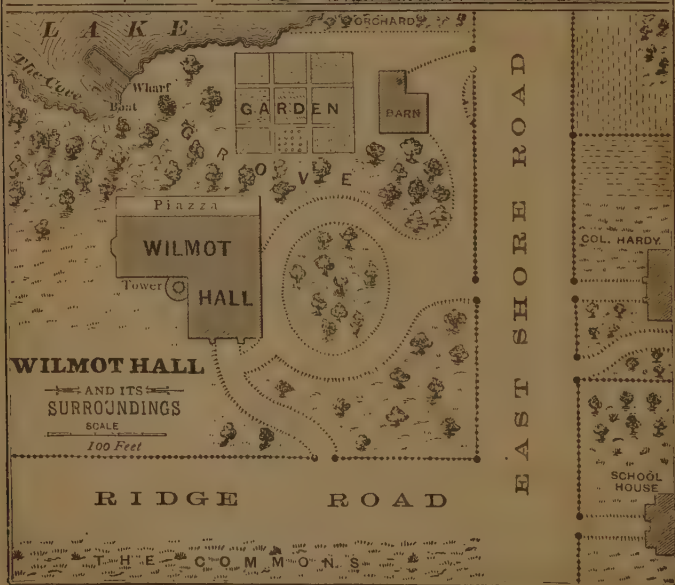
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# THE FOURTH READER.

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## CHAPTER I.—WINTER SPORTS.

1. Winter, as well as spring, and summer, and autumn, has its sports for boys in the northern part of our country. "And so it has in the more genial climes of the South," says one. That is true; but in the South they are more like our autumn sports of hunting, boating on the unfrozen streams, roaming through the still pleasant woodlands, and gathering nuts and berries. It is one of the *northern* winter sports that will form the subject of the present chapter.

2. When deep snow covered the ground, and was so crusted with ice that it could not easily be broken through, it was fine sport for the boys of Lake-View to slide down

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ORAL EXERCISE.—Verse 1. What word describes *climes*? (The word "genial.")—What word describes *streams*?—*Woodlands*?—*Chapter*?—V. 2. What word describes *snow*?—*Sport*?

All such *describing* words are called Adjectives, and they are applied to both Nouns and Pronouns.

DEFINITION I.—AN ADJECTIVE is a word used to describe things, or to modify or limit the meaning of nouns and pronouns.

Note.—In the Oral Exercises we have designated all adjectives as *describing* words. The teacher may, if he think best, make the distinctions into *descriptive*, *limiting*, *pronominal*, *numeral*, etc. See, also, Note, p. 13.

DEFINITION II.—A NOUN is the name of anything.

[The word "thing," or "anything," is here used in its widest sense; hence *nouns*, or *names*, may be applied to whatever we can think about. The teacher may explain to *advanced* pupils, that even a verb, a phrase, or a sentence, may be used as a noun, and have an adjective to modify its meaning.]

Beacon Hill, east of the school-house. "Old Beacon," the boys called it; and "*coasting*," they called the sport.

3. The boys had sleds of many shapes, and sizes, and names, and colors. There were some thick, heavy plank sleds; and these, the boys said, were like the great and strong, but slow dray-horses down at the Forges. Then there were the lighter board sleds; and these were like the regular road-way wagon horses: but the prettiest of all were the light but strong frame sleds, made of the toughest timber; and these, the boys said, were the regular *racers*.

4. Among these latter sleds were the "Arrow," the "Rover," the "Racer," the "Swallow," the "Eagle," and many others. There were red sleds, and yellow sleds, and green sleds, and blue sleds; but Freddy Jones's sled, the "Eagle," was the favorite with all; and it was painted red, white, and blue.

5. "These are the colors of the flag of our country," said the teacher, who often joined the boys in their sports, and especially in coasting. "Your sled," said he to Freddy, "bears the name of our national bird, and ought never to be beaten."

6. When it was pleasant out of doors, and there was good coasting, the boys would invite the girls to go out and enjoy the sport with them; but the teacher would not allow the girls to go in rough, stormy weather.

7. One stormy, blustering day, when the boys went out to enjoy their sport, in the half hour of recess that the teacher had promised them, they found an immense snow-drift right across the track, near the foot of the hill-side, where the light snow had been blown during the night.

8. As Freddy's sled was the largest, as well as the swiftest,

of the "racers," the other boys said they would wait, and let *him* try the hill first; and if the "Eagle" could go through the drift, they would follow. But Freddy told the boys to get on to *his* sled. "It will carry half a dozen of you at least," he said; "and if you will only hold on when we strike the drift, I think it will take us all safely through."

9. So all that could get on Freddy's sled did so. "Now hold fast, and 'don't give up the ship,'" said Freddy. Then swiftly down—down the hill they went, on the ice, Freddy steering straight for the drift away down below. The "Eagle," with Freddy still at his post and bending low his head as he struck the drift, went through the "mountain of snow," as the boys called it, making a narrow passage, like a tunnel, through it, and then going on far beyond.

10. But the "crew," as Freddy called them, all deserted him, and fell from the sled, or were thrown from it, just as they had reached the point of danger, although some of them said *they* would have gone through with Freddy, if they had not been pulled off by their companions. But all were thrown far into the drift, and were completely buried in the snow, from which they crawled forth well whitened—as, indeed, Freddy himself was—but without the least injury to any of them.

11. It was not long after this that the following account of this coasting scene, written in pencil, was found on the

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V. 8. What adjectives describe *sled*?—V. 9. What one describes *passage*?—V. 11. What one describes *account*?—*Scene*?—*Story*?—*Words*?—*Chapter*?—(Continue.)

*Note.*—While some adjectives *limit*, or *modify*, the meaning of nouns, others *add* to their meaning; yet all do, in some manner, *describe* that to which they are applied. They show *what particular meaning* is to be given to the noun. Hence they *describe*, or *explain*, the noun.

teacher's table in the school-room. As it is a part of the same story, and as the boys were much pleased with the good words that the teacher wrote about them, and with the interest that he took in their sports, it may form a part of the present chapter.

*The Boys of Lake-View.*

1.

'Tis not strange that *all* boys love the summer for play ;  
But *ours* loved the rough winter, as well as mild May ;  
And the wilder the tempest, the fiercer it blew,  
All the merrier were they,—these boys of Lake-View.

2.

If but one of their sports they could choose from the rest,  
It was coasting down Beacon they counted the best ;  
And I always would give—as they always could guess—  
For this favorite sport, much the longest recess.

3.

Now the ice-crusted snow for the coasting was good,  
When a snow-storm came on, and in drifts the snow stood  
Right across the old track down the Beacon hill-side ;  
But the boys climbed the hill, all prepared for a ride :  
'Twas all ice up above ; but away down below  
Was a bountiful drift of the beautiful snow.

4.

It was then Freddy said, as he looked at the drift,  
“ Put the *Eagle* on first,—she is staunch, and she's swift :  
Let us ballast her well,—and see how she will sail,  
Like a ship in a storm, or a bird on the gale.”

5.

And well freighted she was, and the pilot was Freddy ;  
And we gave her three cheers when all things were ready.



6.

And now down the hill-side  
See her ploughing her way,  
With a force that no power  
Of her pilot can stay.

7.

Now she plunges headlong  
In the great drift below :  
For a moment she's lost  
In that "mountain of snow ;"  
But emerging to view—  
O where are the crew ?  
For the *Eagle* alone,  
And Freddy, came through.

8.

The crew, we must say,  
Had all *drifted* away,  
While the pilot could boast  
That although the wind blew,  
And the snow thicker flew,  
He still kept at his post,  
And to duty was true.



## 9.

Not a moment's delay, when the recess was over,  
In calling in "Eagle," and "Swallow," and "Rover;"—  
And then quickly the boys, all their play laid aside,  
Were absorbed in their books—I can say it with pride:  
But they always have been, as I found them that day,  
Just as good in their studies as earnest in play.  
O how merry they were—yet how *gentle* and *true*!  
I was proud of those boys—of the school at Lake-View.  
W.

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## CHAPTER II.—TOM DOWNING'S PETITION.

1. For a short time, during the winter, Tom Downing was sent to Mr. Agnew's school; and, as he was the largest and oldest boy in school, he was put into the first Arithmetic class, with Ralph Duncan, and Phil Barto, and several others.

2. He had been there but a short time when a few of the pupils complained that the lessons were too long; and Tom and some of the older boys got up a petition to the teacher, for shorter lessons.

3. Tom was the first to sign the petition; and during the recess, one day, he induced several others to promise to sign it. But when Tom handed it to Ralph, Ralph said, "Why should *I* sign it? The lessons are not so long as I should like to have them. Do you study them in the evening?"

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ORAL EXERCISE.—Verse 1. What adjective describes *time*?—What two describe *boy*?—What one describes *others*?—V. 2. What one describes *time*?—*Boys*?—*Lessons*?—V. 3. What adjective describes *others*?—What does the adjective "long" describe?—(Continue.)

4. "Study in the evening!" exclaimed Tom. "I am not so big a fool as that. It is bad enough to study in school."

5. "*I* study in the evening," said Ralph; "and *you* are as able to study as I am. The lessons would be too long for *me*, if I did not study any more than you do."

6. "And so you don't mean to sign the petition?" inquired Tom.

"Of course I do not," replied Ralph. "Why should I? If the lessons are not too long for me, there is no reason why *I* should wish to have them shorter."

7. "But you can sign the petition for *our* sakes," pleaded Tom.

"Not if I think the lessons are none too long now, and do not *wish* to have them any shorter. I cannot say that I *do* want them shorter when I do not," said Ralph, in a very decided manner.

8. "You are a mean fellow, anyway," said Tom, getting angry. "We can get along without a cucumber peddler, I'd have you know. You think you are of mighty consequence;—and after you have killed a few more bugs perhaps you will be."<sup>a</sup>

9. "I will not sign your petition," said Phil Barto, whose feelings began to be warmed up by this abuse of Ralph. "Nor *I*," exclaimed Charlie Butler, another of Ralph's class-mates. "Nor I," said Willie Hardy; "Nor I,"—"Nor I," exclaimed two or three others.

10. Ralph cared but little for Tom's ridicule; so he replied to it in a pleasant but sarcastic manner, addressing his remarks to the other boys:—

"Tom is so brilliant that he expects to succeed without study. He may be governor, yet."

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<sup>a</sup> See Third Reader, p. 204.

11. Tom did not like this very much ; but before he had a chance to reply, Charlie added,—

“I suppose you will make a speech, Tom, when you present your petition. We will all be on hand to hear it.”

12. Phil, and Ralph, and Willie, and several others of the boys who had gathered around, laughed heartily at this, while Tom turned angrily away.

13. Tom was now in serious difficulty, and he did not know what to do. He had several signers to his petition, but they were the lazy, backward scholars, and he knew it ; and to send a petition for *such* a purpose, and with such names to it, he knew would certainly defeat his object, and expose him to deserved ridicule. So he prudently dropped the matter, and dragged along at the foot of the class, as before.

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### CHAPTER III.—HOW MR. RAYMOND TAUGHT GRAMMAR.

#### *The Factoryville School.*

1. After Mr. Raymond had told how well he had succeeded with Sammy, and the other rather rude but good-hearted boys of Factoryville,<sup>a</sup> to whom he was trying to give a little instruction in good language, good manners, and good morals, he told me that he had lately turned *teacher* in earnest.

2. “It is a noble occupation,” I remarked.

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ORAL EXERCISE.—Verse 1. What adjectives describe *boys*?—What one describes *instruction*?—*Language*?—*Manners*?—*Morals*?—V. 2.—What one describes *occupation*?—*Professions*?

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<sup>a</sup> See Chapters XLV. and XLVI. of Third Reader.

"It should be made one of the learned *professions*," he replied. Then he told me that he went over to the Factoryville school, two or three times every week, to teach the children.

3. "Indeed!" I said. "And, pray, tell me what it is that you try to teach to those young barbarians."

"Grammar, grammar, Mr. Bookmore," he replied. "That is what I begin with."

4. "Grammar!" I said. "Why, Mr. Raymond, you surprise me. Can those boys and girls read well enough to study grammar? And can they understand it?"

"O, it is not *book* grammar," he replied. "They do not need the books yet."

5. He told me that he at first tried to show the children how much better they would appear, and how much better it would be for them, in various ways, if they should learn to speak correctly, and to talk like educated people. Then he offered to teach them, if they would like to learn.

6. It was just after Mr. Raymond had made this proposition, that Sammy Barwell commenced going to school, for the winter. When Sammy heard that the minister had been to *their* school, and when he learned what he had offered to do, he was greatly delighted.

7. "I tell you, boys," said he, "there's nobody like Mr. Raymond. He'll do us a great deal of good in teaching us how to speak proper,<sup>b</sup> if we will only do just as he tells us to. I'm going to learn to talk right, if I can;—and I've learned some already."

8. Sammy at once became an earnest advocate for accepting the minister's proposal; and, as he had great in-

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<sup>b</sup> Sammy should have said, "*properly*."



fluence with his school-mates, he managed so well, with a little aid from the teacher, that when Mr. Raymond came again, the latter found all the boys and girls quite eager to listen to his teachings.

9. After talking to the children again, about the importance of always using correct language, he pointed out to them a great many of the mistakes that they were every day making in their ordinary conversation.

10. "*I* knew that most of these things were wrong, before," said Carl Hoffmann; "*but I don't think* about them, when I am talking."

11. "But you will never correct your mistakes in speaking," said the minister, "until you *do* notice them whenever you yourself, or others, make them. Now I am going to show you how you will be very sure to notice them, after they have been fairly pointed out to you; and then, I know, you *will* correct them. At least, I am very certain that you will correct *many* of them."

### *The Blank-Book Method.*

12. Then Mr. Raymond opened a package which he had laid upon the teacher's desk. "Here," said he, "is a pile of little blank books, with thick paper covers, and a lead-pencil tied to each book. Sammy Barwell and Carl Hoffmann may take these and distribute them, giving to each pupil a book and a pencil."

13. When this had been done, the minister said, "You must keep these books at your seats; and when you use, or hear others use, expressions that you have been told are wrong, you must write them down at once in your little blank books, with the correct expressions opposite to them, if you know what they are."

14. "But we shall sometimes hear these wrong things

when we are out at play," said Carl, "and we can't write them down then, because the books will be in the school-room."

15. "You must try to recollect them, and write them down when you go into school," said the minister. "Ask your teacher, and he will tell you what things are wrong, and how to correct them. Then, every week, I will come and talk with you about the mistakes, and their corrections."

### *The Good Results.*

16. Mr. Raymond said that it was not long before the children would notice, and write down, all the ungrammatical expressions, and the wrong words, that were used in the school-room, or on the play-ground. Then they would write out the corrections.

17. "Even when the boys and girls are busy at their seats, getting their lessons," said he, "they will notice the wrong words and faulty expressions used by their school-mates. They will stop long enough to write them down, and then they will go on with their studies. They quickly notice their own mistakes, and write *them* down also, and correct them. This is correcting false syntax to some profit. But Sammy Barwell has made the greatest improvement of all."

18. "I understand how it is," I said. "Children must train their ears to *notice* their own mistakes, in spoken language, before they can correct them. It is the same with grown people, as I know from my own experience. This plan trains the ear, just as the ear of the good singer is trained to detect discords in music. That is why the plan succeeds so well. It is the best kind of 'grammar' for those who have formed bad habits of speech."

19. I afterwards found that Mr. Agnew was teaching

"*language*," as he called it, in the same way, to the younger pupils in the school. "I often find," said he, "that our pupils, from mere *habit*, often make mistakes in language which they know to be such when the mistakes are pointed out to them. But this constant training of the ear to detect the mistakes soon overcomes the bad habit,—and it is the *only* way in which it is ever overcome."

20. "It is just as easy to speak correctly as it is to speak incorrectly," said Mr. Agnew. "What a pity it is, then, that pupils should ever acquire any bad habits of speech,—it is so much trouble to correct them."

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#### CHAPTER IV.—GOOD INFLUENCES.

1. I was so anxious to see, for myself, how Mr. Raymond's plan worked, that, after this, I visited the Factoryville school quite often. Dr. Barto, one of the trustees of the school, often accompanied me. It was wonderful to see what interest nearly all the children took in detecting faulty expressions, and how rapid was the progress they made in correcting them.

2. I found that the good influences of the instruction that they had received in their every-day language extended to their reading also; for they were more careful to call the words correctly, and more interested in their reading, than ever before. One day in the week the teacher allowed them to select their own pieces for reading before the school.

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ORAL EXERCISE.—Verse 19. What adjective describes *pupils*?—*Habit*?—*Training*?—*Habit*?—*Way*?—V. 1. What one describes *expressions*?—*Progress*?—V. 2. What one describes *influences*?—*Language*?

3. Here, again, the good effects of the minister's teaching were seen ; for nearly all the pieces selected had a practical bearing upon character, and the formation of good habits in early life. Thus, one day, Sammy Barwell read a little piece of poetry, entitled, "I'll never use Tobacco!" of which the following is the first verse:—

" I'll never use tobacco, no,  
It is a filthy weed :  
I'll never put it in *my* mouth,"  
Said little Robert Reid.

Then Carl Hoffmann read a piece, the first two verses of which we have given here. It is called—

*The Robin's Temperance Song.*

4. I asked a sweet robin, one morning in May,  
Who sung in the apple-tree over the way,  
What 'twas she was singing so sweetly about ;  
For I'd tried a long time, but could not find out.  
" Why, I'm sure," she replied, " you cannot guess wrong ;  
Don't you know I am singing a temperance song ?
5. " ' Teetotal '—oh, that's the first word of my lay ;  
And then, don't you know how I twitter away ?  
'Tis because I've just dipped my beak in the spring,  
And brushed the fair face of the lake with my wing.  
' Cold water,' ' cold water ;' yes, that is my song,  
And I love to keep singing it all the day long."

6. Many other pieces were read by the pupils. Among them was one that related an incident in the life of a

V. 3. What word describes *effects* ?—*Bearing* ?—*Habits* ?—*Life* ?—*Piece* ?—*Verse* ?—*Weed* ?—*Robert Reid* ?—(So continue.)

brave and still hardy old soldier—an honored American General—who had faced a thousand dangers on the battlefield. It was read by a little girl, Mary O'Brien. The following is the substance of it:—

*The Brave Old Soldier.*

7. One day, at a country inn at which the old General was dining, several distinguished gentlemen happened to be present. After dinner, when the cloth had been removed, some toasts were given, when it was observed that the General, in response to the toasts, drank cold water only.

8. At length a prominent lawyer, sitting at the end of the table opposite to the General, being called upon for a toast, filled his glass with wine, and then, bowing to the General, said, "Now, General, will you not pledge me in a glass of good old Burgundy, which I see standing on the table near you?"

9. The General refused in a very gentlemanly manner. But again he was urged, by another member of the party, to join in a glass of wine. This was too much. He rose from the table, his tall form erect, and in the most dignified manner replied:—

10. "Gentlemen, I have refused twice to partake of the wine-cup. That should have been sufficient. Though you press the cup to my lips, not a drop shall pass the portals. I made a resolve, when I started in life, that I would avoid strong drink. I have never broken it. I am one of a class of seventeen young men who graduated at the same time. The other sixteen fill drunkards' graves,—all through the pernicious habit of wine-drinking. I owe all my health, happiness, and prosperity to that resolution. Will you urge me now?"

11. When this had been read, the teacher remarked,



"He *was* a brave soldier, for he had the bravery to stand up against an evil custom that has slain its thousands, and its tens of thousands. And some men have found that this requires more courage than to face the cannon's mouth."

12. It was all the more to the credit of these pupils that they selected such pieces, when they knew that so many of the workmen of the factories chewed or smoked tobacco and drank whiskey.

13. When, after school, I spoke to Dr. Barto about the selections made by Sammy, and Carl, and Mary O'Brien, and asked him what he thought of them, he replied, "I think well of them. These young people could not have found better pieces. Tobacco and whiskey are the greatest two curses of the people of Factoryville; and it would be a great blessing if the children could grow up free from the smoking and drinking habits of their parents. How much more temperate the people are in Uncle Philip's settlement of Middleton!"

14. "And, Doctor, it would be a grand thing for the country," I said, "if every temptation to drink and to smoke were removed from the young. But if we cannot yet get rid of the dram-shops, do you not think that we ought to get up a temperance society, and give all an opportunity to sign a temperance pledge?"

15. "It would be a very good thing, no doubt, for most of these laboring people, not to use any ardent spirits at all," he replied; "for but few of them can resist the temptation to drink *too much*. They will not drink moderately; and a great many of them, I am sorry to say, become drunkards, just as Carl Hoffmann's father did,—a very good sort of man, by the way,—but he died a sot."

16. "But, Doctor," I replied, "if they fully realized the danger, and if they believed, as I do, that total abstinence

is the only safety for them, and, therefore, would not drink at all, they would never *form* the dangerous habit."

17. "Total abstinence is all right for *them*," said the Doctor, "and I fully approve of it in the case of those who have but little strength of will, and who have had but little moral and religious training; but I train up *my* boys to *resist* temptation."

18. Then he went on to say, "I point out to them the terrible evils of intemperance,—the poverty, degradation, and ruin that it brings upon families,—the enormous taxes with which it burdens the community, for the support of paupers and the punishment of criminals; and I tell them how it fills our jails and poor-houses with its victims. Then I say to them, 'Now, boys, act like men; respect yourselves, and govern yourselves; and if you are asked to take a glass of wine at a social party, do not be rude by declining. You may take a single glass or so; but you must never go so far as to acquire a fondness for it.'"

19. "Ah, Doctor," I said, "the taste is often formed by young people before they or their parents are aware of it; and then the downward course to ruin is often very rapid, not unfrequently ending in a drunkard's grave. If you claim that *your* boys can take an occasional glass of *wine* without danger, these laboring people will be apt to claim that *their* boys may drink the cheaper whiskey with equal safety."

20. Although I saw that the Doctor did not altogether like my plainness of speech, yet I added, "*Your* boys may have their social parties in the parlors of the most respectable people; but these other boys will have *theirs* in the dram-shop. All my observation has convinced me, Doctor, that '*Touch not, taste not, handle not,*' is the only safe temperance policy."

21. We had much more talk of this kind; and I was

sorry to find that my good friend the Doctor, who was so kind-hearted, and a man of so much influence with these Factoryville people, did not hold the same temperance views that I did. As we parted, I said to him, "Doctor, a social glass, now and then, has led straight onward to the ruin of thousands of the brightest and most promising young men in the land, while total abstinence has never harmed a single individual."

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EXPLANATIONS BY THE TEACHER.—Observe that, in verse 3, the title of the piece that Sammy spoke is embraced within peculiar marks. The following is the rule for such marks:—

RULE I.—*When anything is quoted by the author as having been said or written by another, it is put within what are called "quotation marks," or double commas, as seen here.*

Note 1.—When an author *quotes* his own language, he may use the same quotation marks.

Note 2.—When the author makes *particular* mention of certain words and phrases, he may either put them within these "quotation marks," or in *Italics*, or he may use both.

RULE II.—*When one quotation is introduced within another, the included one is embraced between single commas, or half-quotation marks.*

How many examples of full quotations may be found in the foregoing chapter?—How many of *half*-quotations?—Name the latter.

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## CHAPTER V.—A NEW PHASE IN RALPH DUNCAN'S LIFE.

1. For some time Ralph Duncan's father, who was in failing health, and scarcely able to support his family by the little work that he could do, had felt that it would be necessary, before long, to take Ralph out of school, and put him to some trade.

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ORAL EXERCISE.—Verse 1. What adjective describes *time*?—*Health*?—*Father*?—*Work*?—*Trade*?

2. He had never spoken to Ralph on the subject; but he had mentioned it to Uncle Philip, who was the superintendent of the factories; and Uncle Philip had told Mr. Duncan, that, as soon as there was any place in the factory which Ralph could fill, he would let him know it.

3. So one day Uncle Philip called, and told Mr. Duncan that he thought he could now give Ralph a situation. "It is only a small boy's place," he said; "and we cannot pay much wages. We need one or two boys, just now, to carry bobbins; and all we pay a boy for this kind of work is two dollars a week. But it is a rule with us to increase the pay as fast as a boy can earn it."

4. Mr. Duncan said this was all he could expect; and that he would go home and talk the subject over with Ralph and Mrs. Duncan. Then he added, "Ralph once worked a little in a factory when he was on a visit to his uncle, in Lawrence, Massachusetts. That was in the *Pacific Mills*, where he worked as a picker. He teased his uncle to let him work a week or two,—'just to learn the business,' he said."

5. "And it was a good idea too," Uncle Philip replied. "As it is but a step from a picker to a bobbin-boy, Ralph will find no difficulty in filling the place of the latter."

6. "It will be very hard," said Mr. Duncan, "for Ralph to give up his school; and I am sorry to be obliged to require it of him; but I am not able to give him an education as I hoped to."

7. When, the next day, Ralph's mother asked him how he would like to go to the factory to work, and get two dollars a week for it, he was completely taken by surprise,

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What "limiting" words apply to *day*, *kind*, and *dollars*, in 3d verse, *difficulty* in 5th, and *day* in 7th? What are these *limiting* words called?—[See Definition I., and *Note*, p. 11.]

and said, "You can't mean, mother, that I am not to go to school any more?"

8. "We do not know how it will be in the future," she replied; "but, for the present, I see no other way than for you to try to earn something toward clothing yourself, at least. I know it is hard for you to give up the idea of getting a thorough education"—

"And I will study at *night* before I give it up," interrupted Ralph.

9. "But if it is *best* for you to go into the factory," said his mother, "I hope you can do it cheerfully."

"I can do it," answered Ralph, "but not cheerfully, if it keeps me out of school. Only think of my not going to school any more!" he said, as a tear started in his eye. But he brushed it quickly away, and asked, "When does the superintendent wish me to begin?"

10. "On Monday," she replied. "It is very short notice; but you may as well begin then as at any time. There is one thing, however, that will be to your advantage. You are fond of reading, and the factory has a fine library for the operatives. You can take out books, and read in the evenings. You will find as much time to read as Dr. Franklin did, and many other men who have distinguished themselves by their learning."

11. "That will be something," said Ralph; "but I *did* count so much upon going to Mr. Agnew's school. Last winter the teacher told Phil Barto and me about Dr. Franklin, and Patrick Henry; and he said that boys now have much better advantages than *they* had. Do you suppose that the life of Dr. Franklin, or the life of Patrick Henry, will be in the library at the factory?"

12. "I have no doubt that both of them are there, and many other very useful books," said his mother. "The library is a large one, and most of the books have been



selected by Mr. Philip Middleton and Mr. Raymond, and they would select just such books as would be the most interesting and useful for the factory people."

13. The prospect of having access to a good library made Ralph almost willing to give up school and go into the factory. The idea of the *work*, he said, did not trouble him at all. He could get along with that—and he liked to work. It was only that he liked study better.

14. Monday morning found Ralph at the factory, punctual, to a minute, to the sound of the factory bell. His teachers had never complained of his being tardy at school, for they had no occasion to do so. He had heard it said that "Punctuality is the life of business;" and he had laid that saying up in his memory, and had determined to practise by it. When he went on errands he acted on the same principle; and he never had to be called twice in the morning.

15. As Ralph entered the factory,—“Well done! The bobbin-boy is on hand,” said the overseer.

“Yes, sir,” was Ralph’s short and modest reply.

16. “You would rather go to school, I suppose, than carry bobbins?” continued the overseer.

“I should,” answered Ralph; “but I can do what is for the best.”

17. “That is right,” said the overseer. “If everybody would do that, this world would be much better than it now is.”

Ralph was then directed where to carry the bobbins, so as to keep the looms supplied; and thus began a new phase of his life—his experience as a factory boy.

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V. 14. What does the adjective “punctual” describe?—The adjective “same”?—V. 15. What words describe *reply*?—V. 17. What does “better” describe?—What describes *phase*?—*Boy*?

## LANGUAGE LESSONS. FIRST SERIES.

LET PUPILS WRITE ALL SENTENCES IN SIMPLE PAST TIME.  
[Imperfect active.]

The words to be changed to express past time are put in *Italics*.

WRITTEN EX.—1. Ralph's father *wishes* his son to learn a trade.—2. He *thinks* that he *can* not send him to school any longer. (*Thought that he could not.*)—3. Uncle Philip *tells* Mr. Duncan that he *thinks* he *can* give Ralph a situation.—4. The proposal *surprises* Ralph.—5. The thought that he *can* go to school no longer, *grieves* him.—6. But he *accepts* the situation, and *says* he *will* do his duty.—7. He *goes* to the factory;—and thus *begins* a new phase of his life.

Point out the applications of Rule I. (p. 27) in this chapter. What one example of Rule II. can be found?

## CHAPTER VI.—THE SATURDAY EVENING READINGS.

*Introductory.*

1. The Saturday Evening Readings, at Wilmot Hall, which were planned at the time that Mr. Wilmot brought home the children's library books, were still continued.

2. These readings had been kept up with great regularity during the winter season, and had been a source of much pleasure and profit to many of the young people of Lake-View.

3. Besides the Wilmots, and the Hardys, and the Allens, who lived so near together, Phil Barto and his sister Kate, Ralph Duncan, and Freddy Jones and his cousin Ida, were

ORAL EXERCISE.—Verse 2. What word describes *readings*?—*Regularity*?—*Season*?—*Pleasure*?—*People*?

almost always at the meetings. Uncle Philip was always there ; and Mr. Agnew and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond seldom failed to be present.

4. The reading selections were abundant, both in number and variety. Mrs. Raymond read many other French stories for children, besides the one we have already given about the "Woolly Dog." [See Third Reader, p. 167.]

5. The children were happy when *they* could find good pieces to read. Sometimes the pieces they read were *fables*, or other stories ; sometimes they were true *narratives*, and sometimes they were selections of *poetry*.

6. From time to time we can make a few selections *from* these selections ; and then, if our young friends should be pleased with them, perhaps they will go and form little reading societies of their own—and perhaps they may make them just as good as the one which met at Wilmot Hall.

7. Here are some of the pieces that were read at a meeting in the early part of the winter. It happened that most of those that were read at that time were stories, and that they belonged to that class of stories called *fables*—like the little poem about "The Fainting Bluebell."<sup>a</sup> Those that we are going to give here were selected, one by Lulu, one by Minnie Allen, one by Freddy Jones, and one by little Nellie Hardy.

8. A *fable*, we must recollect, is a story that is intended to instruct, as well as to amuse. It always has its *moral*—that is, it is intended to teach some useful precept, or to convey some moral truth.

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V. 4. What words describe *selections*?—*Stories*?—What are the describing words called?—The words described?

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<sup>a</sup> See Third Reader, p. 151.

No. I.—*The Snail that Came of a Distinguished Family.*

## PART I.—FAMILY PRIDE. [Lulu's Selection.]

1. One day a large Snail, with a fine ring-marked shell, was feeding on the low branch of a pea-vine, when she saw a dingy Caterpillar on the ground, slowly crawling along toward her.

2. As the Caterpillar drew near, the Snail, looking proudly down upon the crawling worm, that was at least an inch below her, thus addressed the new comer :—

“May I ask to whom I have the honor of speaking?”

“My name is Attala,” quietly replied the sober-looking Caterpillar.<sup>b</sup>

3. “Dear me!” replied the Snail, with a haughty toss of her head. “What a ridiculous name for such a dingy-looking creature! ‘Dead Leaf’<sup>c</sup> would agree better with the faded color of your garments, which seem to have known better days. I hope you are not hungry, my good fellow; because, I must tell you that this row of peas is the feeding-ground of my own family, and of our cousins, the Slugs.”<sup>d</sup>

4. “Don’t be alarmed,” said the Caterpillar: “I don’t care for peas. I prefer something more spicy. Nettles are my principal food.”

5. “Indeed!” said the Snail;—“and I dare say you con-

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ORAL EX.—Verse 1. What word describes *snail*?—*Shell*?—*Branch*?—*Caterpillar*?—V. 2. *Worm*?—*Comer*?—V. 3. *Toss*?—*Name*?—*Creature*?—*Color*?—*Days*?—What words are adjectives?—What words are nouns?

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<sup>b</sup> Caterpillars are the young of butterflies.

<sup>c</sup> “Dead Leaf” is the name of a dingy species of caterpillar.

<sup>d</sup> In the form of the body, and in their habits, the *slugs* resemble the snails; but the shells of the slugs are thin, and often scarcely visible.

sider them good eating! I suppose they are good enough for the lower orders; but as for myself, I prefer green peas; although I don't care about them when they get to be the least old and hard. I am partial to ripe strawberries. However, when I am really pushed to it for food, I *can* make a meal on the heart of a young head of lettuce."

6. "You are not *very* dainty, then," said the Caterpillar.

"Yes, I am," said the Snail, with a haughty air. "But then I am used to the ups and downs of life, and have known times of great scarcity. Why, would you believe it? I have really passed one or two summers without tasting a plum or a peach!"

7. "You must have suffered very much, then," said the Caterpillar.

"Indeed I have," sighed the Snail, "for a member of such a noble family as I belong to. Why, we are second cousins to the fat White Dorking Snails. Still, the highest and noblest have their troubles; and I have had my share."

8. Then, drawing herself up a little higher on the pea-vine, and seeing that the Caterpillar was meekly waiting for her to resume the discourse, she continued:—

9. "I have been greatly tormented by those hateful creatures called Gardeners; for, many times, after I had made my house under a pleasant ivy bush, they would send me flying, house and all, over the fence into the road. It was well that my house was strong, or it would have been broken all in pieces by this rude treatment. And then I was obliged to walk back over the dusty road, away around by the garden gate."

10. "You are not easily cast down, then," said the Caterpillar, who had been very much amused by this pompous speech of the Snail.

11. "Oh dear, no!" said the Snail; "for when I am



driven out of my house in that way, I look for a better place next time; and so I often take up my residence in the middle of a clump of rich pinks, or nice blooming pansies."

12. "But if the Gardener should find you there, and crush you—what then?"

13. "Why, then, I should leave my children to keep up the dignity of our family. By the way, I have quite an interesting young family this season, feeding yonder, on those tender shoots. Their shells are almost hard, already."

14. "They seem to have good appetites, for such small creatures, although they have been brought up so delicately," said the Caterpillar.

15. "They are young," said the Snail, quite haughtily, "and require plenty of food to sustain their delicate nervous systems. By the way, where do you lodge for the night? I suppose you are obliged to put up with anything."

16. "Why, I generally curl myself up in a leaf," said the Caterpillar. "I find it very airy, and very comfortable in warm weather."

17. "Ah, poor fellow!" said the Snail. "What a wretched sort of life! You ought to have a house like mine;—it is so much more respectable to have a house of your own."

18. "I should think such a house would bring many cares. Don't you find it a great load to carry?"

19. "Oh dear, no!" answered the Snail;—"and only think how nice it is to be able to draw in your head in safety from your enemies."

20. "Birds manage, though, to break into your house sometimes, don't they?"

x 21. "Why—yes—sometimes—but not very often. But

then one must manage to put up with a few dangers on account of one's dignity and position, you know. Take my advice and get a house. I dare say you can find a few empty ones lying about, quite good enough for your limited wants.

22. "And now," said the Snail, "as I see a friend of my family coming this way, I must leave you;—and I will beg you to move a little farther off, my good fellow, as he is very select about his acquaintances."

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WRITTEN EX. [See *First Series*, p. 31.]—1. A snail that is feeding on a pea-vine *sees* a caterpillar, that *crawls* slowly toward her. (*Crawled*, or *was crawling*.)—2. The snail *addresses* the new comer, and *tells* her not to eat any of the peas.—3. But the caterpillar *does* not care for peas, as she *prefers*<sup>a</sup> more spicy food.—4. Then the snail *ridicules* and *insults* the caterpillar, and *boasts* of the kind of food that snails eat.—5. The snail *admits*<sup>a</sup> that she is used to the ups and downs of life, but *prides* herself upon the noble family from which she is descended.—6. She *asks* the caterpillar where she *lodges* for the night, and *pities* the wretched life she *leads*.

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<sup>a</sup> RULE A.—*Doubling the final consonant.*

When a *single* consonant, preceded by a *single* vowel, ends either a word of one syllable or any word *accented* on the last syllable, the consonant is DOUBLED when the word takes an affix beginning with a vowel; as, *clap*, *clap'ping*; *o-mit'*, *o-mit'ting*.

[*Exceptions*: *gas'es*, *fox'es*, *mix'ing*, *trans-fer'a-ble*, and a few others. Worcester doubles the final *l* in such words as *trav'el* (*trav'-eller*), *can'cel*, *coun'sel*, etc.]

EXPLANATION BY THE TEACHER.—Certain words, such as *I*, *he*, *she*, *it*, *him*, *me*, *we*, *you*, *us*, *they*, *them*, together with *my*, *thy*, *its*, *his*, *her*, *our*, *your*, *their*, etc., are often used in place of nouns. Such words are called *pronouns*. The pronouns *my*, *thy*, *his*, *her*, *our*, *your*, *their*, are used as adjectives also, and are sometimes called *Adjective Pronouns*.

Definition III.—A PRONOUN is a word that is used instead of a NOUN.

## PART II.—HOW PRIDE WAS HUMBLLED.

1. It was some time after this, while Mrs. Snail was slowly creeping along on her way to a fine fruit-tree richly laden, that she beheld, not far above her head, a most beautiful creature. Its wings, of a rich velvet black, were edged with blue, and crossed by rich scarlet bands, which were studded with snowy spots of pure white, that sparkled in the sun, like silver.

2. "Good morning, your Royal Highness," said the Snail, bowing very low. "We are greatly honored by your visit."

3. "And who may *you* be?" inquired the lovely creature, in a very languid manner. "You seem to be a slow, humble sort of a body;—and your bundle on your back, too! How *very* amusing!"

4. Mrs. Snail was deeply mortified at the ridicule of the Butterfly; but she did not presume to reply, for fear of giving offence.

5. "Do you carry your food in that funny sort of a cupboard on your back?" inquired the Butterfly. "Pray, what do such crawling creatures as you, live on?"

6. "Please your Highness, this is my house,—my little cottage; and as for food, we snails live on peas, lettuce, or strawberries, when we can get them."

7. "Oh, you coarse things!" said the Butterfly. "How very unpleasant! But all of you low creatures are so coarse in your habits! I suppose you have no idea what the taste of *honey* is like? *That* is the food upon which *we* live."

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ORAL EX.—Verse 1. Who or whose is meant by *her*?—By *she*?—By *its*?—V. 2. By the second *your*?—V. 3. By *you*?—By *your*?—V. 4. By *she*?—V. 5. By *you*?—V. 6. What is *my* used in place of? (the *snail's*.)—*Them*?—V. 7. *We*?

8. The Snail, in a very humble manner, admitted her ignorance, hoping to get an invitation to the Butterfly's home.

9. "Poor drudging thing!" said the Butterfly, with an air of great pity;—"toiling along the dusty road, with all your household goods on your back! Now, when *we* are tired of reposing in a lily, we spread our light wings, and for a change go next door, to a rose."<sup>a</sup>

10. "We feed on the sweetest dew, and the purest honey. We soar into the air on our jewelled wings, and fly hither and thither, over garden and meadow, at our will."

11. "Oh, your Highness," said the Snail, "what a charming life you lead! How flattered I feel by the honor of your conversation!"

12. "Do you?" said the Butterfly. "I am sorry I cannot return the compliment. I suppose, in this gay dress, you don't know the Caterpillar whom you once insulted?"

13. At this, the Snail fairly drew herself into her shell with dismay; but, speedily recovering her presence of mind, she began a sort of apology.

14. "Pray, don't say another word," said the Butterfly, unfolding her beautiful wings, and preparing for flight. "Such blindness as yours is not confined to the Snail tribe."

V. 8. *Her?*—(So continue.)—What are these words that are used in place of nouns, called?

<sup>a</sup> Here is a quotation without any double comma at the end of the verse.

RULE III.—*When a quotation embraces several separate paragraphs, or verses, the double comma is placed at the beginning only of such quoted paragraph or verse, and at the ending of the entire quotation.*

What other example of this kind in Part II. of No. 1 of this Chapter?

There are many, who should be wiser, who can see neither beauty nor virtue under a plain and humble dress.

15. "If you had been only *civil* to me when I was a humble, crawling creature like yourself, I should not now disdain your acquaintance; but your present respect is paid to my gay attire only. You despised me in my lowly, early days; and now that my wings are grown, I leave you to your own reflections."

16. So saying, the Butterfly spread her gay wings, and soared far aloft in the sunny air.

17. When Lulu had finished reading the piece, the teacher, bowing politely to her, said, "That is a good selection; and it is an excellent reading exercise; and you read it well, too."

18. "The butterfly taught the snail a good lesson," said Minnie. "Don't you think the snail deserved it?"

"*Served the snail just right!*" exclaimed Willie.

19. "It is such a lesson as the proud, and the vain, and the haughty among mankind often learn, to their great shame and sorrow," said Aunt Clara.

20. "*Minnie* has a good piece to read," said Mrs. Wilmot. "Now, Minnie, you may read yours." Then Minnie read the following:—[See next page.]

WRITTEN EX. [See *First Series*, p. 31.]—1. Some time after this, the Snail *beholds* a beautiful creature in the air above her.—2. It is a Butterfly.—3. Mrs. Snail *bows* low, and *addresses* the new comer with great humility.—4. It is now the Butterfly's turn, and she *enjoys* the opportunity.—5. She *ridicules* Mrs. Snail for her crawling habit, for the hump which she *carries* on her back, and for the coarse food which she *eats*; and she *tells* her that Butterflies feed on honey.—6. At length the Butterfly *makes* herself known as the once despised caterpillar, when the Snail *shrinks* back into her shell, and *tries* to hide herself, through shame and mortification.

No. II.—*The Poppy and the Daisy.* [Minnie's Selection.]

1. One bright summer morning, just as the sun was coming up over the eastern hills, a tall Poppy, that was growing in the meadow, slowly opened his eyes for the first time upon the beautiful world that was waking to life and joy all around him.

2. As the sun rose higher and higher, the Poppy grew prouder and prouder of his stature, and proud of the rich scarlet mantle which hung so gracefully over his shoulders ; so that he fairly deemed himself the Prince of the Meadow. Of all that he looked down upon, no flower was so brilliant, so proud, and so haughty as he.

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ORAL EX.—Verse 1. What two words describe *morning* ?—What one describes *hills* ?—*Poppy* ?—*Time* ?—*World* ?



3. Fully satisfied with himself, he assumed a proud and lofty bearing that he deemed suitable to his dignity, when he chanced to espy a cheery, crimp little Daisy, that grew at his very feet.

4. Here was an opportunity for the Poppy to *show* his importance. So, addressing the Daisy, he asked, "How in the world came *you* there?"

5. "That is more than I can tell," said the Daisy.

"Don't you feel ashamed of being so near me?" asked the Poppy.

"Not at all," answered the Daisy.

6. Then the Poppy, stretching up his long neck higher still, and looking proudly down upon the modest flower beside him, said, "Don't you see how *tall* I am?"

7. "*Very*' tall," said the Daisy.

"And handsome?"

"Yes, very handsome," said the Daisy.

"Don't you feel afraid of me?" asked the Poppy.

"Oh no; not a bit," replied the Daisy.

8. "How very short *you* are!" said the Poppy.

"Very," said the Daisy.

"And quite too little to be noticed."

"Yes," said the Daisy.

"And ugly, too," added the Poppy.

"I deny *that*," said the Daisy.

9. The Poppy now seemed at a loss what to say more; but soon, turning to the Daisy, he thus began again:—

"No one would look twice at *you*."

"Perhaps not," said the Daisy.

"The people pass through the field and don't *see* you," said the Poppy.

"Do they?" asked the Daisy.

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V. 4. Who or whose is meant by *his*?—By *he*?—By *you*?—V. 5. By *I*?—By *me*?—Why are so many "quotation marks" used here?

10. "They cannot help seeing *me*!" said the Poppy.

"No, I'm sure they cannot," replied the Daisy.

"And they *admire me*!" said the Poppy.

"Do they?" asked the Daisy.

"You *know* they do," answered the Poppy, growing redder with passion.

11. "I'm sure I do not," said the Daisy.

"You're as envious as you can be," said the Poppy.

"That is quite a mistake," said the Daisy.

"Oh, you would give the whole meadow to be in *my* place," said the Poppy.

"Oh no, indeed; I would not," said the Daisy.

12. "Who would spend a thought on *you*?" asked the Poppy, looking down with scorn upon the Daisy.

"Robert Burns would," answered the Daisy.<sup>a</sup>

13. "I wish the mowers would come to cut the grass," said the Poppy, turning away, and looking around over the meadow.

"So do I," said the Daisy.

"Why do *you* want them?" asked the Poppy.

"Because *you* do," replied the Daisy.

14. "Very fine, indeed! It's your *pride*. You think they will look at you," said the Poppy.

"No, I do not, indeed," said the Daisy.

"They will not trouble themselves about *you*," said the Poppy.

"I hope not," said the Daisy.

<sup>a</sup> The Scotch poet, ROBERT BURNS, having ploughed up a mountain daisy, wrote a beautiful little poem upon it, beginning thus:—

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,	(little)
Thou's met me in an evil hour;	(thou hast)
For I maun crush, amang the stoure,	(must, dust)

Thy slender stem:

To spare thee now is past my power,

Thou bonny gem.

(pretty).

15. "I shall turn my back on you," said the Poppy.

"Do, if you wish to," replied the Daisy.

"Would you not be very sorry if I should'?" asked the Poppy.

"Oh no! not at all," said the Daisy.

16. At this the Poppy grew redder than before, and so angry, that it seemed, for a little time, as if he could not speak at all; then, suddenly turning to the Daisy, he said, "*I despise you.*"

17. "Do you?" asked the Daisy.

"It makes me ill to *look* at you!" said the Poppy.

"How nice of you to turn round, then!" said the Daisy.

"*You* could not turn your back on *me*," said the Poppy.

18. "No, I'm such a stiff little thing," said the Daisy;—and then, seeing that the Poppy suddenly turned, and looked the other way, the Daisy continued—"What made you turn round again?"

19. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said the Poppy.

"What's the matter?" asked the Daisy.

"Oh, dear! the *mowers* are coming!"

"Don't you want them to come'?" asked the Daisy.

"Oh! I'm afraid they'll cut me down! they've just cut down a whole company of us!"

20. "Ah! you're so *tall*," said the Daisy.

"Alas! alas!" sighed the Poppy.

"And you're so *handsome*," said the Daisy.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said the Poppy.

21. "They'll be *sure* to see *you*," said the Daisy.

"Oh, don't!" groaned the Poppy: "I wish I were short, like you!"

"I *am* very short," said the Daisy.

"They will not *see* you," cried the Poppy.

"No; nobody looks at *me*," said the Daisy.

22. "Good-by, dear little Daisy ; they are close to us ;— I shall soon be cut down," said the Poppy.

"Good-by," said the Daisy.

"I've been very rude to you ; will you forgive me?" said the Poppy.

"Oh, don't mention it," said the Daisy.

23. "Are you sorry for me?" asked the Poppy.

"Yes, with all my heart," answered the Daisy.

"You're a dear, kind little thing," said the Poppy.

"Thank you kindly," said the Daisy.

"You never made much of yourself," said the Poppy.

"I never had the chance," sighed the Daisy.

24. Poor Poppy ! He never spoke more. The scythe reached him just as the Daisy was closing her eyes for the night ; and when she opened them in the bright, fresh morning, her late proud and boastful companion lay prostrate beside her.

25. While she was thinking over his fate, a heavy heel pressed on her, and drove her almost into the earth ; and she thought she should never get up again. But she did, and soon looked as cheery as ever, and was more convinced than ever that it is better to grow low than high, and better to be plain than to be gaudy ; and she felt that she would rather be a poor meek little Daisy, than the handsomest Poppy that ever graced the fields.

26. "The meek and modest little Daisy was *right*," said the minister.

"Everybody will like the gentle tone of the good little Daisy much better than the quarrelsome manner of the proud and haughty Poppy," said Mrs. Wilmot.

27. "It is a good *moral* lesson, as well as a good *reading* lesson," said the teacher.

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V. 24. Who or whose is meant by *he*?—By *him*?—By *her*?

All commended Minnie for the selection which she had made, and for the manner in which she had read it.

28. It seems that all the pieces selected by the young people had been handed in to Mrs. Wilmot, before Saturday evening.

29. It was understood that Mrs. Wilmot, after having approved of the pieces, was to call upon those who handed them in, to read them. She now called upon Freddy Jones to read the next piece. Every one seemed to think that there would be something funny in anything that Freddy should select.

30. "Lulu's piece," said Mr. Raymond, turning to Uncle Philip, "is a lesson of reproof and humiliation to those who make vain pretensions to rank and distinction in society. Minnie's is a picture of pride and arrogance on the one hand, and of meek and humble worth on the other. Now let us see what Freddy's will be."—So, here is Freddy's selection. [See next page.]

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WRITTEN EX. [See *First Series*, p. 31.]—1. As the Poppy *opens* his eyes in the morning, and *looks* around him, he *prides* himself upon his stature and beauty.—2. As he *espies* a little Daisy near him, he *seeks* an opportunity to show his importance.—3. He *questions* and *insults* the Daisy, who *answers* him with exceeding modesty.—4. At length he *looks* around, and *sees* the mowers coming.—5. He *turns* pale; he *trembles* for his safety; he *repents* of his bad conduct; and he *asks* the Daisy to forgive him.—6. The Daisy *does* so; and just then down *falls* the Poppy beneath the scythe of the mower.—7. The Daisy *is* so small that the scythe *passes* over her without harm.—8. One of the mowers *treads* upon her, and *crushes* her to the earth; but soon she *springs* up again, and *blooms* all the summer through.

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V. 28. What adjective is applied to *people*?—V. 29. To *piece*?—V. 30. To *pretensions*?—What two are applied to *worth*?—In V. 29, what does *those* refer to?—What is meant by *them*?

No. III.—“*Of Course.*” [Freddy's Selection.]

1. Away off in a dark forest, where wild beasts lived, and where no man had ever been seen by them, a Fox one day found a man's shoe on the ground. It is very strange how it came there.

2. The Fox walked around it, again and again. He looked at it, first on *this* side, and then on *that*; then he gently touched it with his paw; then he smelt it; then he looked into it; but he could not tell what it was.

3. Then he went and called a council of all the beasts and the birds that lived in the forest. And the Bear, and the Wolf, and the wild Goat, and the Beaver, and the Rat, and the Crow, and the Owl, and the wild Ducks, and Turkeys, and the other fowls, came. And the Fox made them all stand in a row, and then march by the shoe one by one, to see if any one of them knew more about it than *he* did.

4. After they had all marched by, they stood around the shoe, in a circle. Then the Fox asked, “Can any one of you tell what it is?”

5. “There is no doubt as to what it is,” said the Bear. “Of course not,” said the Wolf. “It is all very plain,” said the Goat. “Of course it is,” said the Owl.

6. “Of course,” remarked the Bear, “it is the shell of some kind of fruit; but the meat is all gone. I am sorry for that.”

“Oh! just hear him! just hear him!” cried all the beasts and birds.

7. “It is no kind of shell at all,” said the Wolf, with a

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ORAL EXERCISE.—Verse 1. What word describes *forest*?—*Beasts*?  
—V. 2. What is meant by *it* wherever it occurs in this verse?—  
V. 3. Who is meant by the first *he* in the verse?—By the last one?  
(So continue.)



glance of scorn at the Bear. "Of course, it's the paw of a strange beast, and of one bigger than any one of us." And they all looked around, as if they thought the strange beast might be behind some one of the big trees near them.

8. "Hoot! hoot!" said the Owl. "Of course, it's some kind of *nest*. See here! Here is the hole where the bird goes in; and in there it lays its eggs, where the young are safe. Of course, it's a nest."

9. What the Owl hooted at, all the other birds, and the fowls, poohed at; and so the Crow *cawed*, the Ducks *quacked*, the Turkeys *gobbled*, and the Hens *cackled* their assent to what the Owl said. But not so the beasts.

10. "Oh! oh!" cried the Bear, and the Goat, and the Wolf, and all the other beasts, as they looked scornfully at the Owl. And they all shouted, "Old goggle eyes! Old goggle eyes!"

11. "I can tell you what it is," said the Goat. "It's a big root. It's as plain as can be. Look at this little root that grows out of it," said he, pointing to the string at the side of the shoe. "It's the root of a plant, of course."

12. Then all the rest shouted in scorn, "A root! A root!" "You big silly thing you!" said the Rat, showing his teeth at the Goat, and then eying the shoe closely. "It's no more a root than I am. Of course, it is not a root."

13. As they could not agree, they were on the point of fighting over it; when the Fox, wiser than all the rest, said, "We cannot any of us tell what it is; but what shall we do with it?"

14. "Let me hug it to death," said the Bear, as he stood up on his hind feet;—"Let me tear it in pieces," said the Wolf, with a fierce shake of his head;—"Let me hook it with my horns," said the Goat;—"Let me gnaw it," said the Rat;—"Let me put it in my house, down in the

water," said the Beaver ;—" Let me make my nest in it," said the Owl.

15. Just then a Pigeon, who was flying over, seeing the crowd of beasts and birds, thought he would stop, and see what it was all about. So he flew down, and lit upon the limb of a small tree near by. And they all said, " Call him ! Call him ! See if he can tell what it is."

16. " Why, I know," said the Pigeon. " Of course I do. It's a man's shoe. In the land that I came from, away over the sea, there are many of them, and the men wear them on their feet."

17. " And what are the *men* that you talk of?" they all asked.

" The men," said the Pigeon, " are creatures with two legs, but no wings. They can eat, and walk, and talk, as we do ;—and they can do much more than we can."

18. " Pooh ! Pooh !" they all cried.

" That cannot be true," said the Wolf. " How can a thing with only two legs, do more than I can, who have four ?"

" And wear such things on its feet, too !" said the Goat.

" And how can it walk, or run ?" asked the Bear.

" And without any wings !" said the birds.

19. " It is false ! false !" cried all the beasts and birds at once. And then they began to shout at the Pigeon, to drive him away.

20. And the Wolf growled at him ; and the Goat shook his horns at him ; and the Bear stood up on his hind legs again, as if he would squeeze him to death ; and the Rat showed his teeth at him ; and the Beaver said, " I'll gnaw that tree down ; and then we'll get him ;" and the Crow mocked him, and said, " Caw ! Caw !" and the Owl glared at him with his goggle eyes ; and the Fox said, " Come down here, and I'll eat you."

21. But the Pigeon only said, as he turned his soft blue eyes upon them, "I pity you, you poor things. You



think that what I tell you is false ; but you live away off here in the woods, and do not know any better. What I tell you is true, though, for all that. Of course it is. I know." And away the Pigeon flew, on his long journey.

"May-be it *is* true, after all," said the Fox. And it *was* true.

22. "No wonder that they did not believe the pigeon," said Ralph,—*"for why should they? How should they know anything about men?"*

23. "What is the *moral* of the fable, Freddy?" asked the teacher.

"I suppose it is, that it is hard to believe anything new and strange," Freddy answered.

"And that we ought not to be too confident that we are in the right, in anything that we only *guess at*," said Frank.

24. Then Uncle Philip said, "I will tell you a short but true story, that is quite as strange as the fable just read. It is about the King of Siam and the traveller.

*The King of Siam, and the Traveller.*

25. In the country of Siam, in Southern Asia, it is so warm, all the year round, that the people never see any frost or snow; and water never freezes there.

26. The first European traveller, that ever visited the Siamese people, was treated with much attention by the King, who was delighted to hear him tell about foreign countries, and of the many strange things to be seen in them.

27. At length the traveller told him, that in *his* country the water in the rivers became so hard in the winter season, that even an elephant could walk on it, as well as on dry land.

28. Upon this the King said, "You have told me of many strange things; and I believed them, because I thought you a man of truth; but now I know you have told me a falsehood,—for what you tell me is impossible. And now I cannot believe *anything* that you have told me."

29. The King was so angry with the man, that he dismissed him, and sent him out of the kingdom.

"And yet what the man told him *was* true," said Willie.

30. Then Nellie came and handed a piece of paper to

the teacher, and asked him if *he* would please read *her* selection. "With all my heart," he replied; and, taking the paper, he read the following:—

WRITTEN EX. [See *First Series*, p. 31.]—1. A fox who *lives* in a dark forest *finds* a man's shoe on the ground; but he *does* not know what it *is*, or how it came there.—2. He *eyes* it closely, *walks* around it, *touches* it, *smells* it, and *looks* into it; but he *cannot* tell what it *is*.—3. Then he *calls* a council of the beasts and the birds, who all *come* to see the wonder.—4. They *march* by it, and *stand* around it; and each one *thinks* he *knows* what it *is*.—5. The bear *says* it *is* the shell of some kind of fruit; the wolf *thinks* it *is* the paw of some beast; the owl *knows* that it *is* a nest; and the goat *declares* that it *is* a big root. (If there are any pupils who can continue the analysis of the story in present time, let them do it, and then change all to past time.)

#### No. IV.—*Nellie's Wish.*

1. I'd<sup>a</sup> like to be a little bird,  
Swinging on a tree,  
With leaves and blossoms for my home,  
As sweet as sweet can be.  
I'd like to be a bobolink,  
Or else a pretty dove;—  
But, Mamma dear', I'd rather be  
Your "precious little love."
2. I'd like to be a butterfly,  
Just a little while,  
With great big wings of black and gold;—  
How I should make you smile!  
I'd flutter straight into your room,  
And fly', and flit', and twirl';—  
But, Mamma dear', I'd rather be  
Your "darling little girl."

3. I'd like to be a lovely rose,  
 Blooming out for you ;  
 My dainty dress of satin pink  
 Sparkling with the dew :  
 I'd like to be a lily-bell,  
 Or else a violet ;—  
 But, Mamma dear, I'd rather<sup>a</sup> be  
 Your "sweetest little pet."

Mrs. M. F. Butts.

"And so you are," said Mrs. Hardy, drawing her little girl up to her, and kissing her fondly, as she pressed her to her bosom.

WRITTEN EX. [See *First Series*, p. 31.]—1. A little girl comes to her mother, and as she *climbs* upon her knee, she is thinking what she should like to be.—2. She *says* she *thinks* she should like to be the bird that *swings* upon the tree, and *sings* so cheerily,—a bobolink, or perhaps a dove.—3. But when she *looks* up into her mamma's sweet face she *says*, "And yet, I like best to be your precious little love."

4. A butterfly, that *flits* right into the room where she *sits*, next *catches* the eye of the little girl; and as she *loves* to see the gaudy insect turn and twirl, she *asks* herself, "Would mamma just as well love me, if I a butterfly should be?"

5. Then she *thinks* how pretty it would seem, and how much like a dream, to be a rose, a lily, or a violet; but as she *turns* from all these pretty things—the flowers, and creatures that have wings—she *says*, "But yet, mamma dear, I would rather be your sweetest little pet."

ORAL EXERCISE.—V. 1. What adjective is applied to *bird*?—To *dove*?—What two to *love*?—V. 2. What two apply to *wings*?—What two to *girl*?—V. 3. How many apply to *dress*?—To *pet*?

<sup>a</sup> Let it be understood that "I'd," throughout this piece, is used in place of, and means, "*I would*;" and that "I'd rather," in the last verse, if written in full, should be "*I would rather*," and not *I had rather*.



## CHAPTER VII.—GEM SELECTIONS.—No. 2.

1. The recital of the "Gem Selections" that were given out in Mr. Agnew's school to be committed to memory, became a feature of constantly increasing interest to both parents and pupils. The teacher, by the familiar explanations which he called forth from the pupils, and then by the comments which he himself made upon the pieces, strove to make the exercises as interesting as possible, knowing that he should, thereby, make them all the more profitable for those whom they were intended to benefit.

2. As each pupil was supposed to memorize about forty of these short extracts in the course of a year, the result was, that a great many wise sayings, important truths beautifully expressed, and useful precepts, were made familiar to the minds of pupils, exerting a lasting influence in the cultivation of taste, the moulding of character, and the regulation of conduct. "Only think of it!" said Willie Hardy: "if I should learn forty of these 'gems' every year, for ten years, that would amount to four hundred in all!"

Here are a few more of these selections, from the same source as those that we listened to on a former occasion."

1. *I Can't.*

"I Can't" is a sluggard too lazy to work;  
From duty he shrinks, every task he will shirk;  
No bread on his board, no meal in his bag;  
His house is a ruin, his coat is a rag.

2. *I Can.*

"I Can" is a worker; he tills the broad fields,  
And digs from the earth all the wealth that it yields;

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<sup>a</sup> See Third Reader, pp. 162-166.

The hum of his spindles begins with the light,  
And the fires of his forges are blazing all night.

*Wm. Allen Butler.*

3. *Noble Aims.*—No. 1.

The boy who never takes the pains  
To seek the prize that labor gains,  
Until the time is past,—  
Who never studies with a will,  
And ever fears to climb the hill,—  
Will die a dunce at last.

4. *Noble Aims.*—No. 2.

I would not waste my spring of youth  
In idle dalliance. I would plant rich seeds  
To bloom in my manhood, and bear fruit  
When I am old.

*James A. Hillhouse.*

5. *Doing Nothing.*

Worthless, wicked boys I've seen  
Doing nothing;  
And they grew up worthless men  
Doing nothing;  
Life to them a failure proved,  
As they spent it, all unloved,  
Doing nothing.

6. *Being Nothing.*

There's nothing great, there's nothing wise,  
Which idle hands and minds supply;  
Those who all thought and toil despise  
Mere nothings live, and nothings die.

7. *The Force of Example.*

Example sheds a genial ray

Of light, that men are apt to borrow ;  
So, first, improve *yourself* to-day,  
And then improve *your friends* to-morrow.

8. *BE Good, and DO Good.*

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;  
Do noble things, not *dream* them, all day long ;  
And so make life, death, and that vast forever  
One grand, sweet song.

*Kingsley.*

9. *Kindness and Truth.*

True worth is in *being*, not *seeming*,—  
In doing, each day that goes by,  
Some little good,—not in dreaming  
Of great things to do by and by.  
For whatever men say in their blindness,  
And spite of the fancies of youth,  
There's nothing so kingly as *Kindness*,  
And nothing so royal as *Truth*.

*Alice Cary.*

10. *Speak No Ill.*

Nay, speak no ill, but lenient be  
To others' failings as your own ;  
If you're the first a fault to see,  
Be not the first to make it known ;  
For life is but a passing day ;  
No lip may tell how brief its span ;  
Then, oh ! the little time we stay,  
Let's speak of all *the best we can*.

11. *The Queen of the Roses.*

"Which is the queen of the roses?

Gardener, can you tell?"

"Oh, the queen of the roses," said he,

"Is my own little grandchild, Nell.

But the Rose is the queen of the flowers,

As every one can tell,

And *she* is the queen of the roses,

My own granddaughter Nell."

12. *Gems of Worth.*

There is many a gem in the path of life,

Which we pass in our idle pleasure,

That is richer far than the jewelled crown,

Or the miser's hoarded treasure.

It may be the love of a little child,

Or a mother's prayers to Heaven;

Or only a beggar's grateful thanks

For a cup of water given.

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WRITTEN EX. [See *First Series*, p. 31.]—1. The teacher *selects* short pieces for the pupils.—2. The latter *commit*<sup>a</sup> them to memory.—3. They *recite* them every Friday.—4. The pupils *explain* the pieces, and the teacher *makes* his comments on them.—5. These exercises *interest* and *profit* the pupils.—6. What *does* Willie Hardy say about them?

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CHAPTER VIII.—AT THE FACTORY.

1. A short time after Ralph Duncan had entered the Factory, his early friend and school-mate, Phil Barto, the eldest son of Dr. Barto, also came there to work. The Doctor, who had some interest in the Factory, intended to

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<sup>a</sup> See Rule A, p. 18.

bring up his son in the business ; and in order to give him a good factory education, he had him begin as a bobbin-boy, with Ralph, so that the lad might learn, from experience, everything about the manufacture of cloths.

2. Both boys were always on hand at the ringing of the bell ; and so willing and prompt were they, that Uncle Philip often took occasion to tell their parents how well pleased he was with them.

3. But he found something else to commend them for, besides the manner in which they attended to their duties in the Factory. He loved boys who liked to improve their time in reading useful books. Now, both Ralph and Phil were fond of reading ; and as Uncle Philip had charge of the Factory library, he was of great use to the lads in suggesting such books as were most suitable for them.

4. One day Ralph and Phil were agreeably surprised to see Bertie Brown enter the Factory, at the ringing of the morning bell. "There comes Bertie—the lad whom you defended so well before the Justice," exclaimed Phil.

5. "That's so," said Ralph. "He has come to work, too. That was my first law case, Phil ;—but it may not be the last. Halloo ! Bertie ! Come to work in the Factory ?"

"Yes," said Bertie, "if I can learn how."

6. Ralph and Phil had just time to speak a pleasant word to Bertie, before the whistle sounded for all to be in their places. Then the whirr of the machinery began ; the battens or lathes were soon in rapid motion ; a thousand shuttles were flying to and fro ; and Ralph and Phil hurried away with the bobbins to supply the yarn for the weavers.

7. Ralph and Phil were in that part of the weaving de-

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ORAL EXERCISE.—Versè 1. Who or whose is meant by the first *his* ?—By *who* ?—By *him* ?—V. 2. Who are meant by *they* ?—By *them* ? (So continue.)

partment of the woollen manufactory in which carpets were woven. Here were woven the two-ply or ingrain<sup>a</sup> carpets, and also the three-ply,<sup>b</sup> the Venetian,<sup>c</sup> the Brussels,<sup>d</sup> and the Wilton;<sup>e</sup> and it was not long before Ralph understood the differences between them.

8. Bertie was in the spinning department, which was in a large building adjoining that in which the carpet-weaving was done. So Ralph and Phil saw no more of him until noon, when an hour was given to the operatives to get their dinners. Some went to their homes in the village near by; others, who had brought their dinners with them, ate them in the long dining-hall which the company had prepared for that purpose, and also for use as a reading-room.

9. Here Ralph and Phil met Bertie, and here they told Bertie about the books which they were reading; and Bertie told them that, only the day before, Tom Downing had been expelled from school, by the trustees, for bad conduct.

10. "Ah! Tom is a bad boy," said Phil.—"And as foolish as he is bad," added Ralph. "He cares nothing about getting an education, and hates books. It will be no

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<sup>a</sup> *Ingrain* carpets—also known at first as Kidderminster or Scotch carpets—consist of worsted warp (long wool well twisted) crossed by woollen woof. *Two-ply* ingrain consists of two webs interlaced together.

<sup>b</sup> *Three-ply* ingrain consists of *three* webs interlaced together, and having the pattern on both sides of the carpet.—"*Ingrain*" means dyed in the wool or grain.

<sup>c</sup> *Venetian* carpeting—so called, though never made in Venice—is similar to the ingrain; but the woof is completely covered by a heavy body of worsted warp. It is generally narrow,—for stairways, etc.

<sup>d</sup> *Brussels* carpeting is composed of worsted and linen, and has a rich corded appearance, with a *looped* surface.

<sup>e</sup> *Wilton* carpets are similar to the Brussels, except that the loops are cut open, forming an elastic velvety surface.



wonder if he goes to the poor-house, or the State's prison, at last."

11. Bertie said the manager had set him to work to put the wool cardings in their places as fast as they were needed by the spinning-jennies; and that was more pleasant, he said, and neater work, than to be a picker, and to have to pick the burs and dirty clumps out of the wool.

12. "You must see those spinning-jennies!" said Bertie. "I tell you they spin the threads better than Aunt Polly can do it, and a thousand times faster."

13. "I know it," said Ralph; "but you must read the story of the man who *invented* the spinning-jenny. I have read it; and you can get the book from the Factory library."

14. "But, Bertie, I think the weaving is more wonderful than the spinning," said Ralph. "Why, some of those power-looms weave carpets of five colors; and the figures which they weave in are beautiful, too. I tell you, those looms work right along just as if they had life, and as if they knew what they were doing."

15. "And as if they knew *how* to do it, too," said Phil. "Each one of those power-looms seems to me like some giant with twenty hands and a hundred fingers, each one of which does the giant's bidding, and without ever making a single mistake. It seems to me that such machinery can do almost everything but talk."

16. "I guess the power-loom was made by one of those wonderful genii, or enchanters, that we read about in fairy story-books," said Bertie, laughing. "Those enchanters can do anything, you know."

"How any *man* could invent such a thing as the power-loom, I do not see," said Phil.

17. "But Mr. Hamilton says no *one* man invented the power-loom as we see it here," added Ralph. "He says one man invented a little, and then another man added some-

thing to it; and then a Mr. Jacquard,<sup>a</sup> in France, made so much improvement in it that it was called the *Jacquard* loom. Then a man in Boston, a Mr. Bigelow, made more improvements still. And so the power-loom grew up, Uncle Philip says, from the old hand-loom used by the Egyptians thousands of years ago, until it became the wonderful thing that it now is."

18. Just then the factory-bell rang; the operatives were quickly at their places again; Ralph and Phil were soon standing by the great pile of bobbins, and Bertie by the heap of cardings; the engine sent up its shrill whistle; and the next minute the machinery seemed all alive, with spindles whirring and shuttles flying, as before; while sharp eyes were watching the whole, and busy fingers were regulating the motions.

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WRITTEN EX. [See *First Series*, p. 31.]—1. Phil Barto also *goes* to the factory to work, and he and Ralph *are* always on hand when the bell *rings*.—2. Uncle Philip *praises* them for their work, and *commends* them for the manner in which they *improve* their spare time.—3. Soon Bertie Brown *joins* them; but while Phil and Ralph *work* in the weaving department, Bertie *puts* the wool cardings in their places in the spinning room.—4. The boys *talk* about what they *see*, and *tell* wonderful stories about what the looms and spinning-jennies *can* do.

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<sup>a</sup> *Jacquard* (zhak-kar'), a poor man, a weaver in Lyons, made so great improvements in machinery for weaving, that many hand-weavers were at first thrown out of employment. This so excited the indignation of his fellow-weavers that a mob of them destroyed his looms, and on several occasions came near killing him. But the weavers soon found that the new looms greatly increased their business. Jacquard's inventions were purchased by the government; he was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor; and through his inventions Lyons, ere long, became the principal manufacturing city of France. In 1840 the city of Lyons erected a monument to his memory.

## CHAPTER IX.—MORE ABOUT THE FACTORY BOYS.

1. As Bertie was about leaving Ralph and Phil, to go to his work in the spinning department, he said to Ralph, "It looks to me as if some mighty enchanter had passed his wand over all, and had started everything into life and motion."

2. As Ralph watched the figures of vines, and leaves, and fruit, that grew up in such beautiful forms and colors on the carpets, as the weaving went on, he thought, "I do not wonder that it seems to Bertie like the work of some mighty enchanter, such as we have read of in fairy tales."

3. A few days after Bertie had come to the Factory, Tom Downing was brought there by his father, who said he wanted Tom to earn something now, as he could not go to school any longer. So Tom was set to work as "a picker," and Ralph and Phil saw very little of him, except at dinner-time, when he ate his dinner in the Long Hall, with the other operatives.

4. Ralph remembered how Tom had tried to ridicule him for raising and selling cucumbers; and he had not forgotten the petition to the teacher for shorter lessons; but he spoke pleasantly to him, and told him there were a great many things to learn in the Factory, and some useful things too, that could not be learned at school.

5. But Tom answered him gruffly, "I don't see anything worth learning here; and I shall not work long in a factory, anyhow. I am not going to pick over dirty wool, for anybody."

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ORAL EXERCISE.—Verse 1. What word limits the meaning of *department*?—What word describes *enchanter*?—What are all such limiting and describing words called?—[See Definition I., and explanation, p. 11.]

"That is just what *I* did at Lawrence," said Ralph,—  
"and I did not mind it."

6. "*I* should not object to be a picker for a while, if they wished me to," said Phil. "I think it's a good plan to go through all the kinds of work in a factory; and then if one knows how everything should be done, he may become a manager."

7. "I mean to be something better than a manager in a dirty factory," said Tom.

"What would you like to do for a living?" asked Ralph.

8. "I'd keep a store," Tom answered, "and sell goods, and dress well, and be a gentleman, and have an easy time. I don't believe in hard work."

9. "But you must have money to buy the goods before you sell them," Ralph answered;—"and you and I do not happen to have the money. How are we going to get it, unless we work and earn it? I believe in hard work, and hard study too.—Are you going to take books out of the Factory library, Tom?"

10. "I guess I shouldn't like the books they have there," Tom replied. "I have just been reading *Jack Sheppard*; and Bill Sanders tells me he has the *Pirate's Own Book*, and he will lend it to me as soon as he gets through with it. Is that book in the Factory library?"

11. Just then Uncle Philip, who had overheard Tom's remarks, stepped up, and answered for Ralph,—

"No, we have no such books in our library. They exert a very bad influence over the boys who read them, and I should be afraid to have such boys in the Factory. Bad books make bad boys. I am glad to see that Ralph and Phil are reading such books as the *Life of Franklin*, and *Patrick Henry*, and *Count Rumford*. Such books are the best of company for young men."

12. As the boys passed out of the Hall, Ralph said to Phil, "So Tom Downing means to be a *gentleman*, you see."

"I suppose that means, in Tom's dictionary, to wear fine clothes, smoke a cigar, and carry a cane," said Phil. "That's Tom's idea of being a gentleman!"

"But Old Bramble would tell him that 'fine feathers do not make fine birds,'" said Bertie.

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WRITTEN EX. [See *First Series*, p. 31.]—1. As Bertie *goes* to his work, and *sees* how beautifully the machinery *moves*, he *says* it is all as wonderful as the work of some mighty enchanter, who by a touch of his wand *starts* everything into life and motion.—2. As Ralph *watches* the figures that *spring* up on the carpet as the shuttle *plies* rapidly to and fro, he *agrees* with Bertie, and *says* it is like the wonderful things that are told in fairy tales.

3. But when Tom Downing *comes* to work in the Factory, he *sees* no beauty there: nothing there *interests* him: the books in the library *do not suit* him; and he *grumbles* and *finds* fault with everything.—4. Tom *has* very erroneous ideas about being a gentleman.

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## CHAPTER X.—THE GOLD-STONE BUTTON.

### PART I.—*The First Day of School.—The New Scholar.*

1. Near the close of the winter session of Mr. Agnew's school, the girls had been busily engaged in making collections of the prettiest and most brilliant *buttons* that they could find. These they would string together like beads; and there was a strife among the girls to see who could make up the prettiest and longest string.

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ORAL EXERCISE.—Verse 1. What word limits or modifies the meaning of *session*?—What words describe *buttons*?—*String*?

2. Mr. Agnew not only kindly allowed such things, but aided the scholars in all proper amusements that did not interfere with the lessons of the school-room. He was very apt to turn their plays and games to some good account.

3. At the opening of the summer school, after a three weeks' vacation, it was expected that the button contest would be renewed; and all the girls were prepared for it. Minnie Allen had begged from her mother and aunts, and had rummaged grandma's old button-box, till at last she numbered sixty on her string—of all shapes, colors, and sizes. The heavy string looked as gay as an Indian's wampum belt, as Minnie swung it at her side, and wondered if any of the other girls had prettier buttons, or more of them to show.

4. Minnie reached school, on the first day of the term, half an hour before the bell rang. Most of the boys were already there, and were off in one part of the grounds, by themselves. The girls were chatting in groups; and there was hardly one among them who had not brought her button-string: but, alas for Minnie's hopes! she saw at a glance that many of the strings were longer than hers. Lulu ran up to her at once, and asked her how many she had.

5. "About sixty, I think," said Minnie. "How many have you?"

"Sixty-five," said Lulu. "A man in the Factory gave me five yesterday. But oh! you ought to see Kate Barto's. She has a hundred and fifty-four, and over thirty of them are glass ones. Her brother Phil went around to all the stores to find them for her."

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V. 2. What words limit *amusements*?—What are such describing and limiting words called?—V. 4. Who are meant by *them*?—Who is meant by *she*?—By *her*? (So continue.)



6. "Do let us see them," said Minnie. "Where is she?"

It was not difficult to find pretty Kate Barto, who stood in the midst of an admiring group, with her string of buttons twined around her neck, and one end hanging carelessly over her shoulder. Who could hope to rival that?



7. Just then Lulu pointed to another group, not far away. "See Ida Jones!" said Lulu. "She has a hundred bright brass buttons on one string! They shine like gold; and she will not give away a single one unless you change with her."

8. "How mean!" said Minnie. "Where did she get them?"

"Her uncle, in New York, used to make coats for soldiers, and he had all these buttons left; so he sent them to Ida. They are all alike."

9. Minnie wished to see them; so she joined the group around Ida, and stood spell-bound before the gleaming solid string. "Will you not give me one, Ida?" at last she ventured to ask.

10. "I will if you will give me one of yours—a pretty one," said Ida promptly.

But Minnie could not bear to part with any of her pretty ones; so she drew back, and as she turned away she said to herself that Ida was very "mean."

11. But Ida was *not* mean. She was only a sharp little tradeswoman, who meant to get the value of her wares. She wanted a string of all kinds, like the others; but how was she to get it unless she traded? So, now and then, when a handsome button that suited her was offered, she would draw a shining brass one from her string, and make the exchange.

12. But soon the bell rang, and the children hurried into the school-room. Being the first day of school, there were no recitations in the forenoon; and Mr. Agnew busied himself in taking names, giving out lessons, and allotting seats. Next after Minnie's name the teacher called "Mary Atkins."

13. "My seat-mate," thought Minnie. "I wonder who she is! She must be one of the new scholars." Minnie was right; for the family had just moved into the place, and Mr. Atkins had bought a farm on the road that leads to the Highlands.

14. Minnie glanced curiously around, and saw a plainly dressed, pale little girl, coming down the aisle. They were

soon seated side by side, and Minnie stole another look. Mary Atkins did not have long, wavy hair, like hers and Lulu's. It was cut short; and her apron was not ruffled. She had brought a few old well-worn books, and a very short button-string.

15. "How many buttons have you on your string?" asked Minnie.

"Only eleven," whispered the little girl in reply, as she looked with admiration at Minnie's sixty.

16. "I do not believe I shall like her, and I wish Lulu could sit by me," thought Minnie; and so, to avoid being sociable, she became deeply engaged in cleaning out her desk and arranging her books. Mary Atkins did the same.

17. As Minnie ran into the house that afternoon, on her return from school, her mother said to her, "How did you get along to-day, Minnie?"

18. "Oh, I had a horrid time!" she replied. "Just think! I can't sit with Lulu Wilmot any more. I have to sit with a new scholar—a freckled little girl. She is not funny, and bright, and pretty, like Lulu. I know I shall not like her one bit."

19. "You may like her better than you think," said her mother. "You may find her a very nice little girl."

20. "I know I shall not," said Minnie, rattling her string of buttons. The buttons were all pretty; and a dozen glass ones, all alike, shone in the sun like bits of rainbow. But the pride of all the buttons was the centre one,—a great gold-stone button, that looked as if a thousand little particles of gold dust had been sprinkled all over it.

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WRITTEN EX. [See *First Series*, p. 31.]—1. The girls are making collections of pretty buttons, and these they *string* together, and each one *strives* to make the prettiest and largest col-

lection possible.—2. At the opening of the school there is a grand display.—3. Minnie Allen *shows* a string of sixty; and among them is a large gold-stone button.—4. Lulu *has* sixty-five; and Kate Barto *displays* a string of more than a hundred! —5. But Ida Jones *has* a string of brass buttons that *shine* like gold; and some of these she *exchanges* for others that *suit* her.—6. When school *opens*, Minnie *finds* that a new scholar, Mary Atkins, *has* a seat by her side.—7. Minnie *thinks* that she *shall* not like Mary; and when she *goes* home she *tells* her mother so.

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## PART II.—*The Next Day: A Painful Mystery.*

1. The next day, Minnie took her string to school again; but she found no time to look at it until the recess, so busy was she with her lessons. Minnie found, to her surprise, that Mary Atkins was in the same class as herself in all her studies; and when the recitations were over it was found that the shy, shrinking little girl had learned her lessons more thoroughly than any of the others. Minnie now began to feel some respect for her.

2. At the recess there was a busy exchange of buttons. Minnie traded some of hers for Ida's military buttons; and then, in a sudden impulse of generosity, she gave five of her glass ones to Mary Atkins, who went into a silent rapture over them.

3. "It seemed so dreadful to have only eleven buttons!" Minnie said to Lulu. "That's why I did it." But Minnie would not have parted with her gold-stone button for a dozen of Ida's brass ones.

4. As Minnie's lessons had all been heard before recess, she had nothing to do for the next hour, except to look over her lessons for the afternoon. So she propped up the lid of her desk, as if she were arranging her books. But she was counting her buttons behind it. Then she slipped

them all off the string, to string them anew, while Mary, who sat next to her studying her lesson, could not forbear an occasional glance at the brilliant display.

5. But just as Minnie had begun the task of stringing them again, she heard the teacher call her name. "Minnie, put down your desk-lid, and come here. I wish to speak to you."

6. Minnie hurriedly pushed all her buttons away to the back part of her desk, dropped the lid, and went forward, expecting to be blamed. But the teacher had only called her to ask her about the reading lesson; and after a few words he sent her to her seat. But Minnie was a little afraid to put her desk-lid up so high again; so she raised it only a little way, and, reaching in for the buttons, she strung them as fast as she could, without any regard to order.

7. It was not until school had been dismissed that Minnie had a chance to glance at her string;—and then, to her dismay, the brilliant gold-stone button was missing! She ran back to her desk to look for it, and pushed the books here and there; but it was not to be found. Lulu, and Ida, and Kate Barto, and a few other girls, gathered around, wondering, and sympathizing with her, and at last one of them whispered to her that perhaps the new scholar, Mary Atkins, had taken it.

8. "I do believe she has!" exclaimed Minnie, turning indignantly toward the pale little girl, who was lingering near by, with her books in her hand. "Mary Atkins, give me my gold-stone button, this minute."

9. "Why, I haven't it. I do not know anything about it," she replied, in her shy, gentle way.

10. "Yes, you do," exclaimed Minnie. "I left it right here in my desk, and no one knew it but you; and when I came back it was gone."

11. The tears came into Mary's eyes, and her cheeks flushed painfully; but she still declared, over and over, that she knew nothing about it. She even let Minnie take her string, and search her pocket. But it was of no use; Minnie would not believe her.

12. Mary Atkins went home crying. The other girls did not know what to think; and Minnie, grieved and angry, hurried home to tell her mother. Mrs. Allen in vain sought to pacify her.

WRITTEN EX. [See *First Series*, p. 31.]—1. The next day Minnie *finds* that Mary Atkins *is* in the same class as herself, and that she *learns* her lessons the best of any girl in the class.—2. As Minnie *has* no lessons to learn after recess, she *props* up her desk, and behind the screen *amuses* herself, and *counts* and *strings* her buttons anew.—3. Suddenly the teacher *calls* her: she *shoves* the buttons away; and after she *returns* to her seat she hastily *strings* her buttons without looking at them.—4. After school she *finds*, to her great dismay, that the gold-stone button *is* missing; and she hastily *accuses* Mary of taking it.—5. The tears *start* into Mary's eyes, and her cheeks *flush*, as she *says* that she *knows* nothing about it.—6. But Minnie *does* not believe her.

### PART III.—*The Mystery Solved.*

1. The next morning there was a gloom on the faces of the girls, as they gathered in groups before the school-house. They were talking about the affair, and there was hardly one that did not think that Mary had taken the button. When Mary arrived, the side-glances and suspicious whispers told her what was passing; and she went into the school-room at once, and took her seat in so hopeless a manner, that it touched the feelings of Kate Barto, who was watching her.

2. "I do not believe she took it, girls," Kate said afterward; but none of the rest agreed with her.



From that hour Mary Atkins was steadily avoided. Minnie was obliged to sit by her; but she would scarcely look at her; and she even drew her dress away, for fear it might touch Mary. The other girls spoke to her only when they were obliged to; and when she looked timidly toward them, their faces seemed perfectly stony. All avoided her but Kate: she sometimes smiled, and spoke kindly to her.

3. So it went on for several days. But, whether Mary was guilty or not, she learned all her lessons perfectly, and obeyed every rule. At the end of a week, when the reports were made out, the teacher, as was his custom, appointed the best scholars among the girls, and also among the boys, to see that the desks were in order, and that the hat- and cloak-rooms were kept clean, and everything in its proper place, during the coming week. Mary Atkins was named monitor for the girls' cloak-room, and Kate Barto for the desks. Kate was very popular, though she did her duty faithfully.

4. The teacher, who had been watching carefully, knew all that had happened about the button. But he thought it best to say nothing yet, and to wait; hoping and believing that all the difficulty would be cleared up in the end.

5. The moment Mary Atkins entered upon her duties the next day, she saw she had a difficult task before her. Some of the girls treated her in the coldest manner possible, while others tried to annoy her in every way. They left their hats and cloaks about, and strewed paper over the floor of the cloak-room, so that Mary was at her wits' end to preserve order. She was glad when school began; but she was almost crying.

6. It was Kate's duty to see that the desks were in order; and she made her first round of inspection shortly after school commenced. On her way down the aisle she presently reached Minnie and Mary.

7. "Mary Atkins—credit for good order," she said, as she opened her desk.

"Minnie Allen—should put a fresh paper in the bottom of her desk. This one is torn, and untidy looking."

8. A fresh paper was supplied, and Kate stood by while Minnie pulled out the old, torn, and blotted one. A large knot-hole was now seen in the bottom of the desk, and there was something lying in it. Kate looked at it sharply.

"What is in that hole, Minnie?" she asked.

9. Minnie looked, changed color, and then hastily drew out of the hole her gold-stone button, bright and beautiful as ever. It had slipped under the torn paper, and then into the knot-hole, the day she pushed all her buttons back into the desk, when the teacher spoke to her.

10. Minnie held it up in her hand, and did not know what to say. She had never felt so ashamed of anything in her life, as she did now of her suspicions of Mary Atkins. Her face showed her feelings as she looked up at Mary; but Mary's face was bright and joyful, and her eyes beamed affectionately on Minnie, as she put her little hand in hers, and whispered,—

"I am so glad you have found it, Minnie."

11. The whole school, and the teacher, too, quickly knew that the gold-stone button had been found. It was hard for the girls to wait for recess, and to go quietly through their recitations as if nothing had happened. The moment they were at liberty there was a grand rush into the school-yard, where everything could be talked over, to their hearts' content. "Only think of it," said Lulu, "that we should have treated Mary Atkins so shamefully!"

12. Kate Barto went around with a hat, and collected three buttons apiece from all the girls, to make a string for Mary, as long as any in the school. When she reached

Minnie Allen, Minnie deliberately laid the gold-stone button, with two others, in the hat, and looked happier than she had at any time since the school commenced.

13. After the teacher had told me the story, he said, "Say what you may, Mr. Bookmore, about monitors; but I believe there never before was one so petted and so popular as was the quiet little monitor of the cloak-room."

WRITTEN EX. [See *First Series*, p. 31.]—1. The next morning the girls *gather* in groups before school, and *talk* over the affair.—2. Some *think* that Mary took the button, and some *think* she did not; but most of the girls *avoid* her, and *slight* her, and some purposely *annoy* her. Only Kate Barto *speaks* kindly to her.

3. At length the button *is* found in a knot-hole in Minnie's desk, just where Minnie had pushed it in her haste.—4. Soon all the scholars *know* that the button *has* been found;—and oh! how ashamed the girls *are* of their suspicions of poor Mary!—5. Kate Barto *goes* around and *collects* three buttons from every girl, and so *makes* up a long string for Mary; and Minnie *adds* her gold-stone button to the number.

EXPLANATION.—A noun or a pronoun is said to be in the *Singular* number when it denotes but *one* object; and in the *Plural* number when it denotes *more than one*. Thus, SINGULAR:—*man, hat, nose, I, he, me*. PLURAL:—*men, hats, noses, me, they, us*.

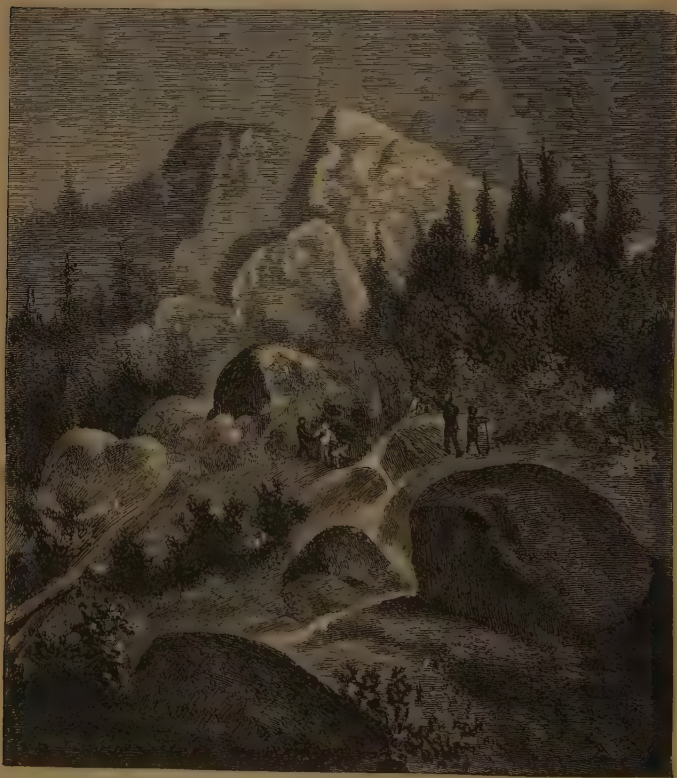
DEFINITION IV.—NUMBER *is the distinction between one and more than one*.

## CHAPTER XI.—MOUNT ALTO:—FROM WILMOT HALL.

1. On the Teacher's Map of Lake-View, and at the very northern part of it, may be seen the name *Mount Alto*. Frank Wilmot, and Henry Allen, and most of the larger boys of Lake-View, had often been upon Mount Alto,

although its summit was nearly three miles from Wilmot Hall.

2. It was a rugged mountain cliff, with a barren crest;



but a dense forest reached almost to the summit. It was not a very high mountain; but it was the highest point among the northern hills, for many miles around. This latter fact alone made it famous in the little village below, upon which it so grandly looked down, and from which it was proudly looked up to in all sorts of weather, whether in storm or in sunshine.

3. "Our Mount Alto" was also much talked about, and much written about, by the good people of Lake-View, and admiringly pointed out to strangers; and once on a time some modest village poet, unknown to fame, had sung its praises and its perils in the village paper—the *Lake-View Clarion*.

4. Here are two of the poet's verses, which give two very opposite pictures of the mountain. These two verses, which were known as the *Address to Mount Alto*, most of the boys and girls of Eddie's age knew by heart, and were fond of reciting.

I.—A Winter Picture.

5. O Mount Alto!

When hoary Winter binds thy form  
 In frozen fetters of the storm',—  
 And maddening winds do blow  
 Their very breath away',—  
 And round thy crest the forests groan,  
     And sigh, and moan,  
     Beneath the tempest's sway',—  
 Thou'rt rugged as the polar bear';  
 And all alone I would not dare  
 To tempt thy craggy mountain height',  
 Though bathed in fullest noontide light';  
     Like giant foe  
     Thou frownest' so:  
 Still less would I when ice and snow  
 Are kindling in the moonlight glow';  
 For then thou hast the sternest frown,  
 And ogre-like<sup>a</sup> thou lookest down  
     Upon the world below'.

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<sup>a</sup> Ogre (ô'gur), an imaginary monster, a hideous giant of fairy tales, who lived on human beings.

II.—*A Summer Picture.*

6. But when, as now,  
 Upon this genial summer day,  
 The gently-wooing breezes play  
     Around thy azure brow',—  
 And thou art wreathed in Nature's smiles,  
 And every pulsing sense beguiles,  
     To drive all care away',  
     Serene I love to stand,  
 As if I were a monarch grand,  
 And lift my voice, and wave my hand,  
 With tone and gesture of command,  
     Upon thy summit bare':—  
 Or, lovingly reclining there,  
     Amid the *sunset's* glow',—  
 As free as is the mountain air  
 I like to let my fancy flow  
 Where waking Dreams their vigils<sup>b</sup> keep',—  
 And watch the shadows as they sweep  
     Across the plain below. W.

7. "Now, then, is the time to go up to Mount Alto, when the wind does *not* blow; and in summer, when there is *no* snow there," Lulu said to Eddie. Eddie had just been declaiming the verses, with all the oratorical display that he could give to them, as he stood at the Cove, on the border of the Lake, looking up at the mountain.

8. "And Uncle Philip and papa have promised that they will take us up there some day, to a picnic," said Eddie; "and I mean to ask them to take us on the Fourth of July."

"That will be nice; the very best time," said Lulu.

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<sup>b</sup> Vigil (vid'jil), the act of keeping awake. Watch.



9. Just then Lulu saw Uncle Philip and Nellie coming from the house, out to the Cove, and she ran to meet them.

It was not long before she and Eddie had succeeded in getting a promise from Uncle Philip, that he and Mr. Wilmot would take a whole load of the children up on the mountain, on the coming Fourth, if it should be a pleasant day.

10. "I think we must have a little house up there, on the summit, by and by," said Uncle Philip; "and we can call it '*The Mountain House*.'"

"Like the '*Catskill Mountain House*,' where I went with you and papa last summer," said Eddie.

11. "Then we can stay up there if the wind *does* blow," said Lulu; "and some time we can stay all night, and see the sun rise in the morning."

"O, that would be grand!" said Eddie.

"But, Uncle Philip, how can you get the house up there?" asked Nelly.

12. "I can find a way," said he. "Don't you know the old proverb—'Where there's a will there's a way'?"

"O, that is one of Old Bramble's sayings," Eddie remarked.

"But it was used a long time before Mr. Bramble was born," said Lulu. "I have read some pretty poetry about it. It is in Eliza Cook's Poems."


"And it contains some very good advice for all," said Uncle Philip.

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#### LANGUAGE LESSONS. SECOND SERIES.

RETAIN THE SAME TIME THAT IS GIVEN, AND PUT ALL NOUNS AND PRONOUNS IN THE PLURAL WHEN THE SENSE WILL ALLOW IT.

*Note.*—Nouns and pronouns that are to be changed to the plural form are marked with the superior figure <sup>2</sup>. Such pronouns as do not change their form for the plural are also marked, that their

verbs may be used in the plural.  See that pupils correctly change the *verbs* also to their proper plural forms. When necessary, omit *a*, *an*, and *the*, and change "one" to *some*, "another" to *others*, "every" to *all*, etc., and make what other changes the sense requires.

WRITTEN EX. [*Second Series.*].—1. Who<sup>2</sup> has been upon the summit<sup>2</sup> of the mountain<sup>2</sup>? (Who have been upon the summits of the mountains?)—2. The mountain<sup>2</sup> has a cliff<sup>2</sup>, and a barren crest<sup>2</sup>; and a dense forest<sup>2</sup> surrounds its<sup>2</sup> summit<sup>2</sup>.—3. It<sup>2</sup> looks down frowningly upon the village<sup>2</sup> on the plain<sup>2</sup> below it<sup>2</sup>.—4. The poet<sup>2</sup> has written a verse<sup>2</sup> about the mountain peak<sup>2</sup>, and the cliff<sup>2</sup>, and the crest<sup>2</sup>.—5. He<sup>2</sup> has written an address<sup>2</sup> to Mount Alto.—6. The artist<sup>2</sup> has drawn a picture<sup>2</sup> of the mountain<sup>2</sup>.—7. O Mount Alto! What a grand view<sup>2</sup> there is from thy summit! (Write the second numbered paragraph in the exercise in three independent sentences.)

## CHAPTER XII.—WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

1. When we had read the little poem that Lulu referred to, we at first thought that we would write a whole chapter to show what men have done by the force of *will*, and courage, and perseverance;—how they have risen from poverty and obscurity to positions of honor, and influence, and power.

2. But we have not room for so much on this subject, we said. Then we thought—What a good subject for compositions, by the older pupils, this would be! So we shall leave it for this purpose, and copy only a few verses of the poem referred to. They tell how man has been enabled to climb the loftiest mountains', clear the forests', count the stars', traverse sandy deserts', cross the ocean', subdue the earth to his sway', overcome poverty and suffering', and conquer despair' itself;—all showing that there is a great deal of truth in the proverb—

*“ Where there’s a Will there’s a Way.”*

3. We have faith in old proverbs, full surely,  
For Wisdom has traced what they tell ;  
And Truth may be drawn up as purely  
From *them*, as it may from “a well.”  
Let us question the thinkers and doers,  
And hear what they honestly say,  
And you’ll find they believe, like bold wooers,  
In—“ *Where there’s a Will there’s a Way.*”
4. The hills have been high for Man’s mounting ;  
The woods have been dense for his axe ;  
The stars have been thick for his counting ;  
The sands have been wide for his tracks ;  
The sea has been deep for his diving ;  
The poles have been broad for his sway ;  
But bravely he’s proved, in his striving,  
That—“ *Where there’s a Will there’s a Way.*”
5. Have ye poverty’s pinching to cope with ?  
Does suffering weigh down your might ?  
Only call up a spirit to hope with,  
And dawn may come out of the night.  
Oh ! much may be done by defying  
The ghosts of Despair and Dismay ;  
And much may be gained by relying  
On—“ *Where there’s a Will there’s a Way.*”
6. Should ye see from afar what’s worth winning,  
Set out on the journey with trust ;  
And ne’er heed if your path, at beginning,  
Should be among brambles and dust.

Though it is but by footsteps you do it,  
 And hardships may hinder and stay,  
 Keep a heart, and be sure you'll get through it;  
 For—"Where there's a Will there's a Way."

Eliza Cook.

EXPLANATIONS BY THE TEACHER.—RULE IV. *Plurals*.—Most nouns are made plural by adding *s* or *es* to the singular;—as, dove, *doves*; box, *boxes*. But the plural of man is *men*; of child, *children*; of leaf, *leaves*, etc.

RULE V.—Plurals of nouns ending in *y*.—Nouns ending in *y* preceded by a *consonant*, are made plural by changing *y* into *i* and adding *es*;—as, lady, *ladies*; lily, *lilies*; city, *cities*; but when the *y* is preceded by a *vowel*, the plural is formed in the regular manner;—as, way, *ways*; journey, *journeys*.

Note 1.—Other words, also, that end in *y* preceded by a *consonant*, change *y* into *i* when any addition is made to their termination;—as, deny, *denies*, *denied*; glory, *glorious*; but when the *y* is preceded by a *vowel*, the *y* is generally retained;—as, play, *played*; employ, *employed*.

Note 2.—The letters *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and sometimes *w* and *y*, are called *vowels*. All the other letters are called *consonants*.

WRITTEN EX. [See *Second Series*, p. 77.]—1. A man<sup>2</sup> can often find a way<sup>2</sup> in which a great difficulty<sup>2</sup> can be overcome.—2. He<sup>2</sup> can make a long journey<sup>2</sup>, climb the mountain<sup>2</sup>, clear the forest<sup>2</sup>, cross the ocean<sup>2</sup>, and find a way<sup>2</sup> that will lead him<sup>2</sup> out of danger<sup>2</sup>.—3. Who<sup>2</sup> does not like a good poem<sup>2</sup>?—4. He<sup>2</sup> who wishes for a copy<sup>2</sup> of this one may take it<sup>2</sup>.

### CHAPTER XIII.—FREDDY JONES'S NECKLACE.

1. While the interest in the button movement was at its height, Freddy Jones came to school one morning with something wound two or three times around his neck, and hanging down, like a string of beads of many sizes and colors.

2. "Opposition! opposition!" exclaimed Kate Barto, pointing to Freddy as he came into the school-yard. Soon,



not only the girls, but the boys also, were gathered around Freddy, to learn the cause of the excitement.

3. It was quickly seen that the supposed beads were a collection of very pretty *seeds*, which Freddy had strung together after the fashion of the *buttons* in which the girls had taken so great an interest.

4. "But how *pretty* they are!" exclaimed one. "Who would have thought that seeds *could* be so pretty?" said another. "And so many *kinds* of them!" said Lulu. "And white, and yellow, and red, and brown, and black!"

said Minnie. "And striped, and spotted too!" said Kate Barto. "Why, where did you get them, Freddy?"

5. "I found some at the stores in the village; and I wrote to father, and he sent me some from the seed-stores in the city," Freddy replied. "Don't you think they are about as handsome as the buttons—and more *useful* too?" he asked.

6. "Oh! but buttons are needed for all kinds of clothes," said Minnie.—"And people could not do without them," said Lulu. "And all the cloth that is made in the factories must have buttons to match," said another.

7. "But what do you think the farmer could raise without seeds?" asked Freddy. "How could we get wheat, or corn, or oats, or grass, and where would the cotton that is used in the factories come from, if there were no seeds?" he asked, turning to Lulu.

8. "And where do you think the flowers in the garden would come from, if Peter had no seeds to sow?" asked Eddie.

9. So they all had to admit that *seeds* were not only about as pretty as buttons, but that they were far more useful. "We *could* use *pins*, instead of buttons," said Willie Hardy.—"Or big *thorns* instead of pins, just as the savages did," said Freddy. "But we could not do without seeds."

10. It was a wonder how Freddy could string the seeds so nicely; for all the children knew that seeds are very brittle, and that many of them break easily; and that some have shells almost as hard as glass.

11. "I took them to the Button-Factory, as father told me to," said Freddy; "and there they bored little holes through them, just as they do through the pearl buttons which they make."

12. There were many questions about the names of some of the pretty seeds which Freddy had on his string; and



most of the girls were surprised to find that many of the prettiest seeds were nothing but *beans*!

13. "Why," said Freddy, "there are more than twenty kinds of pretty beans;—there are garden beans, and field beans, of all sorts of colors, and hyacinth beans, and striped castor-oil beans, and flowering peas——"

14. "And what is this, Freddy?" asked Minnie, taking hold of a large and brilliant scarlet seed, that looked, she said, like a bit of smooth coral.

15. "Oh, that is the seed of the coral plant," said Freddy. "And these, here, are lupines. And here," said he, "are a dozen of the large brown round water-beans. Don't you remember the plant with the great white flowers, and the large green leaves, that we found in Sandy Bay, on the east side of Fairy Island, growing near the water-lilies? That is the kind of plant those seeds came from."

16. There were a great many other kinds of seeds on Freddy's string, but only a few that he knew the names of. There were the black, bullet-like cannas; the honey-locust seeds; the "heart seeds," which had white heart-shaped spots on them;—and there were more than fifty little black glossy seeds, which Kate said would make a beautiful black necklace, if there could be a dozen strings of them together.

17. Frank Wilmot said he knew what these were—he had seen Peter sow the seeds in the flower-garden, and they came up and made pretty flowering plants, some with white and some with purple flowers. He said Peter called it "dictam'nus."

"I think he might find a prettier name than *that* for it," said Ida Jones.

18. While they were thus examining Freddy's curious necklace, and discussing its merits, and wondering that they had never before thought of seeds as so beautiful, the

school-bell rang. But Mr. Agnew had seen the necklace; and he said he was glad that Freddy had brought it to school;—and he was glad that all the scholars were so much interested in it.

19. He said he thought that something useful might grow out of it. All the pupils could gather seeds, and put them into little glass vials, which they could get for a cent or two apiece at the glass-works, or at the stores. They could bring the seeds to him, with such names as they could find for them, and he would label each kind by itself; and in time they would have a large collection of them.

20. He said they might get the different varieties of the seeds of wheat, and corn, and oats, and beans; and by examining them they would soon be able to tell them apart. They might also get the different kinds of coffee, and rice, and spices,—and seeds of the sugar-cane, and cotton seeds, and the seeds of all flowering plants;—and these would be a good beginning for a Natural History collection. They might call it, he said, *The Lake-View MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY*.

21. The children were greatly pleased with the idea; and many of them began to tell what kinds of seeds they could bring. Freddy Jones said he would give his necklace to begin with; and so the teacher took it, and hung it up on the wall behind his desk. “Freddy Jones shall be known as the *founder of the Museum*,” said he.

22. We shall see, by and by, how the seeds thus planted grew, and bore an abundant harvest.

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DEFINITION V.—ARTICLES are those little words, *a* or *an*, and *the*. They are really adjectives, and should be classed with them. Both *a* and *an* mean *one*.

RULE VI.—*An* is used before words beginning with a *vowel* sound;—as, *an ear*, *an heir*, *an angry* man. *A* is used before words beginning with a *consonant* sound;—as, *a man*, *a hero*, *a wonder*.

ORAL EXERCISE.—How many times is *a* used before adjectives, in this chapter?—How many times before nouns?—How many times is *an* used before adjectives?—Before nouns?

WRITTEN EX. [See *Second Series*, p. 77.]—1. A button<sup>2</sup> has its<sup>2</sup> use<sup>2</sup>, and so has a seed<sup>2</sup>.—2. The color<sup>2</sup> of a seed<sup>2</sup> may be as pretty as that<sup>2</sup> of a bead<sup>2</sup>.—3. The color<sup>2</sup> of the button<sup>2</sup> must often be like that<sup>2</sup> of the cloth<sup>2</sup> made in the factory<sup>2</sup>.—4. Grass<sup>2</sup> grows from seed<sup>2</sup>; and a seed<sup>2</sup> often produces a weed<sup>2</sup>.—5. One kind<sup>2</sup> of seed<sup>2</sup> produces the lily<sup>2</sup>, another<sup>2</sup> the daisy<sup>2</sup>, another<sup>2</sup> the poppy<sup>2</sup>, another<sup>2</sup> the tomato<sup>2</sup>, and another<sup>2</sup> the potato<sup>2</sup>. (Some kinds: others, etc.)—6. One kind<sup>2</sup> grows on the hill<sup>2</sup>, another<sup>2</sup> in the valley<sup>2</sup>.

## CHAPTER XIV.—THE FOURTH OF JULY.—A PICNIC EXCURSION.

### PART I.—*Up to Mount Alto.*

1. Before the Fourth of July had come, Uncle Philip and Mr. Wilmot had made all the preparations for the promised picnic excursion to Mount Alto. Mr. Agnew was to go with them. Ralph Duncan, and Bertie Brown, and Bertie's elder brother Robert, had been invited to join the party. Phil Barto and Freddy Jones would have gone too; but Phil's uncle, who lived over at Mapleville, had invited him and Freddy Jones to spend the day there, where they were to have a celebration.

2. When the morning of the Fourth came, the big gun in the village, which was fired at daylight on the village green, awoke Frank, Lulu, and Eddie, a little earlier than usual. All were up and dressed in a hurry. As soon as they had their breakfast, Frank went over to his Aunt Clara's, and found that Willie and Nellie were ready also. Aunt Clara was to go with them.

3. Ralph, and Robert and Bertie Brown, had just come. "We meant to be in season," said Ralph. Then they all went over to Mr. Wilmot's, where they found that Peter had already brought the horses and the "Long Wagon" to the door. Mr. Agnew was already there. "That is the same 'Long Wagon,'" said Bertie, "that took so many of us up to Fairy Island."

4. Mr. Wilmot and the teacher now placed the children in the wagon; the baskets of good things for the picnic were stowed snugly away; and then Uncle Philip put a long, slim pole into the wagon, reaching far out behind. He also took his spy-glass with him.

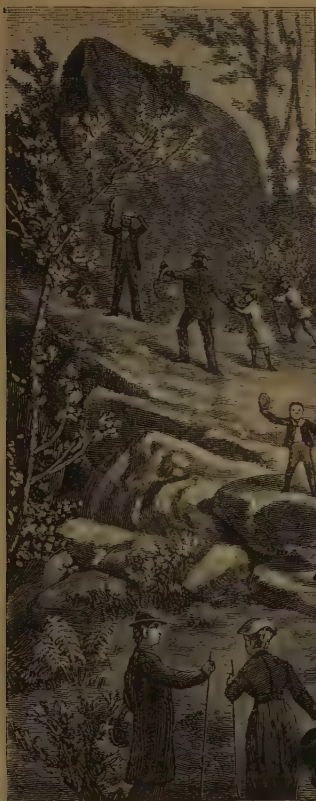
5. The children were very anxious to know what he was going to do with the long pole; but all he would tell them was, that they would find out by and by. "All ready now," said Mr. Wilmot;—and off they started, just as the sun was lighting up the summit of Mount Alto.

6. They stopped a few minutes at Mr. Allen's, where Henry, Minnie, and Max Allen joined them, as had been agreed upon. Then Peter drove rapidly on, along the shore of the lake, crossing Stony Brook at the lower bridge, just below Fairy Isle.

7. Their route then lay along the west side of the stream, up to the Mill, then off farther west, and up the side of the mountain by a branch road, as far as the road went. At this point they were obliged to leave the horses and wagon in the care of Peter, and make the rest of their way up the mountain on foot.

8. Here we see them climbing up the rugged mountain path, the children in advance,—Uncle Philip, Mr. Wilmot, and the teacher carrying the baskets,—and Mr. Bookmore and Mrs. Hardy a little in the rear.

9. Frank, and Henry, and Robert, and Willie were soon glad to stop and cut birch canes, to help themselves along.



Then Nellie and Eddie were glad to take hold of the hands of Frank and Henry ; while Ralph, and Lulu, and Bertie, and Minnie, and Max, by keeping on in the path without stopping, and pulling themselves up by the bushes, were the first to reach the summit.

WRITTEN EX. [See *Second Series*, p. 77.]-1. All needed preparation<sup>2</sup> has been made for the picnic.-2. The wagon is here, the horse<sup>2</sup> is harnessed, and the driver is ready.-3. Every child<sup>2</sup> is ready (All the).-4. The party<sup>2</sup> has started for the mountain height<sup>2</sup>. -5. In many a place<sup>2</sup> a like excursion<sup>2</sup> will be planned to the mountain<sup>2</sup>, to the valley<sup>2</sup>, or to some pleasant village<sup>2</sup> near by.

ORAL EX.-What *time* is indicated in the first paragraph of the Written Exercise? -In the second? -In the third? -In the fourth? -In the fifth?

EXPLANATION BY THE TEACHER.—The most prominent word in every sentence is the *verb*, because no statement can be made without its aid. Nouns are mere *names*. *Verbs* are something more. The Chinese call verbs *live words*. Nouns they call *dead words*, because they do not, of themselves, express either action, state, or condition of things.

DEFINITION VI.—A *VERB* is a word that expresses action, or some state or condition of things. It is generally employed in making statements, and, when thus employed, has always reference to *past*, *present*, or *future* time.

*Note*.—But as the *infinitive* of a verb does not, by itself alone, make statements, it does not express any particular time, without the aid of another verb.

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## PART II.—*On the Mountain.*

1. Soon the whole party arrived; and all were glad to sit down and rest awhile on the clean rocks, although there was not a tree nor a bush there to screen them from the sun. But Uncle Philip told the children, that when it became too hot for them there, he would show them a shady place a little way down, where there was a spring of cold water.

2. Soon the children had run all over the bare summit, and had found pieces of broken plates, and also some brands and ashes where there had been a fire, which showed that other people had been there before them.

3. Then, running down where the bushes grew, they gathered and brought up dry sticks and leaves; and, getting a match from Uncle Philip, they soon had a rousing fire of their own. Bertie said his mother would see the smoke, and then she would know that they were up on the top of the mountain.

4. The girls found, on the rocks, plenty of mosses, which they could tear off in large patches; and these they used to cover the little stone houses which they built. In the crevices of the rocks they also found a number of wild



flowers, among which was the pretty bluebell, or harebell, which the children were delighted to see, for it recalled to them the fable of "The Fainting Bluebell." [See Third Reader, p. 151.]

5. While they were thus busy in their play, Peter came up, bringing with him Uncle Philip's long pole. Uncle Philip then took a large flag from one of the baskets;—and now the children knew what the pole was for.

6. The flag was fastened to a cord, and the cord was put over a little pulley at the top of the pole. Then the large end of the pole was set down firmly between the rocks, and the pole, being raised, was supported by braces which Peter had cut, and had brought up with him.

7. Then the flag was pulled up. As it swung out gayly in the breeze the boys saluted it (as Uncle Philip told them to) by giving it three rousing cheers. Uncle Philip told them they must always show their respect and regard for the flag of their country.

8. Mr. Wilnot then gave the boys several bunches of fire-crackers, and some boxes of torpedoes, and told them they could now amuse themselves with them where there was no danger of frightening horses, or of setting buildings on fire. Uncle Philip also allowed the children to amuse themselves in looking through his spy-glass.

9. They could look directly into the village, which was more than three miles distant; and they could also see all over the lake, and could look right down upon their own homes. Lulu said she could very plainly see her swan on the lake, although it was more than two miles away.

10. As Frank was looking down upon the village, he saw some men on the village green getting ready to fire the cannon. He saw one of them apply the match. Then instantly a little cloud of smoke arose; but, as he heard no sound from the cannon, he called to Uncle Philip to tell

him that the gun had missed fire. A moment after, he was surprised to hear the report.

11. Then Mr. Agnew explained to him, that although he saw when the gun was fired, it took some little time for the sound to come all the way from the village to the top of the mountain. He said it took almost a quarter of a minute for sound to go three miles; and that was why he did not hear the report of the gun as soon as he saw the smoke. Some of the boys were much surprised at this.

12. "And when it thunders and lightens," said Mr. Agnew, "what do you think is the reason that sometimes we do not hear the thunder until long after we see the lightning?" "O, I know now!" said Lulu, clapping her hands. "It is because it is so far to the place where the thunder is fired off, that it takes some time for the sound to reach us." The teacher laughed when he heard Lulu's explanation, and said, "That is exactly the reason." <sup>a</sup>

13. Long before noon, some of the younger children began to ask about the time for luncheon. So Uncle Philip led the way a little distance down from the summit, where they found a spring of cool water bubbling up in a little basin, or fountain, beneath a ledge of the rocks. Here, with excellent appetites, they feasted on the good things from the baskets; and a tin cup supplied them with water from the spring.

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Second Series*, p. 77.]—1. A clean rock<sup>2</sup> on the height<sup>2</sup> is found for a resting-place<sup>2</sup>.—2. But neither tree<sup>2</sup>,

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<sup>a</sup> *For the Teacher.*—Sound travels faster in warm weather than in cold,—about 1090 feet in a second when the weather is at the freezing point, and 1130 feet when the thermometer is at 68 degrees above zero. Hence, as there are 5280 feet in a mile, if in warm weather the thunder is not heard until *half a minute* after the flash, the explosion is more than six miles distant. [Let any pupil prove the truth of this latter statement.]

nor bush<sup>2</sup>, nor shrub<sup>2</sup> grows on the almost barren cliff<sup>2</sup>.—3. But a bit<sup>2</sup> of moss<sup>2</sup> can be found there.—4. And yet there is a shady spot<sup>2</sup> near by, and a spring<sup>2</sup> of cold water from which a little rill<sup>2</sup> flows down the side<sup>2</sup> of the mountain.—5. A pole<sup>2</sup> is raised, a flag<sup>2</sup> is set up, and each lad<sup>2</sup> has a bunch<sup>2</sup> of fire-crackers and a box<sup>2</sup> of torpedoes to amuse himself<sup>2</sup> with until luncheon time.

[*Each* and *every* often need to be changed to *all*; and the article (*a*, *an*, or *the*) sometimes needs to be omitted, and sometimes to be supplied.]

### PART III.—*The Children's Celebration.*

#### 1.—THE AMERICAN FLAG.—HAIL COLUMBIA.—THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

1. After the luncheon was finished, the children returned to the summit, and there, gathering around the flag, they had a little celebration of their own. Frank spoke Drake's "*American Flag*," which he had often spoken at school,—and which begins thus:—

“When Freedom, from her mountain height,  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there.”

2. Then Ralph Duncan spoke, with good effect, that national ode, “Hail Columbia! happy land!”

3. Then, joining hands around the flag, they sung that thrilling national anthem, “The Star-Spangled Banner.” While they were singing it, Uncle Philip, and the teacher, and Mr. Wilmot came up, and joined in the chorus—

“And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave.”

4. “Now,” said the teacher, “let us sing ‘*My Own*

*Native Land.* All the children know it, they have sung it so often in the school-room." After Mr. Agnew and the children had sung the first verse, Uncle Philip and Mr. Wilmot joined them in the chorus.

2.—MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

1. I've roamed over mountain', I've crossed over flood',  
I've traversed the wave-rolling sand';  
Though the fields were as green, and the moon shone  
as bright',  
Yet it was not my *own* native land!

*Chorus.*

No, no; oh no!

Oh! it was not my *own* native land!

2. The right hand of friendship' how oft have I grasped'  
And bright eyes have smiled and looked bland';  
Yet happier far were the hours that I passed  
In my own—in my *own* native land.

*Chorus.*

My *own*! my own!

Yes, yes, in my *own* native land!

3. Then hail, dear Columbia, the land that we love,  
Where flourishes Liberty's tree;  
'Tis the birthplace of freedom', our own native  
home';—  
'Tis the land—'tis the land of the free!

*Chorus.*

Yes, yes; oh yes!

'Tis the land—'tis the land of the free!

4. Then Henry Allen, at the request of the teacher, gave the declamation,—“All Hail the Land of Liberty.” After each verse spoken by him, *all* joined, and spoke together, and with all the effect they could give, the two lines which come in as a kind of chorus.

3.—ALL HAIL THE LAND OF LIBERTY!

*First.*

1. All hail the land of Liberty!

We'll shout our nation's glory ;  
And, when we see her standard free,  
Sing of her noble story.  
Over our heads her stars shall wave ;  
Her eagle guard us to the grave ;  
Her stripes—the rainbow in our sky—  
Shall float above us when we die.

*2d. All.*

*One* land is ours ;—its flag shall be  
The stars,—the stripes,—the eagle free !

*First.*

2. O glorious land ! we love thy name ;

Thy heroes, too, we cherish :  
No worthier name can dwell in fame ;  
With time it shall not perish.  
Whether our home be Southern shore,  
Or where Niagara's waters roar,  
*One* land is ours ;—its flag shall be  
The stars,—the stripes,—the eagle free !

*2d. All.*

*One* land is ours ; its flag shall be  
The stars,—the stripes,—the eagle free !

*First.*

3. Home of the brave! while Time shall stand,  
Thy bounds no hand shall sever:  
From Erie's strand there's but *one* land  
To Georgia's rolling river.  
Ever the same her stars shall shine,  
And added glory deck her shrine,  
While still Columbia's home shall be  
The mighty empire of the free!

*2d. All.*

*One* land is ours; its flag shall be  
The stars,—the stripes,—the eagle free!

*First.*

4. Then hail the land of Liberty!  
We'll shout our nation's glory;  
And, rallying round our standard free,  
Fight for her noble story.  
Over our heads her stars shall wave,  
Her eagle guard us to our grave;  
Her stripes—the rainbow in our sky—  
Shall gleam above us when we die.

*2d. All.*

*One* land is ours; its flag shall be  
The stars,—the stripes,—the eagle free!

*Ernest Clare.*

5. "Now," said Mr. Wilmot, "there is one more piece that we must sing, and perhaps the best of all; and that is, that fine National Hymn,—‘*My Country, 'Tis of Thee!*’ Let us sing that to close with." So they all joined in singing—



4. *My Country, 'Tis of Thee!*

1. My country', 'tis of thee',  
Sweet land of Liberty'  
Of thee I sing';  
Land where my fathers died',  
Land of the pilgrims' pride',—  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring'!
2. My native country—thee—  
Land of the noble free,—  
Thy name I love';  
I love thy rocks and rills',  
Thy woods and templed hills';  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.
3. Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring, from all the trees,  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake';  
Let all that breathe partake';  
Let rocks their silence break,—  
The sound prolong.
4. Our fathers' God', to Thee,  
Author of Liberty',  
To Thee we sing';  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light';  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King.

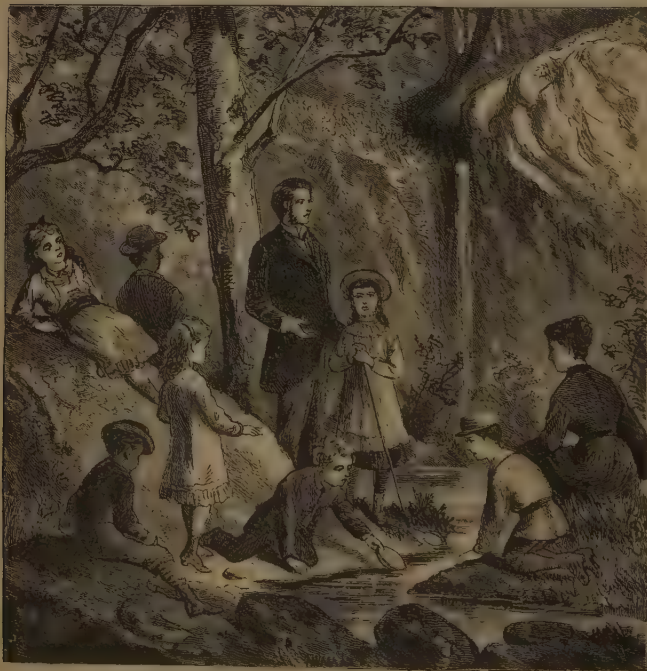
*S. F. Smith.*

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Second Series*, p. 77.]—1. Now every child<sup>2</sup> goes back to the summit and joins in the celebration.—

2. Each speaks his<sup>2</sup> piece<sup>2</sup>, or joins in a patriotic song<sup>2</sup>.—3. Thus many a piece<sup>2</sup> was spoken, and many a song<sup>2</sup> or hymn<sup>2</sup>, with its<sup>2</sup> noble chorus<sup>2</sup>, was sung by them.—4. There was the song<sup>2</sup> of the banner<sup>2</sup> that waves o'er the land of the free and the home<sup>2</sup> of the brave,—the song<sup>2</sup> of the country<sup>2</sup> we love, and a song<sup>2</sup> of victory<sup>2</sup> won.

## CHAPTER XV.—THE EXCURSION, CONTINUED.



1. *Following the Stream down the Mountain.*

1. As the water of the spring, around which they had assembled, ran over its little fountain, it flowed gently away in a playful little rill not much larger than one's finger; but Uncle Philip told the children that it grew to be a

large, rushing stream, with numerous little waterfalls, and one larger one, before it reached the foot of the mountain.

2. Eddie asked what made the stream grow larger as it went down the mountain ; and Ralph answered, that it must be because—

“Other rills, in their flow,  
Swell the stream down below;”—

and Uncle Philip said that was the true reason.

3. As all the boys of the party—eight of them in all—were anxious to follow the stream down, to see what became of it, Uncle Philip promised them that he and the teacher would take them that way down the mountain, on their return ; and that at some point below they could meet the wagon, with Mr. Wilmot, Mrs. Hardy, and the girls.

4. The girls thought *they* might go down the mountain, with the boys ; but Uncle Philip said it would be too hard for them, and that Nellie would soon get tired out. Then Lulu said that somebody must write a description of the stream for them, with drawings of the waterfalls ; and Uncle Philip promised that he would see what could be done about it.

5. So, when the children had stayed on the summit as long as they wished to, Uncle Philip took down the flag ; but he left the pole standing. Then Mr. Wilmot, taking the empty baskets, went down the path with Mrs. Hardy and the girls ; while the teacher, and Uncle Philip, and the boys, began the descent along the little rill that started from the spring.

6. For a little distance the stream was so small that sometimes it was almost lost among the leaves. But it soon began to grow larger, as other rills joined it, and to dash on with more and more force over the rocks in its way.

7. After a little while they came to a place, in the mossy turf, where the stream seemed to stop suddenly, and then to be lost; but they found that it appeared again a little way off, and then fell down into a deep, dark pool, almost out of sight.

8. Here Eddie, in looking down over the ledge of rocks, lost his cap: Frank, after clambering down, soon fished it out of the water; but it was so wet that Eddie could not put it on. This he did not mind, however, the weather was so warm; so he carried the cap in his hand the rest of the way.

9. A little farther down they heard a sound like that of a torrent of water falling; and Uncle Philip, who was a little in advance, told the smaller boys that they must follow him, or they might fall over the rocks.

10. So he took them around a little distance, and below the fall. There, standing on the slippery rocks, and holding on to the trees and bushes, they could look up and see a broad sheet of water pouring down; but the fall of the water made such a roaring noise that they could hardly hear one another speak. There was a great mass of white foam where the water fell.

11. Uncle Philip here noticed that Frank and the teacher were missing; but just then, on looking up, he saw both of them standing near the very edge of the fall. Frank seemed to be shouting to those below; but the roar of the water was such that they could not hear him. Frank and the teacher soon clambered down the rocks, and joined the rest of the party.

12. Now down—down—over the rocks, and among the trees, and through the bushes, they followed the roaring torrent, which at one place was tossed up in foaming jets; then it would whirl around, or run backward in eddies; then it would sweep wildly onward; and at one place it

rushed, with great fury, under some wooden bridges that had been thrown across the stream.

13. In all manner of shapes it boiled, and bubbled, and splashed, and tumbled, and rushed onward, and wound about among the rocks and trees, until it had passed through the famous "Rocky Glen," so well known to the boys, and had reached the foot of the mountain. There its waters were used to turn the wheel of "Tobin's Mill," for the purpose of grinding the wheat, and corn, and oats of the farmers.

14. Having done its duty at the mill, it rushed swiftly past the tall willows and rushes that grew on the banks of the stream, and soon reached the level of the plain. Then how changed! All its wild mountain life was gone; and a more peaceful stream than *Stony Brook* had now become, was nowhere to be found.

15. Some of the smaller children had been much surprised to find that the *Stony Brook* which they knew, and which was large enough to turn a mill, was the same stream that started from that little spring on the mountain, from which they had drunk at their picnic. But Mr. Agnew reminded them that, as

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow,"

so also it often happens that

"Large streams from little fountains flow."

## II. A Chapter of Accidents—Home.

1. When the teacher, and Uncle Philip, and the boys had all reached the mill, it was found that nearly every one of the party had met with some mishap in clambering down the rocks, or in forcing a way through the bushes. Frank had torn the sleeve of his coat badly; and Willie had lost his collar.

2. As Henry Allen, the last of the boys, came up, he was limping badly ; and it was found that he had bruised his knee in falling over a slippery rock. Ralph had been stung by running into a hornets' nest.

3. Robert Brown had lost his knife ; but he thought he must have left it on the ground, near the falls, where he had stopped to trim a cane which he made from a little birch sapling, that he had pulled up by the roots. He was proud of his cane, however, for the root made an elegant handle.

4. In the road by the mill the boys found the rest of the party and the wagon waiting for them ; and they were tired enough to wish to ride the rest of the way home. Peter now drove past the mill, and across the upper bridge to the east side of the now deep and quiet stream ; then along by the broad meadows where some men were at work raking hay ; then down past Fairy Isle, and so on to the shore road.

5. They stopped at Mr. Allen's to leave Henry, and Minnie, and Max ; and when Peter drove up to the gate at Colonel Hardy's, the sun was just setting. Here Nellie and Willie got out ; and Mr. Agnew, and Robert, and Bertie, and Ralph, started for their homes on foot.

6. As Nellie bade Mr. Agnew good-night, she said to him, "I think I know much more now about the geography of Mount Alto, and Stony Brook, than I did this morning." When Frank, and Eddie, and Lulu, reached home, they were glad to sit down to a good supper,—and then—quickly to bed.—And so ended the Fourth of July picnic.

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Second Series*, p. 77.]—1. How gently the little rill<sup>2</sup>, that starts up on some rocky height<sup>2</sup>, flows from its<sup>2</sup> fountain<sup>2</sup>!—2. But how swiftly it<sup>2</sup> often plunges down the side<sup>2</sup> of the mountain<sup>2</sup>!—3. Here it<sup>2</sup> forms a little cascade<sup>2</sup> that



leaps gently down from rock to rock ; and there it<sup>2</sup> grows into a great waterfall<sup>2</sup>.—4. Here it<sup>2</sup> seeks a narrow passage<sup>2</sup> through which the rushing stream<sup>2</sup> boils and bubbles ; and there it<sup>2</sup> finds a rocky ledge<sup>2</sup> over which it<sup>2</sup> tumbles.—5. But when the mad torrent<sup>2</sup> reaches the lowland<sup>2</sup>, it<sup>2</sup> often becomes a very quiet stream<sup>2</sup>, that<sup>2</sup> is used to turn the mill<sup>2</sup> that<sup>2</sup> grinds the grain of the farmer<sup>2</sup>.—6. Nearly every brook<sup>2</sup> finally loses itself<sup>2</sup> in a river<sup>2</sup>, lake<sup>2</sup>, or ocean<sup>2</sup>.

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## CHAPTER XVI.—AFTER THE PICNIC.

### 1. *Lulu's Tea-Party.*

1. A few days after the picnic, all the children that had gone on the excursion met at Wilmot Hall, at a tea-party given by Lulu. While they were all in the library, and Mr. Agnew and Mr. Wilmot were there also, Uncle Philip brought in the "Description" which he had partly promised the children ; but he did not tell who had written it.

2. There were *drawings*, also,—beginning at the little spring on the mountain height, and following the windings, and tossings, and buffetings of the stream, until it reached the plain, when it flowed smoothly away through the meadows, and was finally lost in the tranquil waters of the lake.

3. Uncle Philip told the children that Mr. Agnew might read the description to them ; and that they might at the same time look at the drawings ; as, by the aid of the latter, they would better understand what he was reading. So Mr. Agnew read the description which follows, while the children gathered around the table, looking at the drawings and admiring them, and pointing out the places mentioned.

II. *The Mountain Stream.*

THIS IS WHAT HE READ.

THESE ARE THE DRAWINGS.

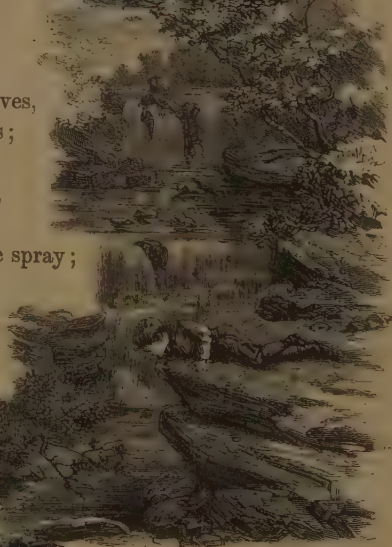
1.

A small thing is the spring,  
 With a still little rill  
 At the fountain ;  
 But it grows in its play,  
 As it flows on its way,—  
 As it glides down the sides  
 Of the mountain.



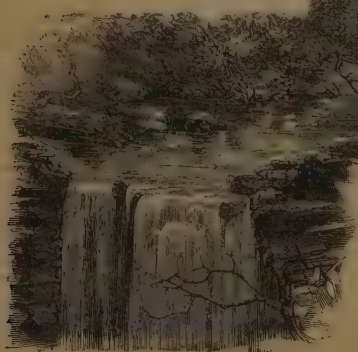
2.

Now it gayly sweeps along,  
 In the melody of song ;  
 Now 'tis lost among the leaves,  
 Or the shadows of the trees ;  
 Now it flashes in the light ;  
 Now it dashes, in its might,  
 On the rocks in its way,  
 Which are covered with the spray ;  
 Then it falls out of sight,  
 In some cool, dismal pool,  
 Dark as night.



3.

Like a serpent now it creeps,  
 And as slyly, too, it peeps  
 O'er the edge  
 Of the ledge ;





Then, with a bound,  
And a rushing sound,  
Down the cliff  
How it pours!  
How it foams!  
How it roars!

4.

Now wildly tossed,  
Now in eddies lost;  
Now it gushes over ridges;  
Now it rushes under bridges,  
As if madly dashing home,  
Full of fury and of foam.

5.

When we meet with it again,  
At the bottom of the glen,  
Lo! the stream has milder grown,  
And has lost its angry tone.  
Now it slowly flows  
Along the sides of the hill;  
Now it tamely goes  
To turn the wheel at the mill.



## 6.

When escaping from its toil,  
Again its waters boil !  
Now it dances, in its pride,  
Past the willows by its side ;—

Then as mild

As a child

Tired of play,

Gently kisses

All the rushes

In its way.

## 7.

When the plain is gained at last,  
And all its wild life is passed,

Then gracefully,

And peacefully,

It flows on its way,

In the broad light of day,

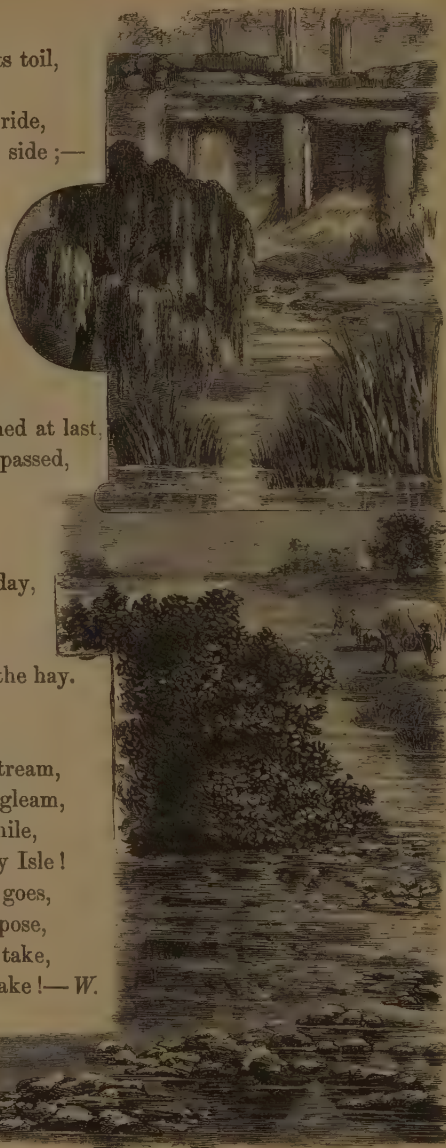
Past the shadows

Of the meadows,

Where the men rake the hay.

## 8.

O, how gentle is the stream,  
And how placid is its gleam,  
As it mirrors, for a while,  
All thy beauties, Fairy Isle !  
Then, how lovingly it goes,  
In its yearnings for repose,  
Its untroubled rest to take,  
In the bosom of the lake !— *W.*



III.—*About the Drawings.*

1. All the children were greatly pleased with the drawings. There was the pleasant group at the spring, up on the mountain height, where the little rill started on its way. There was Eddie, bending over the pool in which he had lost his cap. A little farther down was the dashing, roaring waterfall, with Frank and the teacher standing near the very brink of the precipice, and Uncle Philip looking up from below, and calling to them to come on.

2. There were the wooden bridges, and the boys crossing them, and throwing stones into the torrent that rushed so swiftly by. There was the old mill, also, and there were the willows, and the rushes, and the men raking hay in the meadows. And there was Fairy Island, too;—and there was the stream, now flowing so sweetly and so gently around it, and then losing itself in the broad bosom of the lake below.

3. The description and the drawings led the children to talk over all the events of the Fourth. Mr. Wilmot said they seemed to enjoy it almost as much as they did the excursion itself. Nellie said to Mr. Agnew, "We can learn something here, about the geography of Stony Brook; can we not?"

## LANGUAGE LESSONS. THIRD SERIES.

RETAIN THE SAME *Time* THAT IS GIVEN, AND PUT ALL NOUNS AND PRONOUNS *in the singular*, WHEN THE SENSE WILL ALLOW IT.

*Note 1.*—Nouns and pronouns that are to be changed to the *singular* form are marked with the figure <sup>1</sup>. See that pupils correctly change the *verbs*, also, to their proper singular forms.

*Note 2.*—Observe that, in changing from plural to singular, the *article* (*a, an, or the*) will often need to be supplied, and also the adjective "some," meaning *some one*. Also, when "some" limits a plural noun, it may need to be changed to *one*.



WRITTEN EXERCISE. [*Third Series.*].—1. Small things<sup>1</sup> are springs<sup>1</sup>. (A small thing is a spring.)—2. The streams<sup>1</sup> that bubble from rocky heights<sup>1</sup>, and then escape from their<sup>1</sup> fountains<sup>1</sup>, grow as they<sup>1</sup> onward flow down the sides<sup>1</sup> of the mountains<sup>1</sup>.—3. As they<sup>1</sup> sweep along they<sup>1</sup> often lose themselves<sup>1</sup> in the forests<sup>1</sup>, or plunge out of sight in deep caverns<sup>1</sup> (some).—4. They<sup>1</sup> bound over rocky ledges<sup>1</sup>, and foam and roar as they<sup>1</sup> fall down lofty cliffs<sup>1</sup> (some lofty cliff).—5. But when they<sup>1</sup> reach the plains<sup>1</sup> they<sup>1</sup> flow more gently onward, and cease their<sup>1</sup> angry murmurs<sup>1</sup>.

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## CHAPTER XVII.—THE GREAT BERRY SEASON IN FRUITLAND.

### PART I.—*Bright Prospects.*

1. It will be seen, by looking at the Teacher's Map, that the country south of Lake-View village is called *Fruitland*. It is a great fruit region; and the people who reside there are chiefly occupied in raising the smaller fruits for the city markets.

2. At the time of which we are now speaking, there had been no late spring frosts in Fruitland to kill the blossoms of the strawberries<sup>a</sup>, and the weather had been good—neither too wet nor too dry; and so the vines were loaded with berries, and the berries were very large.

3. But all around Norfolk in Virginia, and in Delaware,

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<sup>a</sup> *Strawberries.*—Question pupils as to what they know of the different kinds, the flowers, runners, mode of cultivation, getting and setting out new plants, etc. The strawberry has only *five* petals (flower-leaves),—the same as the rose, blackberry, raspberry, apple, pear, quince, peach, plum, and cherry in their natural state; but in some of these cultivation produces many petals, as we see in the rose. The wild rose (our *wild brier*) has only five petals. Plants that have the number of their petals much increased by cultivation do not produce perfect seeds.



and Maryland, where the people raise hundreds of acres of strawberries for the Northern markets, the late spring frosts had killed the blossoms just when the fruit was setting, and so there was no great crop of strawberries anywhere south of Fruitland.

4. When the strawberry-growers heard of it, they said, "We shall get high prices for strawberries this year;" and when the strawberry-pickers, most of whom lived in Factoryville and Rivertown, heard of it, they said, "If berries bring high prices, we ought to get good prices for picking."

5. When the growers saw the berries ripening so finely, they began to be afraid that they could not get pickers enough to gather them. All the little boys and girls around Fruitland talked about picking berries; and each one told how many quarts he or she could pick in a day.

6. Some of the larger boys and girls said they could pick fifty quarts a day in good picking, for they had done it before; some thought they could pick forty quarts; others thirty; and even the smaller boys and girls said they could pick fifteen or twenty quarts each.

7. They said that the growers, the year before, had paid two cents a quart for picking; and if they should pay the same this year, some of the boys and girls could earn a dollar a day!—and even the little ones could earn as much as forty cents a day. How rich they would all be!—and what nice things they would get with their money!

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## PART II.—*The Happy Results.*

1. At length the strawberries were ripe, and the picking began. It seemed as if the vines had never before been so full of berries. And what prices the berries brought in the cities! A great many of them brought twenty-five

cents a quart; and some of the very best brought thirty cents; while even ordinary berries brought fifteen cents.

2. If the strawberry-growers could sell all their berries at these prices, they would be well satisfied; but they must be sure to get pickers enough, for the berries must be picked as fast as they ripen. Then some of the growers offered higher prices for picking; and when Mr. Arnold offered two and a half cents a quart, Mr. Baker offered three cents; and it was not long before all the growers paid three cents a quart for picking.

3. It was owing to such prices, which were never heard of before in Fruitland, that a great many children from the Highlands, and from Mapleville, came down to Fruitland to pick berries. Men and women came also; and before the strawberry season was over, all the poor people, who did not live too far away, and who had little else to do, were picking berries.

4. And some of the children whose parents were not poor, and some grown people also, picked berries that year; and when Eddie Wilmot and Willie Hardy heard that Mr. Nelson was afraid his berries would rot on the ground for want of more pickers, they went and picked for him; and Willie earned about eighty cents a day, while Eddie sometimes earned more than a dollar.

5. Day after day, not only Eddie and Willie, but Robert Brown and Max Allen, also, picked berries for Mr. Nelson. And they were all well paid for it, too.

6. Never before had the times in Fruitland been so good; and the best of it was, that those families that had the most children felt the richest; for nearly all the little ones over four years old earned money. And so most of the poor people in Factoryville not only paid off their debts at the stores, but they even laid in a supply of good things for the winter.

7. After the strawberries came the raspberries,<sup>a</sup> which brought very fair prices, but not so good as the strawberries. The growers paid two cents a quart for picking, which was just what they had paid in former years. Then some of the pickers grumbled, and said the price was too little. Jimmy White said it was as much work to pick a quart of raspberries as a quart of strawberries,—and *he* was not going to pick for less than three cents a quart. But when he saw all the others picking for two cents, he went to work, also.

8. Next came the gathering of the blackberries;<sup>b</sup> and, as these berries sold in the cities for about twenty cents a quart, the growers paid for the picking two cents a quart, which was half a cent more a quart than they paid the year before. But as a child could pick, in a day, more quarts of blackberries than of strawberries, most of the pickers were very well satisfied with their wages. Sammy Barwell and Carl Hoffmann each earned over fifteen dollars in picking berries that season.

9. It was a happy year for the poor people of Factoryville. Some of them not only repaired their houses so as to make them warmer, and neater in appearance, and built up their broken-down fences, but all the money they could lay aside they put into the Savings-Bank.

10. Not only was the money safe there, where they could get it when they wanted it, but the Bank paid them something for the use of it. It paid them five cents for the use

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<sup>a</sup> *Raspberries*.—Question the pupils as to what they know of the different kinds, wild and cultivated. The native red extends over all the Northern States, and west to Oregon:—the native black has a still wider range, and extends south to Georgia.

<sup>b</sup> *Blackberries*.—Question the pupils as to what they know of them.—The blackberry and raspberry are called *brambles* in Europe. The principal wild kinds in this country are the Common High Blackberry, the trailing Low Blackberry or Dewberry, the running Swamp Blackberry, and the low Bush Blackberry.

of a dollar a whole year—that is, five dollars for the use of a hundred dollars:—so that a man who put a hundred dollars into the Bank, and left it there a whole year, would receive back his hundred dollars at the end of the year, and five dollars besides.<sup>a</sup>

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### PART III.—*The Two Classes of Laborers.*

1. Those who managed in this way were the industrious and saving people,—people who were not afraid of work, who always tried to save a part of their earnings, and who always had something laid up for a rainy day, and a hard winter. Tommy O'Brien was one of these prudent men. When he could not get work in the village, or around the factories, he would work at home—putting his tools in order, repairing doors, windows, or fences, and doing other little jobs about the house, to make his home neat and comfortable.

2. But there were some of the poor people around Fruitland—and a great many of them, I am sorry to say—who neither repaired their houses and fences, nor saved any money; and Joe Barney and Jim White were two of them. They spent much of their money for what they did not need,—some of it for strong drink, which could do them no good, and was sure to do them much harm.

3. There were often broken boards in their fences; the gates were off the hinges; the doors of their houses were broken; here and there rags were stuffed into broken window-panes; their children were ragged, dirty, and saucy; and everything about their houses showed that they were the homes of idleness and poverty.

4. And so there were two classes among the poor people

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<sup>a</sup> What per cent. was this? etc.—Meaning of *per cent.*? Let the teacher explain quite fully about Savings-Banks.

of Factoryville and Rivertown, just as we see in most other places. There were the steady working people, like Tommy O'Brien,—and they were always busy ; for, somehow, they found work most of the time ; and some of them owned their neat little houses, with pleasant grounds around them.

5. But those of the other class, like Joe and Jim, seemed to be out of work half of the time ; and they generally lived in poor rickety houses which they rented, or in rude shanties with the bare ground for a floor. During a hard winter, and when there was little work to be had, these people often suffered for food, or fuel, or clothing, and had to be helped by their neighbors.

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Third Series*, p. 105.]—1. The regions<sup>1</sup> south of Lake-View are called *Fruitland*<sup>1</sup>.—2. Strawberries<sup>1</sup> are grown there, and so are raspberries<sup>1</sup>. (The strawberry, etc.)—3. Blackberries<sup>1</sup>, also, are grown in some<sup>a</sup> parts of *Fruitland*<sup>1</sup>.—4. When the prices<sup>1</sup> of fruits<sup>1</sup> are high, the growers<sup>1</sup> make money ; when prices<sup>1</sup> are low, they<sup>1</sup> lose money.—5. Boys<sup>1</sup> often get good wages in picking-times<sup>1</sup>, and so do girls<sup>1</sup>.—6. Small children<sup>1</sup> can pick berries.—7. Men<sup>1</sup> send the fruits<sup>1</sup> to the cities<sup>1</sup> and sell them<sup>1</sup> there.—8. While some<sup>a</sup> men<sup>1</sup> lay up their<sup>1</sup> earnings for rainy days<sup>1</sup>, and hard winters<sup>1</sup>, and live in neat cottages<sup>1</sup>, others<sup>1</sup> waste their<sup>1</sup> money in strong drink, and live in rickety shanties<sup>1</sup>.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.—THE MOUNTAIN-GLEN BOYS VISIT THE FACTORY.

1. On the east side of Mount Alto, and at the very foot of it, is a narrow glen called "Mountain Glen," that leads down into the valley through which Stony Brook flows,

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<sup>a</sup> See Note 2, p. 105. Be careful, also, to supply the *articles* where needed.

and separates Mount Alto from the high lands farther east. It can be seen on the Teacher's Map. A small stream dashes down through the glen, and falls into Stony Brook near the Mill.

2. Near the upper end of this glen, and about a mile and a half from "Tobin's Mill," is what is called the Mountain Glen school-house. The pupils of this school, and those of the Lake-View school, were on very friendly terms with one another; and the two schools often met to engage in spelling-matches. There was also a debating club, composed of the larger boys of both schools, which met once a fortnight during the winter season.

3. Uncle Philip had often invited the larger boys of the Mountain Glen school to come down and see the Factory. So, one afternoon, George and Henry Barnard, Miles Austin, and Hugh Rogers, came down for this purpose.

4. Uncle Philip called Frank Wilmot, who happened to be at the Factory at the time, and told him *he* might show them through the buildings. He knew that Frank could explain things to them very well, and that they would be more ready to ask questions of *him*, than of one of the men.

5. After charging them to be careful, and not let their clothes get caught in the machinery, he said, "Now, Frank, I want you to explain things to them as well as you can; and you may begin anywhere you choose."

6. "Then I will begin with the steam-engine," said Frank; and, turning to the boys, he continued, "for that's the Big Giant that sets everything in motion, and does the heavy work for us."

7. Both Frank and Uncle Philip had to speak pretty loud to their visitors, for the machinery made such a buzzing noise that those who were not used to it could scarcely hear anything that was said; but Hugh Rogers could hear



better than his school-mates, because he had long been used to the clatter of Tobin's grist-mill, near which he lived.

8. Frank led the way down to the basement; and there was the Big Giant, as he called it, with his big arms moving up and down, and the great wheel turning round and round, never resting, never hurrying, but moving grandly on all day long with that same steady movement, unless the little man who sat there watching its motions might wish to stop it. He could stop it with his little finger!

9. "Here," said Frank, "is the big fellow who puts all the machinery in motion up stairs; and all you need to do is to take good care of him, keep his joints oiled, and feed him well, and he will pay for his keeping."

10. "Feed him?" asked Miles. "With what do you feed him?"

"Why, coal," said Frank. "Do you not see that man shovelling the coal into his mouth? That's the feed for him; and he *consumes* about two tons of coal a day: but he drinks *barrels* of water—about six barrels a day. Is not that so, Mr. Lewis?" Frank asked the stoker, who was shovelling the coal into the furnace.

11. "Yes, yes, that's about right," said Mr. Lewis. "The old fellow is a great eater, and a great drinker too, and it is about as much as I can do to keep him supplied. But he does work enough to pay for it. I suppose a thousand men could not do so much work in a day as he does."

12. "I think they could not do it at all," said Hugh; "for father says the big wheel in Tobin's Mill does the work of more than two hundred men; but there it is the force of the water that turns the wheel."

13. "And here it is the power of *steam* that turns the big wheel, and all the spindles up stairs, and all the machinery in the two other buildings also," said Frank.

14. Then Frank explained, as well as he could, how the

fire in the great furnace made the water boil in the boiler above it, and so changed the water into *steam*; then the steam passed through strong iron pipes into an iron cylinder, where it was made to move a strong iron rod up and down, and this rod moved the arms of the engine, and they turned the crank of the great wheel, and the great wheel set all the machinery in motion in all the rooms in three large factory buildings.

15. In this way Frank went with the visitors from room to room, answering their questions, and explaining, as well as he could, the different processes employed in the cleaning and carding of the wool and the cotton, in the spinning of them, and in weaving them into cloths and carpets.

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Third Series*, p. 105.]-1. There are glens<sup>1</sup> up in the mountains<sup>1</sup>, called "Mountain Glens<sup>1</sup>," and there are streams<sup>1</sup> that flow through them<sup>1</sup> and fall into Stony Brook. —2. There are school-houses<sup>1</sup> in the glens<sup>1</sup>; and one day the boys from the schools<sup>1</sup> came down to visit the factories<sup>1</sup>.—3. Frank Wilmot showed them through the buildings<sup>1</sup>, and told them how the great engines<sup>1</sup> work, and how they<sup>1</sup> are fed, and how well they<sup>1</sup> pay for their<sup>1</sup> keeping.—4. Frank's descriptions<sup>1</sup> were very good<sup>a</sup>; and all<sup>b</sup> the visitors<sup>1</sup> were pleased with them<sup>1</sup>.

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## CHAPTER XIX.—A HUCKLEBERRY PARTY.

### PART I.—*Getting Ready.—The Start.*

1. That picnic on the Fourth of July had been so pleasant, that the children were anxious for another excursion; and they wished it might be during the huckleberry season.

2. "We must go up along Partridge Glen, on the east

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<sup>a</sup> Good one.

<sup>b</sup> Every.

side of Mount Alto," said Henry Allen. "I heard Carl Hoffmann tell Uncle Philip that the woods up there are full of huckleberries; and Carl knows every foot of the mountain."

3. Uncle Philip kindly yielded to their wishes, and made all the arrangements to suit the young people. So, on the appointed day, which proved to be a pleasant one in August, he spent only an hour or two in the morning at the Factories; and when he reached home, Peter had the long wagon ready,—and the children were ready, also.

4. There were Frank, and Lulu, and Eddie Wilmot, Ralph Duncan, Robert and Bertie Brown, Phil and Kate Barto, and Freddy and Ida Jones. Besides these, Mr. Agnew was there; and Mary Atkins and Jennie Martin had joined the party at the special request of Minnie Allen and Nellie Hardy. Bertie, Ralph, and Phil had permission to be absent from the Factory for the day.

5. When all was ready, the children noticed that the dog Rover was on the watch, as usual, as he was always eager to go when Peter went with the team. As soon as he saw in what direction the horses were going, he ran on ahead, for he was afraid Peter would tell him to stay at home.

6. Going on a little beyond the first bridge that crosses Stony Brook, Rover waited to see which road Peter would take. As Peter passed on beyond the bridge, keeping on the east side of Stony Brook, and then up past Fairy Island, Rover kept far ahead of him.

7. Peter drove on through the broad and level meadows, where the hay had already been gathered; past the upland fields on the right, where some men were reaping oats; and then he crossed over to the west side of the stream, which was there bordered with great masses of weeping willows, that dipped the tips of their long, slender, drooping branches away down into the water below.

8. As they stopped at the mill, where Peter was to leave the team under the shed, the children wished to go in, and see Tobin, the miller, grind the wheat; and Uncle Philip allowed them to do so. Peter said to Rover, "Rover! you take care of the team." So Rover lay down under the wagon.

9. The children ran across the low bridge under which the water rushes, after it escapes from the great wheel; and while some went into the door below, others climbed the outside stairway which leads to the second floor of the mill.

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Third Series*, p. 105.]—1. Other excursions<sup>1</sup> were planned.—2. Huckleberry parties<sup>1</sup> were formed to gather huckleberries.—3. The parties<sup>1</sup> went up past the meadows<sup>1</sup>, past fields<sup>1</sup> where men were reaping oats, and past masses<sup>1</sup> of weeping willows near the streams<sup>1</sup>, and then stopped at the mill.

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## PART II.—*At the Mill.*

1. Mr. Tobin, the miller, was a short and thick-set man, almost a dwarf in height. His legs were about as big as fence-posts, and his arms were like a giant's; and he could take up a barrel of flour, lift it to his shoulder, and put it into a wagon, as if it were only a bushel of apples. When Eddie saw him lift the barrel of flour, he said to Willie, "He does not have to lift it *far*, to get it on his shoulder, does he'?"

2. Then there was *Tony*, as they called him, the miller's son; but his real name was Antony. He was about as tall as Max Allen, and not chubby like his father. He was barefoot, and bareheaded; his eyes were as black as coals; and his thick curly hair stood up in a fashion of its own. Tony did not like to wear either a hat, or shoes, in

warm weather ; but he was bright and active, and he was a great help to his father, about the mill.



3. Mr. Tobin showed the children how the wheat was carried up to the second floor in little open boxes fastened to a leather belt that kept moving all the time, going up and over a shaft with the boxes full of wheat, and then bringing them down empty on the other side, to be filled again.<sup>a</sup>

4. Then, on the second floor, he showed them where the wheat was poured into a "hopper," as he called it, and how it ran out of the hopper and fell into a hole through a large

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<sup>a</sup> TEACHER.—But in mills built on a side hill, where the wheat can be taken in on the second floor, this arrangement is not needed.

flat stone like a grindstone, which kept whirling around very swiftly on the top of another stone, so that the wheat was all ground up between the two.

5. Then he went down stairs with them again, and showed them how the bran of the wheat came out in one place, and the fine flour in another; and then he took them out to see the big water-wheel, which the force and weight of the water turned round and round; and he showed them how this wheel turned all the smaller wheels in the mill, and the two stones under the hopper up stairs, and in this way did the grinding.

6. Then some of the children recrossed the bridge, and ran down along the banks of the stream, where the willows grew. "If it were spring-time now," Phil said to Willie, "we would make whistles out of those willows."

7. "But why can you not make them now?" asked Willie.

"Because," said Phil, "we cannot peel the willows now; for it is only in the spring that the bark will come off whole."

8. Just then Lulu, who had been looking over the bank, had her hat knocked off by the willow branches,—and away it went, dancing on the water, and floating rapidly down the stream. Lulu called out, "I've lost my hat! I've lost my hat!"

9. The children ran, in great excitement, and tried to get a view of it through the willows, as it went bobbing along. Uncle Philip and the teacher ran to the lower bridge, where they thought they might stop it; but it went whirling past them, and they thought it was surely lost.

10. Just then Tony, who had heard the shouting, ran past them all, and, running below the bridge, jumped into the stream where the water was over his head, and, swimming like a duck, caught the hat, and brought it safe ashore.



11. "Why Tony! you brave boy!" said Uncle Philip, as Tony came dripping up the bank. "What a wetting you have got! Here's a quarter for you."

12. Tony took the silver; but he said he did not mind jumping into the water at any time; and he *liked* it on such a warm day as this. He said his clothes would be all dry again in an hour.



13. "But I was afraid you might be drowned," said Uncle Philip.

"Drowned!" said the miller, who had just come up. "You might as well try to drown that musk-rat over on the log there, as try to drown Tony."

14. They all looked down the stream, where the miller pointed; and there, on a log, one end of which rested on the bank and the other in the stream, sat a large musk-rat, as big again as a common rat.<sup>a</sup> Tony said, "That's my pet. I don't stone him; and so he's not afraid of me. But it's not often that he comes out in the daytime, when any strangers are around."

15. "Can he swim?" asked Willie.

"Swim!" said Tony; "why, he almost lives in the water. He has his home in a hole in the bank; and the hole leads down under the water."

16. "What is he good for?" asked Willie.

"Good to play, and swim, and dive, and splash in the water," said Tony; "and it's real fun to see him. He will swim after the dragon-flies, too, as they fly down near the water. And his skin is good to make nice fur muffs of. But I would not have him killed for a dozen muffs."

17. "Not if you could sell the muffs for a dollar each?" asked Peter. "That would be twelve dollars."

"What of that?" said Tony. "I like my pet; and he knows me; and he likes me too. Do you think I would kill him? Not I, I tell you."

18. "Tony is quite right," said Uncle Philip. "But tell me, Tony, what does he live on?"

"O, on grass, and roots, and acorns, and such things," said Tony.

19. "Then he does not do much harm, does he?" asked Frank.

"O no," said Tony; "only sometimes he nibbles at the turnips a little. But there's enough for him and us, too."

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<sup>a</sup> TEACHER.—The musk-rat, a *rodent*, or gnawing animal like the rat and the beaver, is found only in America. It is about fourteen inches in length, and the tail is nine or ten inches additional. The animal is covered with a thick, soft, brown fur.

20. "In some places," said the teacher, "a musk-rat does a great deal of damage, by digging holes in the mill-dams, where they are made of earth; but here the dam is built of stone, and the musk-rat cannot dig through that."

WRITTEN EX. [See *Third Series*, p. 105.]—1. All<sup>a</sup> millers<sup>1</sup> are not short and thick-set men<sup>1</sup>.—2. They<sup>a</sup> are not all dwarfs<sup>1</sup>, as Mr. Tobin was.—3. Nor are they<sup>a</sup> all giants<sup>1</sup>.—4. All<sup>a</sup> children<sup>1</sup> should know how flour is made from wheat.—5. Boys<sup>1</sup> who work in grist-mills<sup>1</sup>, as Tony did, know how flour is made; but all<sup>a</sup> boys<sup>1</sup> that work in mills<sup>1</sup> do not know as much about musk-rats as Tony did.

### PART III.—*Up On The Mountain.*

1. After Lulu had shaken her hat, and brushed the water from it as well as she could, all the party went back to the mill. Then Rover came out, and ran up to Tony, jumping about him as if he were greatly pleased to see him.

2. "He knows you have been in the water," said Frank; "and he loves the water, and he is a good swimmer too."

3. "Yes," said Willie; "and if he had seen you in the water he would have jumped in to pull you out. He pulled *me* out once, when I fell off the bank into the lake, although the water was not up to my knees there."

4. All the party soon started on foot for Rocky Glen, which was up the stream, above the mill,—Mr. Agnew, the teacher, taking charge of little Jennie Martin, and lifting her over the difficult places. Peter carried the luncheon in a big basket; and the children carried little baskets for the berries which they hoped to pick.

5. Uncle Philip had asked Mr. Tobin, the miller, to let

<sup>a</sup> Every, or every one.

Tony go with them ;—" for he is a good boy to have along," said he.

So Tony went with them ; and he showed them the best way around the rocks, and through the bushes ; for he seemed to know all about the mountain.

6. Tony said they would find the best path on the east side of the Glen, if they would only cross a log which had been thrown over the stream.

7. He ran across on this log, and back again, like a squirrel ; and then he sat down on it right over the middle of the stream ; and then he danced on it to show the children there was no danger.

8. Rover seemed to take a great liking to Tony, for he kept close to him ; and when Tony crossed on the log, Rover crossed over after him, and then back again, barking all the time.

But Uncle Philip thought it would not be safe for the children to cross on the log. He was afraid some one of them might slip on the log, or get dizzy, and fall off. So they kept along on the west side.

9. " If you would go barefoot, as I do," said Tony to Willie, as he danced a regular shuffle with his bare feet, " you would not be afraid of falling, any more than I am."

At the upper end of the Glen, where the stream turns a short corner to enter it, they had a fine view of the water as it dashed swiftly down in the narrow channel between the rocks.

10. As Tony and Rover were leading the way, suddenly Rover pricked up his ears, and raised his head as if he saw something in the distance. " Hush ! hush !" said Tony, as Willie came up, at the same time laying a hand on Rover, and telling him to be still.

11. Then Tony pointed up the mountain, and there were

three large birds, just in the edge of a cluster of laurel and other bushes. "Those are partridges," said Tony, "and they see us, too. They will always see you before you can see them."



12. The rest of the party came up very quietly, so as not to frighten the birds. "We call them *ruffed grouse* in Ohio," said Mr. Agnew,— "and some call them pheasants: but there are no real pheasants in this country."

13. "I have heard a partridge *drum*, off in the woods," said Willie. "And I have *seen* him drum," said Tony. "He stands on a log, or a fallen tree, and beats his sides with his wings. You can hear him half a mile."

14. Just then one of the partridges started, and flew swiftly away, up the mountain, with a loud whirring noise. Then another followed, and then another—and all were gone. "I tell you, the partridge is a shy bird," said Tony.

15. There was a light but safe bridge across the stream, just above the entrance to what is called Partridge Glen; and here all passed over to the east side, where they found an open grassy slope. "What a nice place for a picnic!" said Lulu.



16. "This is just the place, and we will take our dinner here," said Uncle Philip. So Peter set the big basket down there, took out the biscuits, and dried beef, and a cake for each, and then rang the bell. The children ate their dinner in a hurry, they were so eager to find the berries, and to be picking them. Then they all followed Tony, who promised to show them where they could find any quantity of huckleberries, a little way up on the mountain side.

17. Tony took them straight to the place, where they found two kinds, the black and the blue, and plenty of the black ones; but it was almost too late in the season for the blue ones, which were nearly all gone. He told them that the blue ones get ripe in July, and that he had picked almost a bushel of them for his mother to dry."

18. "Most people call them *blue-berries*," said Uncle Philip.

"And the boys call them *the little boys in blue*," said Willie.

19. "Yes," said Lulu, "and I know some verses about these little boys in blue; and they tell about the berries being little soldiers, and how they sing their little songs up on the hills."

20. "Let us hear it! Tell it to us!" shouted two or three voices. So, while they were picking berries, Lulu repeated the following, about—

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"TEACHER.—The name of the berry is written either *huckleberry* or *whortleberry*; but the former is most used. 1. The *blue* huckleberry, commonly called in New England the *blue-berry*, grows on a bush rarely over a foot high, and is ripe in July. It is very sweet, but is too tender to carry far. 2. The *black* huckleberry grows on a branching bush from one to three feet high, and ripens in August. 3. There is also a swamp blue-berry or huckleberry, growing on bushes often ten to fifteen feet high. Its fruit ripens the latest of all.



*The Little Boys in Blue.*

21. "When August shineth  
On forests and on rills,  
A gay little chorus  
Rises from the hills,  
Like chants of wandering breezes,  
Or melodies of dew:  
'Tis sung by the lips of  
*The little Boys in Blue.*

22. "Round, merry fellows,  
Equipped, to a man,  
In purple-blue uniforms,  
All spick and span;  
Side by side, in companies,  
As if for review,  
Their tiny regiments are drawn—  
*The little Boys in Blue."*

23. "Now I will give you a part of the last verse," said Lulu, "for I do not recollect the rest."

"City folks may laugh at us;  
But what *could* we do,  
Without aid and comfort from  
*The little Boys in Blue?"*

24. "And they do give us a great deal of comfort, in the way of pies, and short-cakes, and puddings, and when eaten with milk and cream," said Uncle Philip.

25. The children were now scattered all over the side of the mountain. They picked and ate all they wished, and most of them filled their baskets, too. Tony had

brought a little basket with him from the mill; and this he filled, and then gave it to Jennie Martin, to carry home, for Jennie had eaten all she had picked. Jennie thanked him; and the teacher said he would carry the basket for her.

*Carl Hoffmann Again.<sup>a</sup>*

26. While the children were picking berries, they were surprised to see some one, away up above them, coming down the mountain.

27. Who could it be? Frank, pointing upward, called out to Tony, "Tony, who do you suppose that is?" As soon as Tony looked up, he said, "Why, that's Carl Hoffmann! Halloo, Carl!" Carl shouted back, "Halloo, Tony!"

28. Soon Carl came down among them. He was dressed very much as he was when Mr. Raymond first saw him at Carl's mother's, down at Rivertown. He wore the same old straw hat. He had a big basket with him, full of roots which he had gathered.

29. In the bottom of his basket the teacher was surprised to find a hammer, together with a number of fossils,<sup>b</sup> among which were several *trilobites*<sup>c</sup> which he said he had hammered out of the rocks up in the glen. He knew their

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<sup>a</sup> See Third Reader, p. 195.

<sup>b</sup> *Fö's'sils*.—The remains of plants or animals changed to stone. In the case of fossils, the *animals* have entirely disappeared, in the process of decay; and deposits of earthy matter, afterward hardened to stone, have taken their places.



<sup>c</sup> *Tri'lobites*.—The fossil remains of certain shell-like, three-lobed animals, varying from half an inch to twelve inches or more in length. Trilobites are found in great numbers in the rocks of Trenton Falls, New York, and around Lebanon, Ohio. No living species are known.

names too; and he said he had learned them from a man who had lectured to the Factory people last winter.

30. After most of the party had filled their baskets, all recrossed the stream to the other side, and then hastened



back to the mill; for Uncle Philip told the children that they might stop awhile, on their way back, at Fairy Island.

*Crane!—and Loon!*

31. As they were going down the mountain they heard a shrill wild cry overhead, when Tony called out, "That's a crane! Don't you hear him whoop?"—and, looking up, they could see, through the tops of the trees, a bird with very long wings, a long neck, and long legs, flying slowly to the

south. They watched it till it flew down—down—and finally lit in the top of a large tree near the lake. “He is going fishing,” said Tony.<sup>a</sup>

32. Soon after, they heard, far overhead, another cry, loud and plaintive, but not so harsh as that of the crane. “Ah, that’s a loon!” Tony called out. Then the teacher repeated that line of the poet Whittier—

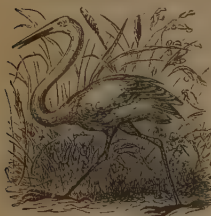
“The loon’s weird laughter far away.”

“Yes, that’s a loon,” said Tony; “but you will not see him light on a tree. He could not do it, for his feet could not hold on to the limb, and he would fall off. He, too, is going to the lake to fish.”<sup>b</sup>

33. “I have seen a loon,” said Willie, who kept along by the side of Tony. “I have seen him dive in the lake, and then he would swim under water, and come up a great way off.”

<sup>a</sup> The *American Crane*, often called *whooping crane*, on account of its wild cry, is about four and a half feet long from the tip of its bill to the end of its tail feathers. Its wings spread between seven and eight feet. It has very long legs, well adapted to wading,—and belongs to the class of Wading Birds. Wading out in the water, it catches small fish, eels, etc. It has a sharp bill, and will fight fiercely when wounded. It is very shy and wild, but is easily tamed.

<sup>b</sup> The *Loon*, or *Great Northern Diver*, common in all our inland lakes, is nearly three feet long; extent of wings nearly five feet. Its legs are placed so far behind that it cannot walk upon them, and on land it uses them to push itself along. Loons make their nests among the reeds and flags near the water. The curiosity of the loon is so great that it will approach any bright-colored object waved by a gunner. Hence the phrase, “as stupid as a loon.” Another is, “as noisy as a loon.”



34. "Yes, and some call him 'The Diver,'" said Tony. "And he will dive as quick as a flash; and when he sees the flash of a gun, you can't often hit him."

35. "But Peter shot one once," said Lulu, "and its feet were like my swan's feet; but it had a long, sharp bill."

"Yes," said the teacher, "it is one of the swimming birds; and its feet are made to swim with,—just like the feet of the duck, and the goose, and the swan. But the crane is a wading bird."

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Third Series*, p. 105.]—1. Dogs<sup>1</sup> like brave boys<sup>1</sup>.—2. All<sup>a</sup> children<sup>1</sup> like to gather berries.—3. All the children<sup>1</sup> take their<sup>1</sup> baskets<sup>1</sup>, and hurry up the mountain.—4. All the boys<sup>1</sup> fill the baskets<sup>1</sup> which they<sup>1</sup> carry.—5. All the girls<sup>1</sup> fill their<sup>1</sup> baskets<sup>1</sup> also.—6. What wading birds<sup>1</sup> are spoken of?—7. What swimming birds<sup>1</sup> were seen?

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#### PART IV.—*At the Mill Again.*

1. By this time they had reached the mill. Peter brought out the team; the children packed most of the berry-baskets into the big basket, and Peter took charge of them; and soon all of the party, except Tony, were on the way to Fairy Island.

2. Just as they were starting from the mill they met a farmer's wagon loaded with corn and wheat, which the man was taking to the mill to be ground. "That is where the meal and the flour come from," said the teacher, pointing to the sacks of grain in the wagon.

3. "Let us sing the 'Miller's Song,'" said Minnie. "Yes, we can all sing it," said Ida, "for we sometimes sing it in school." Then they sung the song; and Uncle Philip, and the teacher, and Peter, joined in the chorus.

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<sup>a</sup> *Every*. Observe when "their" is to be changed to *its*, when to *his*, and when to *her*.

*The Miller's Song.*

4. The farmer's wain,<sup>a</sup> with sacks of grain,  
Is rolling along the road ;  
And swiftly flows the mountain rill,  
That merrily goes to turn the mill,  
And grind the golden load.

*Chorus.*

*Then flow away rill, and turn away mill,  
To grind the golden load.*

5. With whirring sound the wheels go round,  
The miller is blithe and gay,  
For the corn and wheat, so ripe and sweet,  
That give us the meal and flour we eat,  
Are to be ground to-day.

*Chorus.*

*Then flow away rill, and turn away mill,  
And grind the grain to-day.*

6. Peter drove down on the west side of Stony Brook, and after leaving the party in the road, opposite the island, he drove on home. Uncle Philip had told him to drive home, and come back for them a little after sundown.

WRITTEN EX. [See *Third Series*, p. 105.]—1. All the children<sup>1</sup> now pack away their<sup>1</sup> berry-baskets<sup>1</sup>, and are glad to start for Fairy Island.—2. Wagons<sup>1</sup> loaded with grain come along.—3. The farmers<sup>1</sup> are taking their<sup>1</sup> grain to the mills<sup>1</sup>.—4. Some pleasant songs<sup>1</sup> are sung by the children.

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<sup>a</sup> *Wain*, a wagon. The miller is paid for grinding, by taking a certain portion of the grain,—the proportion being fixed by law in the different States.



PART V.—*At Fairy Island.*

1. Uncle Philip, taking out his watch, told the children that they would have a little more than an hour to stay. They ran across the bridge that leads over Maple Channel, and were soon scattered, in little groups, over the island.

They were told not to go down to the cape, at the southern end of the island, as that was the only place where the water was deep, and where there was any danger.

2. From the island they could see the reapers still at work in the oat-fields, at the east, beyond the meadows; and, so still was the air, they could hear the buzz of the grist-mill up the stream, and even the clatter of the saw-mill away off at Boggy Run.

3. From the eastern shore of the island they could see the tower of Wilmot Hall through the trees; and to the south-west, across the lake, the thick black smoke was still rising from the Forges at the Downs; for the men were still at work there.

4. But quickly—O, how quickly!—the time passed. While the children were still busy, rambling over the little island, they saw the reapers leave their work, and start for their homes, just as the sun was setting behind the western hills. Soon the black smoke of the forges all floated away, and the saw-mill stopped its distant clatter; but the gentle buzz of the grist-mill kept right on far into the night.

5. It was so mild and pleasant, this summer evening, that the children did not like to leave their play. Some of them were throwing pebbles out into the quiet stream, and watching the ripples which they made; some were looking at the fish in Elm Lake, and throwing crumbs to them; some were at the swings; some were playing hide-and-seek; and some were trying to catch the minnows in Maple Channel.

6. Frank, who had gone down to the cape to look for

Peter, saw him just starting from the house, almost a mile away. He ran back, and called out, "He's coming! He's coming!"

7. Uncle Philip then called to the children to get ready. "You have had a fine time," said he, "and now for home, sweet home, before it gets to be quite dark; for we shall have no moon to-night."

8. And it was quite time, indeed, to be getting ready; for, before Peter had arrived, the shadows of evening began to fall; mists were gathering here and there on the meadows, and flowing down the valley; the flowers were closing their eyes for the night's repose; the birds had ceased their songs; and even the busy flies, and other insects that love to sport in the sunshine, had ceased their humming. The baying of the distant watch-dog was heard: night was fast coming on.

9. As the children were gathering, in a happy group, near the bridge over Maple Channel, suddenly Willie, who was back by the little lake, saw a swarm of those white, gauzy-winged midges, that love to weave their silent but merry gambols over the water on a pleasant summer evening.

10. Starting up, and clapping his hands, he shouted, "See the Midges! See the Fairy Midges!"

11. Then all the children ran back, clapping their hands, and laughing, and shouting, "The Fairy Midges! The Fairy Midges have come to play with us!" But the voice of Uncle Philip soon recalled them to the bridge.

12. Just before they started for home, a *Katydid* began his shrill evening song in the tree-top above them, saying, "Katy did, Katy did;" and then one gruffly answered back from the other side of the island, "Katy didn't, Katy didn't."<sup>a</sup>

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<sup>a</sup> The *Katydid* is a grasshopper, an inch and a half long, body pale

13. Then here and there the fire-flies<sup>a</sup> began to flit around, lighting up the darkness by their sudden flashes; and the boys were trying to catch them, when Uncle Philip called to them, "Come, boys! come! It is time to be going. We will get into the wagon, and then we will sing a summer-evening hymn."

14. So, while Peter drove slowly along, Uncle Philip and the teacher sang the following. The teacher would repeat two or three lines at a time, before singing; and then all the children that could sing would join in with them. [See the next page.]

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Third Series*, p. 105.].—1. The children<sup>1b</sup> run across the bridges<sup>1</sup> that lead to the Island.—2. Here and there little groups<sup>1</sup> of boys or girls are seen.—3. Boys<sup>1</sup> are busy in their<sup>1</sup> rough plays<sup>1</sup>.—4. Girls<sup>1</sup> are busy in their<sup>1</sup> more quiet ways<sup>1</sup>.—5. Some<sup>1</sup> throw pebbles<sup>1</sup> into the stream; others<sup>1</sup> watch the ripples<sup>1</sup> that they<sup>1</sup> make; and some<sup>1</sup> try to catch the minnows<sup>1</sup> in Maple Channel.—6. Fireflies<sup>1</sup> are seen, and katydid<sup>1</sup>s are singing in the tree-tops<sup>1</sup>.

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green, wings darker green. Its familiar "song," which sounds like "*Katy did, Katy did,*" with an occasional "*Katy didn't, Katy didn't,*" which is heard in the evenings of August and early autumn, is familiar to most children in the country,—and especially at the West. This so-called "song" is produced by rubbing together the hard glassy parts of its wing covers. It is the male only that makes this noise—calling to his lady-love. Insects have no voices. None of them produce their peculiar sounds through their breathing organs.

<sup>a</sup> The *fire-flies*, or "lightning-bugs," of the United States, which belong to the class of beetles, are abundant in the evenings during the close of summer and beginning of autumn. Some of the light-giving beetles of South America are used by the natives for lighting their dwellings, and in their night journeys. The natives also fill their hair with them, and confine them by a gauze cap; and then the head appears as if on fire. Several of these beetles, confined in a glass vessel, give light enough to read small print by.

<sup>b</sup> *Each* or *every* child. Observe when "their" is to be changed to *his*, and when to *her*.

PART VI.—*Our Summer-Evening Hymn.*

1. Now that the sun has left the skies,  
And all the land in shadow lies,  
Each moment darker growing',—  
While all the flowers have closed their eyes,  
And mists, that from the meadows rise,  
Are down the valley flowing',—  
Nor more is heard  
The song of bird,  
Nor insects' humming',—  
We must go home,  
Nor longer roam,  
For night is coming.
2. The reapers now have left their reaping';  
With folded wings the birds are sleeping';  
We hear the watch-dog baying':  
While Katydid her mate is calling',  
The evening dews are round us falling,  
To warn against delaying'.  
With sudden flights  
The fire-fly lights  
The gloom before us;  
So we'll go home,  
Nor longer roam,  
For night is o'er us.
3. While Fairies weave their witching spell  
Around the spot we love so well',  
We bid thee, Fairy Isle! farewell':  
Farewell', for time upon us presses:  
As softly fades the waning light,  
We leave thee to the shades of night',  
And to the gentle stream's caresses';

And as we take our homeward way,  
 Recalling how we've spent the day',  
 From accidents and dangers free',  
 We render thanks, O Lord! to Thee.

4. And may there be, for what each one,  
 In thought, or word, or deed, hath done,  
     No cause for grieving or repining;  
 And when the day's pursuits are o'er,  
 Our prayers said, and each, once more,  
     Upon his downy bed reclining',  
 While gentle sleep is o'er us creeping',  
 And one by one the stars are peeping',  
 Their silent watches o'er us keeping',  
 May no unpleasant dreams oppress us,  
 But holy angels guard and bless us.—*W.*

WRITTEN EX. [See *Third Series*, p. 105.]—1. Now shadows<sup>1</sup> cover the landscape.—2. All<sup>a</sup> the flowers<sup>1</sup> have closed their<sup>1</sup> eyes.—3. Mists<sup>1</sup>, that from the meadows<sup>1</sup> rise, are down the valleys<sup>1</sup> flowing.—4. All the birds<sup>1</sup>, with folded wings<sup>1</sup>, are sleeping.—5. All the reapers<sup>1</sup> have left their<sup>1</sup> reaping.—6. The katydid<sup>1</sup> to their<sup>1</sup> mates<sup>1</sup> are calling.—7. The fire-flies<sup>1</sup> show their taper<sup>1</sup> lights<sup>1</sup> near by.—8. The distant watch-dogs<sup>1</sup> are baying, and the evening dews<sup>1</sup> warn against delaying.

## CHAPTER XX.—FACTORY EDUCATION.

### PART I.—*Some of the Arrangements.*

1. It was part of the plan of the managers of the factories and workshops of Lake-View, to have a free evening school during the fall and winter months, for the benefit of the operatives. These people assembled in the large dining-

<sup>a</sup> Observe that "all" is made singular by changing to *every*.

hall of the cotton factory, which, well lighted and warmed, was changed to a school and lecture-room for the evening.

2. All the operatives, young and old, were invited to attend; and a large number were glad to enjoy the privileges so freely offered to them. Ralph, and Phil, and Bertie were sure to be there. There were about three hundred young men, women, and boys, in the cotton and woollen factories alone, who attended these evening schools with great regularity; and there were many more who came in from the glass-works, the potteries, the forges, and the machine-shops.

3. The studies were, in the first place, the ordinary common-school branches for those who needed them; then there were separate classes in those studies that were closely related to the kinds of work done in the several factories and workshops; and here the instruction was mostly by lectures, or familiar *talks*.

4. Two evenings in each week were devoted chiefly to what was called *industrial drawing*,—that kind of drawing most needed by workmen in the various arts and trades. Instruction was given in the best methods of making drawings for carpenter-work, and cabinet-work, and mason-work, and iron-work: there were also drawings of machinery; and there were drawings of designs and patterns for carpets, and oil-cloths, and wall-paper; and also for everything made in the glass-works and the potteries.

5. Some of the teachers in these evening schools were the master-workmen in the several departments of the factories and the workshops. There were always enough to teach the common branches; but, in addition to these, the master-workman of the wool-room told about the different kinds of sheep, the kinds and grades of wool, the fabrics that were made from them, and the modes of preparing the wool for its many uses.



6. The manager, or superintendent, of the dyeing-room prepared the colors for the carpets, broadcloths, delaines, tweeds, alpacas, and other woollen goods, and also for all the cotton, linen, and silk fabrics. Then there were those who designed the patterns, and gave them their harmonious hues and shades of coloring; and this was the work of professional artists.

7. As some knowledge of these familiar talks, or lectures, may be of use to some of our young readers, we will here give brief sketches of two or three of them, to which we listened at the invitation of Uncle Philip, who has done so much, in various ways, for the benefit of the factory people.


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EXPLANATION BY THE TEACHER.—It is frequently desirable, in writing upon a subject, to change one *form* of expression to some other form, without changing the meaning. The following is one of the convenient changes often made:—

### LANGUAGE LESSONS. FOURTH SERIES.

CHANGE THE **Active** FORM OF EXPRESSION TO THE **Passive** FORM, WITHOUT CHANGING THE MEANING OF THE SENTENCE.

EXPLANATION.—Thus: Change, “Peter *struck* William,” to “William *was struck* by Peter.” (“Peter *struck*” is the Active form. “Peter *was struck*” is the Passive form.) Change, “Mr. Wilmot and Uncle Philip *planned* and *managed* the Factories,” to, “The Factories *were planned* and *managed* (that is, *were managed*) by Mr. Wilmot and Uncle Philip.”

 Note 1.—When the superior figure <sup>1</sup> is placed *before* a word, it shows that the written sentence is to begin with that word; although *pronouns* will sometimes need to be changed in *form*. Thus: “The birds saw <sup>1</sup>him,” should be changed to, “*He* was seen *by the birds*.” When the superior figures <sup>2</sup> and <sup>3</sup> are used, they show the further order of the words.

Note 2.—The *verbs* that are to be changed are put in *Italics*.

Note 3.—Arrange each paragraph in the order that will best convey the meaning intended; then give it the proper punctuation.

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WRITTEN EX. [*Fourth Series.*].—1. The managers of the Factories *established* <sup>1</sup>a school for the operatives. (A school for

the operatives *was established* by the managers of the Factories.) —2. The managers *made* <sup>1</sup>all the arrangements.—3. The operatives *studied* <sup>1</sup>the common-school branches.—4. They also *studied* <sup>1</sup>other branches.—5. The master-workmen of the Factories *gave* <sup>1</sup>most of the instruction.

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## PART II.—*A Workman's Lecture on Colors.*

1. When the time came for the superintendent of the dyeing, or coloring, room, who was a workman himself, to give a lecture, he took the three leading or primary colors—red, yellow, and blue—and showed how he could make any of the other principal colors by various mixtures of these.

2. “On these three cards,” he said, “which I have placed against the white wall, you see the best and purest red, yellow, and blue, that we can obtain. The same colors, in a dry state, are in these three cups before me. Now, what other color shall I make from these? Name any other color that you choose.”

3. As no one answered immediately, he said, “Well, Bertie, I will ask you. What color shall I make?”

“Green, if you please,” Bertie replied.

4. So, taking a little of the yellow powder, and a little of the blue, he mixed them with water in a separate cup. Then, with a small brush, he painted a white card with the mixture; and when he had placed the card against the white wall of the room, it showed a beautiful dark green.

5. Then he explained that he had mixed yellow and blue in about the proportions of *three* parts of pure yellow, and *eight* parts of pure blue, for those proportions make the richest green. “But,” he said, “if you take pure yellow and mix with it a very little blue, as you see me doing, you will have a pale yellowish green, or grass green, such as

this:”—and then he painted a card with it, to let them see the color.

6. Then he took some blue, and mixed with it a very little yellow; and when he had painted a card with this mixture he showed them a dark, bluish green. By such mixtures he showed them how all possible shades of green could be made, from a very light yellow green on the one hand, to a deep, bluish green on the other.

7. “Now what other color shall I make for you?” he asked. And when some one replied, “Orange,” he merely mixed a little red and yellow, and showed them a fine orange color. “The more red you put in, the redder the orange,” he said; “so that you thus form the orange-reds or scarlets; and the more yellow you use in proportion to the red, the deeper or more yellow the orange.”

8. In a similar way he made purple, and the different shades of crimson and violet, by mixing red and blue in different proportions. Then he showed them a circular “scale of colors,” as he called it, and further explained how all possible colors, and hues, and shades, even to the browns, the maroons, and the grays, could be made.<sup>a</sup>

9. After he had gone through with all these explanations, he said, “I have now one thing more to tell you about colors, which is more wonderful than all the rest. There is a very disagreeable, sticky substance, called *tar*,—sometimes made from pitch-pine, and other pines, and sometimes from the coal that is dug from the earth. Yet

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<sup>a</sup> *Browns*.—There are *reddish* browns, and *yellow* browns, formed by mixtures of red, black, and yellow.

*Maroons*.—A reddish brown and a little blue, or purple, form a *maroon*, or *claret* color.

The *grays* are produced by mixtures of white and black. Also, mixtures of red, yellow, and blue will produce shades of gray, almost infinite in number.

it is from *coal-tar* that we get some of our most beautiful colors, and some very delicate perfumes.

10. "Here," said he, "is a delicate blue ribbon," holding it up so that all could see it; "and here is another of purple; and yet the colors of both were obtained from coal-tar, which was long considered of no value. So the most disagreeable things, which we turn away from with disgust, are often found to be full of hidden wealth and beauty."

11. "I think we can learn a great deal here," said Ralph to Bertie, as they were walking home after the lecture. "And I mean to learn all I can about colors," Bertie replied.

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Fourth Series*, p. 137.]—1. The superintendent of the dyeing-room *instructed* <sup>1</sup>the workmen.—2. He *showed* <sup>1</sup>them how to mix colors. (They were shown.)—3. He *took* <sup>1</sup>red, yellow, and blue colors.—4. He *mixed* <sup>1</sup>two or more of these to form other colors.—5. He *made* <sup>1</sup>many explanations.—6. He *mixed* <sup>1</sup>yellow and blue, to form green.—7. He *mixed* <sup>1</sup>red and yellow, to form the different shades of orange.

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### PART III.—*Frank Wilmot's Lecture about Cotton.*

1. One evening Uncle Philip himself gave a "talk"—he did not call it a lecture—upon the subject of the raw materials of which linen and silk goods are manufactured. Then he asked Frank Wilmot to explain what he knew about that great American staple, *cotton*; for Frank had travelled through the cotton-growing States at the South, with his father, and had seen the two principal species<sup>a</sup> of cotton there in all their stages of growth,—from the

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<sup>a</sup> 1st. The HERBACEOUS, or UPLAND Cotton (*Gossypium herbaceum*), a plant of the mallows family, grows from a foot and a half to three feet high; leaves mostly five-lobed; flowers three inches broad,

planting of the seed in March and April, to the gathering of the downy harvest in the autumn.

2. At Atlanta, in Georgia, Mr. Wilmot and Frank had met with a Mr. Irwin, a wealthy cotton-broker, who was planning the establishment of a cotton-factory at Atlanta; and on the invitation of Mr. Wilmot he had sent his son Hubert back with Frank, to spend the summer at Lake-View and study the management of the factories there. Hubert was present at Frank's lecture.

3. Frank was well prepared to give much interesting information about cotton; and, in addition to the knowledge of the subject which he had acquired from his own observation, he exhibited large drawings of the plant (which had been supplied by young



SEA-ISLAND COTTON.—1. A cotton stalk, with open flower, and bolls in different stages.—2. A ripened boll, with the cotton ready for picking.—3 and 4. Seeds, of the natural size, enclosed by the cotton fibres.

light yellow, with a purple eye, changing to a reddish brown; seeds greenish brown, larger than those of the grape.

2d. The SEA-ISLAND Cotton (*Gossypium Barbaden'se*), originally derived from the tree cotton of Persia, resembles in size and appearance a currant-bush. In the West Indies it is a biennial or triennial, and is planted in the autumn. In Egypt it lasts from six to ten years; but in our Southern States it is an annual, like the upland cotton, and is planted in the spring. Leaves three- to five-lobed; seeds black; flowers similar to those of the upland cotton.

Mr. Irwin), and pictures of the gathering of the cotton, and of the process of ginning it, or freeing it from the seeds. A part of his lecture was a plain, familiar talk; but some portions of it were written out with much care.

4. He was very enthusiastic over the beautiful appearance of a field of growing cotton, declaring that there is nothing to equal it at the North,—“not even the rich verdure of a Western prairie decked with flowers, or the golden wheat-fields of the North-west.”

5. “In June,” said he, “a cotton-field presents very much the appearance of a vast flower-garden of hollyhocks in their richest bloom, but with colors varying from day to day, and, in the period of most rapid growth, changing almost hourly. Thus, the flower of the upland cotton will open, in the morning, of a pale straw color, varying to a deeper yellow; by noon it will be a pure white; in the afternoon it changes to a faint blush, as if reflecting back the glories of declining day; and this gives place, the next morning, to a clear pink, as if to welcome Aurora in her coming.

6. “One never wearies,” said he, “of watching these changes; and when a gentle breeze passes over a field of many acres, the blending of the tints is very beautiful. But still another beautiful sight is presented at the picking or gathering; call it a, when, the cotton pods or bolls having fully opened which hold is one mass of vegetable down of the most dried fluffiness and snowy whiteness, partially relieved by great Amy green leaves, which still retain all their summer lushness.”

7. When Mr. Irwin had read this description, Ralph, turning to Bertie in all ‘That is a part of the composition that Frank read in school, on his return from the South. Mr. Agnew said the whole composition was exceedingly well written.’”



8. Frank not only explained the drawings of the cotton plant, but he also exhibited specimens of the two kinds of cotton, just as they were picked from the pod. These were the short-stapled upland cotton, and the long-stapled sea-island cotton, the latter being the more valuable, but the former being the more abundant, as it can be grown over a large extent of territory. The downy fibres of both were seen to be wrapped closely around the seeds, showing the importance of the cotton-gin machine, which can clean more than three thousand pounds of the upland cotton per day, while only a few pounds could be picked off by hand.

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Fourth Series*, p. 137.]—1. One evening Frank *gave* a lecture about cotton.—2. Frank *had seen* the cotton plant in all its stages of growth.—3. He *exhibited* drawings of it.—4. He *described* the growing cotton.—5. He *dwelt* upon its beauties when in full bloom, and when ready for picking.—6. He *showed* samples of the two principal kinds of cotton.

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#### PART IV.—*Other Lectures by Master-Workmen.*

1. On another evening the lecture was given by a master-workman in the *pattern* department,—the man who had the charge of getting up all the patterns for the carpets, and the oil-cloths, and the calicoes. These patterns were a part of the *industrial drawing* which he taught.

2. He first explained what forms, and what kinds of lines, are the most beautiful for the purposes of ornament; showing, by drawings which he made on the blackboard, how graceful waving or curved lines are, as compared with those that are straight, and angular; yet the latter are more expressive of firmness and strength.

3. Then he showed how the drawings for the carpet patterns were made; then how they were colored, and how

the patterns were arranged in the loom for weaving ; and then he gave the rules by which colors may be blended so as to show to the best advantage.

4. "If the patterns that we make for the carpets are stiff and awkward," he said ; "or if the colors we use are not handsome colors ; or if the colors are so mingled in the carpets as not to harmonize one with another, who, do you think, will buy our carpets, our oil-cloths, or our calicoes ? And if we cannot *sell* our goods, our factories will have to be closed ; those who built them will lose their money ; and all these workmen will be thrown out of employment."

5. At another time, one of the master-workmen from the machine-shop gave them a talk about the *machinery* used in the factories. There were the machines for cleaning the wool, and the cotton, and the flax ; there were the spinning-jennies, and the power-looms, and many other kinds of machinery, besides the great steam-engine that sets all the other machinery in motion.

6. "We must understand all these machines," said he, "so that we may mend or replace any parts that get broken. And if we understand our business well, we must know all about *tools* and their uses, and all about the mechanical powers,—such as the lever, the wheel and axle, the pulley, the inclined plane, the screw, and the wedge.

7. "And then we must know all about the different movements given to machinery by the various uses of these mechanical powers ; and there are more than a hundred of these movements that can be easily explained.

8. "Every one," said he, "who wishes to be a master-workman in a factory or a machine-shop, or who wishes to know all about the machines and tools that he uses, ought to know how to make drawings of them, and of all their parts. This is what I call *industrial* drawing, for it is the kind of drawing adapted to the *industries* of life ; and

it is the kind that I advise all boys in the workshops and factories to learn."

9. Ralph, and Phil, and Bertie, and many of the older operatives also, could not understand all that was said about machinery, although they gave close attention to the lecturer; but they understood enough to see that it is a great thing to be a good machinist.

10. "We could not get along very well without machines, could we?" said Phil. "No," Ralph answered, "for without them we should have no steam-engines, and no railroads, and no factories. Why, almost everything is made by machinery."

11. "Except the houses we live in, and what grows out of the earth," said Phil.

12. "But a great many things about the house are made by the use of tools, and other machinery," said Ralph; "and the wheat that grows out of the earth is cut by a machine, and ground in another machine to make flour."

"Then I suppose we should have to live as the savages do, if we had no machines," said Bertie.

13. "That is so," Ralph replied; "but," he continued, "I had no idea that so much could be learned in a factory. I do really think it is about the best school we could go to."

"When everything is explained so well as it is here," said Bertie.

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Fourth Series*, p. 137.]—1. A master-workman in the pattern department also gave <sup>1</sup>a lecture.—2. He prepared <sup>1</sup>all the patterns for carpets, oil-cloths, and calicoes.—3. He showed <sup>1</sup>the drawings for the patterns.—4. He gave <sup>1</sup>rules for the blending of colors.—5. One of the workmen described <sup>1</sup>the machinery.—6. He explained <sup>1</sup>the mechanical powers, and the uses of tools.—7. He also spoke of <sup>1</sup>the importance of industrial drawing.—8. Ralph, Phil, and Bertie liked <sup>1</sup>the lecture very much.

## CHAPTER XXI.—OUR BOYS.—SELF-EDUCATION.

I.—*Their Talk about Books.*

1. Ralph, and Phil, and Bertie were still at work in the Factory ; but Tom Downing had left, to go into Mr. Norton's dry-goods store in the village; and *our* boys were glad to be rid of his company. Tom was so elated by his new position, that he would hardly speak to mere factory boys when he met them.

2. Ralph read a great many of the books that were in the Factory library; and Phil and Bertie also took out books to read. Ralph had induced Phil and Freddy to join him and Bertie in keeping *Scrap-Books*, in which they wrote down many fine things which they found in books, besides pasting in some good selections from such newspapers as they had at their homes.

3. Many newspapers were taken for the factory people; and Uncle Philip told the boys they might have these to cut pieces from, after the papers had been one week in the reading-room. The old papers, he said, they might have to sell.

4. The boys liked this idea, and, dividing the newspapers between them, each began a scrap-book of his own.

5. They also agreed that they would each read, carefully, from some good author, at least ten pages a day. Then they would copy, into their scrap-books, many of the fine thoughts and wise sayings that they met with. They would in this way read between three and four thousand pages a year.

6. "We can keep on reading and learning, even if we cannot go to school," said Bertie Brown to Phil and Ralph, one day. "I have found some first-rate pieces for my scrap-book lately."

7. "Suppose, Ralph," said Bertie, "that we invite Freddy Jones to meet with us some evening. Then we will read over our scrap-books together."

8. "That is a good idea," said Phil. "Let us meet at *our* house. How will next Wednesday evening suit you and Ralph?"

9. Wednesday evening, and Phil's home, were the time and place agreed upon. A few of the pieces which they read at that time will be found in this chapter.

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Fourth Series*, p. 137.]—1. Ralph *read* <sup>1</sup>a great many of the books that were in the factory library.—2. Phil and Bertie also *took out* <sup>1</sup>books.—3. Ralph *kept* <sup>1</sup>a scrap-book.—4. He *wrote* <sup>1</sup>many fine pieces in it.—5. He also *induced* <sup>1</sup>Phil and Bertie to keep scrap-books.—6. In this way the boys *collected* <sup>1</sup>a great many fine pieces.

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## II.—A Surprise.

1. Ralph, and Phil, and Freddy met at the appointed hour; but it was not until some time after, that Bertie came in, bringing his scrap-book with him. There was something about Bertie's looks so different from usual that they attracted Ralph's attention, and he said, "Why Bertie! what's the matter? You look as if you had been crying."

2. "And so I have, I suppose," Bertie replied. "Father has bought a farm away off in Kansas, and we are all going to move there. He says he cannot support his large family here; and he thinks it will be better to go West, where land is cheap."

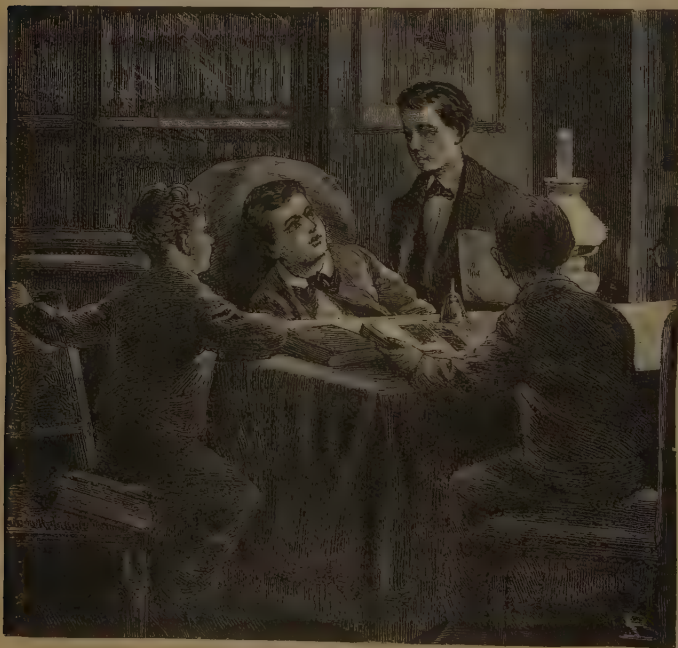
3. This was a great surprise to the boys; and for a minute Ralph also felt like crying; for he loved Bertie like a brother.

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\* Write this, "Books were taken out by Phil and Bertie, also,"—not, "Books were also taken out by Phil and Bertie."

4. "I felt pretty bad about it at first," said Bertie; "but when mother said we could have quite a large farm there, and that she thought it would be much better for the boys to grow up in a new country, than to stay here where land is so dear, and work another man's farm, then I thought better of it, and I said I was willing to go. But Tom and Robert were tickled enough about going; and Johnny, you know, is too young to think much about it."

5. The talk about Bertie's going away occupied some time;



and when Bertie said they were going to start in three days, and that he would have to help, during that time, in getting ready, the thought of his going away so soon, and going so far, too, that they might never see him again, made all the boys feel sad enough.



6. But Bertie soon cheered up, and, opening his scrap-book, he said, "Here is a piece that I found in an old book; but it is just as good as new to me, because I never saw it before."

7. "I like to read good old pieces," said Phil.—"I like to read them over and over again," said Ralph. Then Bertie read the following:—

### III.—*Scrap-Book Selections.*

#### 1.—TRY AGAIN.<sup>a</sup>

1. 'Tis a lesson you should heed,  
       "*Try again*;"  
 If, at first, you don't succeed,  
       *Try again* :  
 Let your courage then appear,  
 For, if you will persevere,  
 You will conquer—never fear :  
       *Try again.*

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ORAL EXERCISE.—Verse 1. What phrase modifies the meaning of "don't succeed"? (Don't succeed *when*?)—What adverb modifies "appear"?—What one modifies "fear"?

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<sup>a</sup> Pronounced a-gĕn'.—Here the word "again" modifies the meaning of the verb "*try*." It means, "Try *once more*," or, "at *another time*."

DEFINITION VII.—An ADVERB is a word that is used to modify the meaning of Verbs, Adjectives, or other Adverbs. (Infinitives and participles are included under Verbs.)

Most adverbs have reference to *time*, *place*, *degree*, or *manner*.

Note 1.—As the phrases "once more," and "at another time," have the same meaning as the adverb "again," therefore such phrases and clauses as have the same modifying influences, or *explanatory* effects, as adverbs, may be called "adverbial" or "*modifying phrases and clauses*."

Note 2.—Adverbs, phrases, and clauses, that denote *time*, *place*, or *manner*, generally modify the meaning of verbs or participles.

2. Once or twice though you should fail,

*Try again ;*

If you would at last prevail,

*Try again :*

If we strive, 'tis no disgrace

Though we do not win the race :

What should we do in that case ?

*Try again.*

3. If you find your task is hard,

*Try again ;*

Time will bring you your reward ;

*Try again :*

All that other folk can do,

Why, with patience, may not you ?

Only keep *this* rule in view—

*Try again.*

4. "I have read," said Ralph, "in a history of Scotland which I found in the library, that at one time, when the Scotch king, Robert Bruce, was fleeing from his enemies, he passed a night, all alone, on some straw in a deserted hut.

5. "In the morning, as he was lying on the straw, and thinking over his hard fate,—his brave little army broken up and scattered in the mountains, and he himself pursued by his foes, and his life in danger every hour,—he was about to give up in despair.

6. "Just then his attention was attracted by a little

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V. 2. What phrase modifies "should fail" ? (*When?*)—What one modifies "would prevail" ?—V. 4. What phrase modifies "was fleeing" ?—V. 5. What phrase modifies "was lying" ? (*Was lying where?*)—What phrase modifies "scattered" ? (*Scattered where?*)—What phrase modifies "pursued" ? (*Pursued how?*)

spider that had fallen from a rafter above, to the straw on which the king was lying. But I will tell the rest of the story as I read it, and as I have written it down here. You will see that the moral of it, like that of Bertie's piece, is, *Try again.*"

Then, opening his scrap-book, he read the following:—

2.—ROBERT BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

1. Now, just at that moment, a spider dropped,  
    With its silken cobweb clew;  
    And the King, in the midst of his thinking, stopped  
    To see what the spider would do.
2. 'Twas a long way up to the raftered dome,  
    And it hung by a rope so fine,  
    That how it would get to its cobweb home  
    King Bruce could not divine.
3. It soon began to cling and crawl  
    Straight up with strong endeavor;  
    But down it came with a slipping sprawl,  
    As near to the ground as ever.
4. Up, up, it ran, nor a second did stay  
    To make the least complaint,  
    Till it fell still lower; and there it lay,  
    A little dizzy and faint.
5. Its head grew steady,—again it went,  
    And climbed a half yard higher;

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ORAL EX.—Verse 3. "Began" *when?*—"Came" *where?*—V. 4. "Ran" *where?*—"Fell" *where?*—"Lay" *where?*—V. 5. "Went" *when?*

'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,  
And a road where its feet would tire.

6. Again it fell—and swung below ;  
But up it quickly mounted,  
Till, up and down, now fast, now slow,  
Nine brave attempts were counted.

7. "Sure," said the King, "that foolish thing  
Will strive no more to climb,  
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,  
And tumbles every time'."

8. But up the insect went once more ;—  
Ah me ! 'tis an anxious minute ;  
He's only a foot from his cobweb door—  
O, say ! will he lose' or win' it ?

9. Steadily—steadily—inch by inch,  
Higher and higher he got,  
And a bold little run, at the very last pinch,  
Put him into the wished-for spot.

10. "Bravo ! bravo !" the King cried out  
"All honor to those who *try* !  
The spider up there *defied* despair ;  
*He* conquered, and why should not *I* ?"

11. Thus Bruce of Scotland braced his mind :  
And gossips tell the tale,

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V. 6. "Fell" *when* ?—"Swung" *where* ?—"Mounted" *where* ?—"Mounted" *how* ?—What are the modifying, or *explanatory*, words and phrases, called ?

That he tried once more, as he tried before,  
And that time did not fail.

*Eliza Cook.*

12. "No, he did *not* fail," said Ralph. "His history shows that he *tried again*. He collected his forces, attacked and routed his enemies, and soon established himself firmly on the throne of Scotland."

13. "How strange it is," said Phil Barto, "that I should have a piece on the same subject, in *my* scrap-book! It is called 'Bruce and the Spider,' just as yours is, Ralph; but it is not the same piece."

Then all the boys called out, "Read it! Read it, Phil!"

"I will read you the last two verses," said Phil. Then he read the following:—

14. Six times his gossamery<sup>a</sup> thread  
The wary<sup>b</sup> spider threw:  
In vain the filmy line was sped,  
For powerless or untrue  
Each aim appeared, and back recoiled<sup>c</sup>  
The patient insect, nine times foiled,<sup>d</sup>  
And yet unconquered still;  
And soon the Bruce, with eager eye,  
Saw him prepare once more to try  
His courage, strength, and skill.

15. One effort more—his tenth and last!  
The hero hailed the sign,  
And on the wished-for beam hung fast  
That slender, silken line:

<sup>a</sup> *Gos'sa-mer*, a fine filmy substance, like a spider's web.—*Gos'sa-mer-y*, like gossamer.

<sup>b</sup> *Wa'ry*, cautious.

<sup>d</sup> *Foiled*, defeated.

<sup>c</sup> *Re-coiled'*, fell back.

Slight as it was, his spirit caught  
 The more than omen,<sup>a</sup> for his thought  
 The lesson well could trace,  
 Which even "he who runs may read,"<sup>b</sup>  
 That *Perseverance* gains its meed,  
 And *Patience* wins the race.

*Bernard Barton.*

16. "If *we* will persevere, and have patience, we may win the race, as Bruce did," said Ralph.

17. Then Freddy opened *his* scrap-book. "Here is a piece for *farmer-boys*," said he,—"*such as I am*. First, the farmer-boy complains, and says he is tired of doing farm-work, and that he means to go to the city, where he thinks he can get rich by *play*. Then the old man gives the boy some good advice.

### 3.—FARMER-BOYS.

#### 1st.—*What the Boy says.*

1. "I'm sick of hoeing in the corn,  
 And following the plough;  
 Of working hard, from dewy morn  
 Till eve, with heated brow:  
 No longer will I stay to mōw,  
 Or pitch the scented hay:  
 To the great *city* I will go,  
 Where wealth is gained by *play*."

#### 2d.—*What the Old Man says.*

2. "Tut, tut, my boy! hush up that song,  
 And try a *better* guide:

<sup>a</sup> *O'men*, a sign or indication.

<sup>b</sup> Anything that is very plain is said to be so plain that "he who runs may read." See *Habakkuk* ii. 2.



That dream of wealth may lead you *wrong*,  
And wreck you on the tide.  
Sit down with me upon this stone ;  
Your team will take no harm ;  
If we're *not* kings upon a throne',  
We're kings upon a *farm*.

3. " God's healthy breezes round you blow ;  
His birds your music make ;  
And sweetest rest is yours, you know,  
When night doth overtake.  
The harvest will your toil repay ;  
Those fields of waving grain  
Are growing through the sunny day,  
And in the summer rain.

4. " Men work as hard as you in shade,  
O'er books and papers bent ;  
The work of life is easy made  
Only by sweet content.  
It may be news, my friend, to you,  
But 'tis the truth I tell ;  
No work is very hard to do,  
To those who love it well.

5. " In speculation, you must stand  
The rough commercial shocks ;  
You may in safety reach the land,  
You *may* land on the rocks !  
Your pay is certain on the farm,  
Though grain may not be sold ;  
In panics you feel no alarm ;—  
*Wheat* is as good as *gold*.

6. "Pick up your whip, and bid your team  
 Drag on that noble plough,  
 And do not let an idle dream  
 Becloud your youthful brow.  
 In years to come, when children roam,  
 You'll take them by the arm,  
 And say, "You'd better stay at home,  
 Upon the good old farm."

7. "Now I will read you a little bit of advice to boys in general, and not to farmer-boys in particular," said Phil. "I know *you* will like it, Ralph, for it is just like *your* talk—only it is poetry."

So here is the second piece that Phil Barto read from *his* scrap-book.

#### 4.—ADVICE TO BOYS.

1. Whatever you are, be *brave*, boys!  
 The liar's a *coward* and *slave*, boys;  
 Though clever at ruses,  
 And sharp at excuses,  
 He's a sneaking and pitiful *knave*, boys!
  2. Whatever you are, be *frank*, boys!  
 'Tis better than *money* and *rank*, boys!  
 Still cleave to the right;  
 Be lovers of light;  
 Be open, and noble, and *frank*, boys!
- Whatever you are, be *kind*, boys!  
 Be gentle in *manners* and *mind*, boys!

ORAL EXERCISE.—Verse 1. What does the adjective "brave" describe? (The pronoun *you*, referring to *boys*.)—The adjectives "clever," and "sharp"?—"Sneaking," and "pitiful"?—V. 2. The adjectives "open," "noble," and "frank," in the last line?

The man gentle in mien,  
Words, and temper, I ween,  
Is the gentleman truly *refined*, boys!

4. But, whatever you are, be *true*, boys!  
Have honesty *through* and *through*, boys!  
Leave to others the shamming,  
The cheating, and "cramming";—  
In fun and in earnest, be *true*, boys!

5. The boys read several more pieces, just as good as those we have given here; and then, at parting, they shook hands with Bertie, and said, "Good-by, Bertie,"—promising to write to him, and Bertie promising to write to them as soon as he had reached his new home in Kansas.

6. Ralph went to his room that night, sad at heart. Bertie would be with him no more. No more pleasant talks with him about books'; no more planning with him for the future'. Ralph felt that one of the links in his attachment to factory life, and even to his pleasant *home* in Lake-View, had been broken.

7. But with the morrow's dawn his gloomy feelings were gone; and he walked to the Factory with a step as buoyant as ever. He had not forgotten Bertie so soon; oh no! nor had he ceased to regret that he was parting with his loved companion and school-mate—perhaps forever. But life was yet too full of bright hopes to allow the shadows of such an event to darken his pathway.

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EXPLANATION BY THE TEACHER.—Observe that "did," in the following Exercise, must be changed to *was*, or *were*. When something occurs *in consequence* of something else, *at*, instead of *by*, should sometimes be used to introduce the *cause*; as, "Why were the boys surprised *at* Bertie's looks?"—not *by* Bertie's looks.

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V. 3. The adjectives "kind," "gentle," and "refined"?

WRITTEN EX. [See *Fourth Series*, p. 137.]—1. Why *did* Bertie's looks *surprise* the boys?—2. <sup>1</sup>What *did* Bertie *tell* them?—3. <sup>1</sup>Why *did* Bertie's statement, that he was going away, *grieve* them? (Why were they *grieved*?)

III. (1.)—4. <sup>1</sup>What selection *did* Bertie *read*?—5. What *did* Ralph *say* about it?—6. Of <sup>1</sup>what history *did* Ralph *speak*?

(2.)—7. What *attracted* the king's attention? (By what?)—8. <sup>1</sup>What *did* the spider first *do*?—9. *Did* it *make* a second attempt? (Was.)—10. <sup>1</sup>How many attempts *did* it *make*?—11. <sup>1</sup>What *did* the spider finally *do*?—12. <sup>1</sup>What *did* the king then *resolve* upon?—13. <sup>1</sup>What piece *did* Phil Barto then *read*?

(3.)—14. <sup>1</sup>What *did* Freddy Jones *read*?—15. <sup>1</sup>What *did* the farmer-boy *say*?—16. <sup>1</sup>What reply *did* the old man *make*?—17. *Did* he *give* good advice? (Was.)

(4.)—18. Who *read* the next piece? (By whom?)—19. *Did* the boys *read* any more pieces? (Were.)—20. <sup>1</sup>What *did* they *say* and *do* when they parted with Bertie?—21. <sup>1</sup>How *did* his parting with Bertie *affect* Ralph?

## CHAPTER XXII.—THE LAKE-VIEW MUSEUM.

### PART I.—*Gathering and Arranging Seeds.*

1. Freddy Jones's curious necklace, that was hung up in the school-room, just back of the teacher's desk, proved to be the beginning of a very useful work on the part of the pupils.

2. They at once began to collect seeds, which they put into little glass bottles; and these bottles they then brought to the teacher, to be correctly labelled.

3. All during the summer the children gathered flower seeds as fast as they ripened; and in harvest-time they

ORAL EXERCISE.—Verse 1. *How* "useful"?—V. 2. "Began" *when*?—"Brought" *when*?—"Labelled" *how*?

gathered the seeds of wheat, and rye, and oats, and barley, and millet, and other grains.

4. The teacher said it would be well for them to gather the seeds of noxious weeds, also; for the farmer ought to know them when he saw them, that he might detect them when he found them in the grain and grass seeds which he wished to sow.

5. He knew one farmer, he said, who had filled his land with that pest of the meadows, the ox-eye daisy, by sowing the seeds with oats; another had sown tares, or vetches, with his wheat; another had sown the seeds of that which the farmers call cockle; and very many had sown other noxious weeds with their clover-seed.

6. "If they had known such seeds when they saw them," he said, "they would have bought grass and grain seeds free from such mixtures."

7. In the autumn the seed harvest was still more abundant. Then the children gathered more seeds of the different kinds of grain, and of grasses; and also the seeds of a great many vegetables, the roots of which are good for food or medicine.

8. They also found, to the surprise of most of them, that *tree* seeds are very abundant; some of which, they learned, are good when gathered in summer only, and others when gathered in autumn.

9. One day Freddy Jones brought in almost half a pint of the seeds of that noble evergreen tree, the Norway spruce, which he had gathered from the cones of the tree that grew in his uncle's door-yard.

10. In this way the children soon had a collection of a great many kinds and varieties of seeds. There were five varieties of wheat alone, and three of oats; almost a dozen kinds of Indian corn,—and the seeds of beans, onions, beets, turnips, cabbages, etc., in still greater variety.

11. Then the children, aided by the teacher, began the work of arranging the seeds in their proper divisions. The different kinds of grain, with their many varieties, formed one division, and the grasses another ; the seeds of the useful root vegetables formed a third division ; and those of cotton, flax, hemp, sorghum, sugar-cane, etc., a fourth.

12. Then there was a great variety of the seeds of fruits ; such as those of apples, pears, quinces, lemons, oranges, melons,—and the pits of peaches, plums, cherries, etc. ; and these formed a fifth division. Tree seeds, of great variety, beginning with half a dozen kinds of acorns found in the woods around Lake-View, formed a sixth division ; flower seeds a seventh ; the seeds of noxious weeds the eighth, and so on ; while the bulbs of the tulip, lily, crocus, dahlia, etc., formed a large department by themselves.

13. The children were surprised to find how extensive were their collections already ; and the teacher told them that there were still a great many kinds of plants growing all around them, which they had not yet thought of. “Some are growing by the wayside,” said he, “some in the fields, some in the forests,—and some, like those of the water-beans in Freddy’s necklace, are growing in the waters of lakes, ponds, and rivers.”

14. So many kinds of seeds had already been obtained, that Mr. Agnew induced the trustees to put up quite a large show-case for them, with glass doors, against the wall in the school-room, on one side of the teacher’s desk. Here the seeds could be seen every day. At times they were taken out and examined by the pupils ; and they often formed the subjects of the familiar “talks” on Wednesday afternoons.

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Fourth Series*, p. 137.]—1. <sup>1</sup>What useful work *did* the pupils *begin*?—2. <sup>1</sup>All through the summer the children *gathered* flower seeds.—3. They *gathered* <sup>1</sup>the seeds of



grain, and of noxious weeds also.—4. Freddy Jones *brought* in <sup>1</sup>the seeds of the Norway spruce.—5. The teacher and the children *arranged* <sup>1</sup>all the seeds.—6. The trustees *put* up <sup>1</sup>a large show-case for the seeds.

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## PART II.—*Other Collections Begun.*

1. But the pupils did not stop with the *seed* collections. “A *Musé'um*,” said Henry Allen, “ought to contain a great many other things. Now, boys, let us see how many kinds of *wood* we can get to add to the collection,—little square pieces of wood, that will make a pretty show.”

2. “I can get some at the carpenter's shop, and some at the cooper's shop too,—and some of the hardest kinds of wood at the wagon-maker's,” said Daniel Martin.

3. “And I can get all the beautiful kinds that are used in the large furniture-shops in the city,” said Freddy Jones. “Father will send them to me, if I ask him to,—mahogany, and rosewood, and sandal-wood, and black walnut, and ash, and white-wood, and chestnut,—and many more of the handsomest kinds of wood that you ever saw.”

4. And so the boys began a collection of the different kinds of wood for the *musé'um*. But the girls, also, had been planning something new; and, after talking with the teacher, and requesting him not to say anything about it to the boys, one Saturday morning they brought in a large collection of as many different kinds of *cloths* as they could find—all in little square pieces neatly labelled.

5. It was surprising, even to them, to see how large a collection they had so soon made; and they were still more surprised, and delighted also, when the teacher had arranged the samples in their proper divisions.

6. First, under the head of *woollens*, were such articles

as broadcloths,<sup>a</sup> beavers,<sup>b</sup> cassimeres,<sup>c</sup> doeskins,<sup>d</sup> flannels, etc., and twenty or thirty other kinds of woollen cloths. Then came the *cottons*, both bleached and unbleached, and also colored. Among these were gingham,<sup>e</sup> cambrics,<sup>f</sup> muslins,<sup>g</sup> jeans,<sup>h</sup> etc.

7. Then came the *linens*; then the cloths that were made of cotton and woollen mixed. There were little pieces of *silks* also, in abundance—such as dress-goods, serges,<sup>i</sup> brocades,<sup>j</sup> foulards,<sup>k</sup> etc.,—names, and goods also, which the girls knew much more about than the boys.

8. “This is only the beginning of what I think is to be a very useful *muséum*,—one from which you can learn something about *common things*,” said the teacher.

9. “And my cousin Freddy is the founder of the *muséum*, for he began it,” said Ida Jones, pointing to the

<sup>a</sup> *Broad'cloth*, a fine kind of woollen cloth for men's garments, always exceeding twenty-nine inches in width.

<sup>b</sup> *Bēa'ver* cloth, a heavy woollen cloth, mostly used for overcoats. It is supposed, like the fur of the beaver, to afford the best protection, of all cloths, against wet and cold; hence the name.

<sup>c</sup> *Cas'si-mère*, or *ker'sey-mère*, a thin twilled woollen cloth, generally woven from the finest wool. (*Twilled* means so woven as to produce the appearance of diagonal lines, or ribs, on the surface of the cloth.)

<sup>d</sup> *Doe'skin*, a compact but soft twilled woollen cloth, supposed to resemble the skin of the doe, the female of the fallow-deer.

<sup>e</sup> *Ging'ham*, a kind of thin cotton cloth, generally checkered, the yarn of which is dyed before it is woven,—thus distinguished from printed cottons, called *prints*.

<sup>f</sup> *Cām'bric*, a fine, white, thin cloth, made of cotton or linen.

<sup>g</sup> *Mus'lin*, a thin cotton cloth of any kind. There is also a *muslin de laine* cloth (woollen muslin).

<sup>h</sup> *Jeān*, a twilled cotton cloth, either white or striped.

<sup>i</sup> *Serge*, a twilled fabric, made of silk or wool.

<sup>j</sup> *Bro-cāde'*, a silk fabric ornamented with raised work of gold, silver, or silk, in flowers and other ornaments.

<sup>k</sup> *Fou-lard'*, a thin fabric, for ladies' dresses, handkerchiefs, etc., made of silk or cotton.

famous necklace, which still hung on the wall back of the teacher's desk.

10. "Could we not form ourselves into a *society*, to make these and other collections, and arrange them, and study them?" asked Henry Allen.

11. "It is a good idea," said the teacher, "for all who will take an active interest in these collections, to form themselves into a society, so that the care and management of the Mus<sup>e</sup>um may be intrusted to them. As some of the articles which you will collect will belong to natural history, and others to the great *industries* of life, I think it will be desirable to divide the Society into two departments,—the one, 'The Natural History Department,' and the other, 'The Industrial Art Department.'"

12. The result was, that the society was thus formed, and that *all* the pupils of the school joined it. We shall see if anything good and useful came from it.

WRITTEN EX. [See *Fourth Series*, p. 137.]—1. The pupils *made* <sup>1</sup>other collections also.—2. They *collected* <sup>1</sup>many kinds of wood for their museum.—3. They *found* <sup>1</sup>some of the hardest kinds of wood at the wagon-maker's.—4. The girls then *brought in* <sup>1</sup>different kinds of cloth, in square pieces.<sup>a</sup>—5. The very large collection *surprised* <sup>1</sup>all.—6. Then the pupils *formed* "<sup>1</sup>A Natural History and Industrial Art Society."

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## CHAPTER XXIII.—KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

### PART I.—A Society Formed.

1. When, as often happened, useful evening lectures were given in the Town Hall in the village, Mr. Agnew would advise the pupils of his school to attend them.

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<sup>a</sup> Why would not the following be a good arrangement of the written paragraph?—"Different kinds of cloth were then brought in by the girls in square pieces."—How will you improve the paragraph?

Sometimes there were lectures upon scientific subjects, —Chemistry, and Natural Philosophy, and Geology, and Botany; and sometimes on such subjects as Temperance, and the Preservation of Health.

2. Recently, a society had been formed in Lake-View for the "*Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*,"—such as had been formed in other places; and a great many people of the town had joined it.

3. Lectures and addresses on the subject were given in the village; and papers, pamphlets, and books about the treatment of animals were distributed. At one of the meetings, which some of the pupils of Mr. Agnew's school attended, and at which several of the citizens spoke, farmer Atkins, who lives on the road that leads to the Highlands, told the following story about Little Pansy and the Lark's Nest:—

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## PART II.—*Little Pansy and the Lark's Nest.*

1. "Before I came to Lake-View," he said, "I had a farm on which was a large wheat-field, not far from the house. My daughter Mary—she is quite a tall girl now, and goes to Mr. Agnew's school, but she was called '*Little Pansy*' then—*Little Pansy*, I say, when she was only four years old, would follow me out into the fields whenever she could.

2. "One day she happened to be left alone in the kitchen, her mother thinking that she was with the girl Bridget, and Bridget thinking that the child was with her mother. Soon Pansy began to feel lonely, and she thought she would go and see her papa; so, in another moment her little feet were trotting off to the wheat-field, where she could hear the hum of the reaper.

3. "When she came into the wheat-field she could see

the men, and the horses, with the reaper, going down on one side of the field, and leaving a shining row of bundles behind.

4. "Pansy tried to overtake the team; but the men and the horses went very fast; and by and by, getting tired, she sat down to rest on a sheaf of wheat, in the pleasant shade of a beech-tree. By her side the uncut grain waved back and forth in the sunlight, and it was very beautiful there.

5. "Suddenly a bird flew up out of the wheat near by, singing a rich clear song. 'Perhaps there is a nest in there,' thought Pansy; and in there she went, among the tall grain, when another bird flew up—the mother-bird—showing Pansy just where the nest was; and there were three little birdies in it.

6. "It was like a golden forest in there, for the grain was high above her head; and the waving straw murmured gently as it swayed to and fro in the wind; but it never whispered to the child a word of danger; and Pansy fell asleep, right there by the nest, in the shade of the tree. But the horses drew the reaper steadily along, straight toward the place where the little girl was sleeping, and the knives were cutting—sharp and sure.

7. "Now what do you suppose it was that made me stop the team all at once? Did I know that my little girl was in danger? No, indeed. I thought she was safely cared for at home. But I knew there was a lark's nest somewhere near there; so I called out, 'Here, Tom, come and hold the team. There is a lark's nest near the old tree yonder. I'll

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ORAL EXERCISE.—Verse 4. "Went" *how?*—"Sat" *when* and *where?*—"Waved" *where?*—"Waved" *how?*—V. 5 "Flew" *how?*—V. 6. "Murmured" *how?*—"Swayed" *how?*—"Whispered" *when?*—"Fell" *how?*—"Drew" *how?*—What are these words and phrases, that modify or explain the meaning of verbs, called?

hunt it up, and you can drive around, so as not to hurt the birds.'

8. "I always *did* love birds; and I would sooner hurt *myself*, than hurt one of *them*. Well, you can guess what I found there. My heart jumped almost out of my mouth when I saw my little darling, fast asleep, close beside the nest; and it thumped harder and harder as I thought of the danger she had been in. As I caught her up in my arms, and awoke her with my kisses, I could not help



saying, 'The birds saved her!'

9. "Then the men ran up, as much astonished as I was. There was Sam Thompson—Old Tompey, they called him; and he was a rough, drinking fellow; but I saw the tears glisten in his eyes; and his voice grew husky as I heard him say, '*God bless the little birds!*' It did me good, too, to know that there was still a tender spot in Old Tompey's bosom."

10. When Mr. Agnew's pupils learned that their school-mate, Mary Atkins, "the quiet little monitor of the cloak-room," was really the little girl whose life had been saved by her father's *love of the birds*, they were more interested than ever in the subject of the kind treatment of animals. Then Mr. Agnew told them that he would give them one Wednesday afternoon for selected readings on this *one* subject alone, and that he would ask their old school-mates, Ralph Duncan and Phil Barto, to join them.

11. "It is an *important* subject," said he. "There is



hardly anything else that so blunts the feelings, as cruelty to those poor dumb animals, that cannot speak for themselves, and that God has given into our care. He who is cruel to *them* cultivates a cruel disposition. Now let us see if you can find anything interesting on this subject to read to us."

12. How the children did search through books, pamphlets, and newspapers, for interesting stories about the treatment of animals! We shall see what success they met with. Here are some of the pieces that were read by them on the next Wednesday afternoon. First, Jennie Martin read the following:—

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#### LANGUAGE LESSONS. FIFTH SERIES.

CHANGE THE *Passive* FORM OF EXPRESSION TO THE *Active* FORM, WITHOUT CHANGING THE MEANING OF THE SENTENCE. (See *Notes*, p. 137.)

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WRITTEN EX. [*Fifth Series.*].—1. Useful lectures *were* often *given* in the Town Hall by 'some of the best men in the village.—2. A society for the "Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" *was formed* by 'them.—3. 'At one of the meetings an interesting story, about "Little Pansy and the Lark's Nest," *was told* by farmer Atkins.—4. The children *were* greatly *interested* in 'this story.

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#### PART III.—*Who Stole the Bird's Nest?*

##### THE YELLOW-BREAST'S COMPLAINT.

1. From the top of the tree  
Sung little Yellow-Breast,  
Who had lost her nest,—  
"To-whit! To-whit! To-whee!  
Will you listen to me?  
Who stole four eggs I laid,  
And the nice *nest* I made?

2. "Bobolink'! Bobolink'!  
Now what do *you*' think?  
Who stole a nest away  
From the plum-tree to-day?"
3. Then quickly came the reply  
From Bobolink:—"Not I;  
Not I; Not *I*, I say;  
That's not at all *my* way:  
I would not have you think  
So. Spink', spank', spink'."
4. "Not I," said the Cow,—"*Moo-oo!*  
Such a thing *I'd* never do.  
I gave you a wisp of hay,  
But didn't take your nest away.  
Not I," said the Cow,—"*Moo-oo!*  
Such a thing *I'd* never do."
5. "Not I," said the Dog,—"*Bow-wow!*  
*Who* did it, I do not know;  
I gave hairs the nest to make,  
But the *nest* I did not take.  
Not I," said the Dog,—"*Bow-wow!*"
6. "Not I," said the Sheep; "*O* no,  
I wouldn't treat a poor bird *so*.  
I gave the *wool* the nest to line,  
But the *nest* was none of mine.  
Baa! baa!" said the Sheep; "*O* no,  
I wouldn't treat a poor bird *so*."
7. But still Yellow-Breast  
Moans the loss of her nest:—

“To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!  
Will you listen to me?  
Who stole four eggs I laid,  
And the nice nest I made?”

8. “Coo coo!” said the Cuckoo.  
“Let *me* speak a word too.  
Who stole that pretty nest  
From little Yellow-Breast?”

9. “Caw! caw!” cried the Crow;  
“I should like to know  
What thief took away  
A bird’s nest to-day.”

10. “Cluck! cluck!” said the Hen,  
“Don’t ask *me* again!  
Why, I haven’t a chick  
Would do *such* a trick.

11. “We all gave her a feather,  
And she wove them together;  
I’d scorn to intrude  
On her and her brood.  
“Cluck! cluck!” said the Hen,  
“Don’t ask *me* again!”  
Said all the other birds,  
In the plainest of words,—

12. “Chirr-a-wirr! Chirr-a-wirr!  
We will make a great stir!  
Let us find out his name,  
And all cry, ‘*For shame!*’”

13. "*I would not rob a bird,*"  
Said little Mary Green :  
"*I think I never heard*  
*Of anything so mean.*"
14. "'Tis very *cruel, too,*"  
Said little Alice Neal :  
"*I wonder if he knew*  
*How sad the bird would feel?*"
15. A little boy hung down his head,  
And went and hid behind the bed ;  
For *he* stole that pretty nest  
From poor little Yellow-Breast ;  
And he felt so full of shame,  
He didn't like to tell his name.

*L. Maria Child.*

16. Then another little girl read a piece called "Don't Kill the Birds;" and a little boy read "The Robin's Song;" and several other good selections were read, when Ralph Duncan, who had been excused from the Factory that afternoon, closed the reading with the following:—

WRITTEN EX. [See *Fifth Series*, p. 167.]—1. A story about the Yellow-Breast's complaint *was* then read by 'a little girl.—2. The eggs of the little bird *had been stolen* by 'some one.—3. Bobolink *was asked* by 'Yellow-Breast what he thought about it.—4. Yellow-Breast *was answered* by 'the Cow, the Dog, and the Sheep.—5. She *was answered* by 'the Cuckoo, the Crow, and the Hen also.—6. Confession *was made* by 'a boy, that the nest *was stolen* by him.

#### PART IV.—*The Captive Woodchuck.*

1. A New England farmer was once very much annoyed by a woodchuck that often entered his garden in the night and ate many fine vegetables that he found there. The

farmer's two sons, Daniel and Ezekiel, succeeded, after considerable trouble, in capturing the intruder in a box trap.

2. "Now, Mr. Woodchuck," said Ezekiel, "we will fix you. You have done mischief enough. Daniel, let us take him out into the field, and open the trap, and let the dog kill him."

3. "Oh no, do not do that," said Daniel, the younger brother, who pitied the poor captive. "Let us take him to the woods, and let him go!" The boys could not agree, and so they went to see their father about it, taking the captive along with them.

4. "He ought to be killed," said Ezekiel, "but Daniel wants me to let him go."

5. "Well, boys," said the old gentleman, "as you cannot agree about it, you may argue the case before me. I will be the judge. You, Ezekiel, may first give *your* reasons for the treatment you propose; and Daniel shall be the counsel for the prisoner, and plead his cause."

Then Ezekiel opened the case against the prisoner, and he was deeply in earnest too. This is the substance of what he said:—

6. "The woodchuck is a very mischievous animal, and this one has done a great deal of harm, as we all know. If we had not caught him, he would have destroyed a great many of our vegetables, and perhaps he would have spoiled our garden. We have spent a great deal of time and labor in his capture, and if he should be suffered to live and go at large again, there is little doubt that he would begin his depredations anew, and be cunning enough to escape recapture.

7. "Besides, it would be nothing more than strict justice for the woodchuck to be punished for what evil he has already done; and that punishment should be such as will prevent him from doing evil in future. But you cannot

change his evil nature. Nothing but death, or imprisonment for life, can put a stop to his depredations; and we cannot afford to take care of him and feed him; and if we should attempt to confine him he might get away, and go back to his evil practices again.

7. "If we kill him, his skin will be of some little value to us; but it will not repay half the damage he has already done. If you let him go free, even if he should not steal from us again, he will probably steal from others: therefore the public good requires that he shall be put to death."

8. The farmer was highly pleased with this speech of his eldest son, who afterward became a lawyer, and rose to distinction in his profession.

9. It was now Daniel's turn. It was very evident that his father was influenced against the woodchuck by the earnest and able plea to which he had listened. As Daniel's large, brilliant, black eyes looked upon the soft and timid expression of the trembling animal, tears started in them; his heart was moved with pity; and his whole soul was aroused, as he appealed, with eloquent words, for the life and liberty of the captive.

10. "God," he said, "made the woodchuck. He made him to live. He made him to roam free in the fields and the woods, and to enjoy the pure air, and the bright sunshine. God did not make anything in vain,—not even the woodchuck. He made him to fill his proper place in creation; and the woodchuck has as much right to live as any other living thing.

11. "He is not a destructive animal, like the wolf, and the fox, and the tiger. He does not kill poultry; he does not take life; he does not destroy anything for mere sport; he simply eats a few common vegetables, of which we have an abundance, and can well spare a part. The food that he eats to sustain life is as sweet to him, and as necessary



to his existence, as is that, for us, which is served up on our mother's table.

12. "God furnishes *our* food. So, also, the Bible tells us, 'He giveth to the beast *his* food, and to the young ravens which cry.' Are we not also told to '*consider* the ravens, which neither have storehouse nor barn; and yet God feedeth them'? So, also, he feedeth *all* dumb animals, if man does not rob them of their just share.

13. "If God gives *us* all *we* possess, even the vegetables in our garden, shall we not spare a little, from our abundance, for this poor dumb creature, who cannot speak for himself, but is here mutely pleading for life at our hands? We have no *right* to take that life away without good cause. And *is* there a good cause?

14. "I say the woodchuck has never violated the laws of his nature, nor the laws of God, as man often does; but he strictly follows the laws of his being which he has received from the hands of the Creator of all things. Is it not quite as probable that we have taken that which God designed for the woodchuck, as that the woodchuck has taken that which God designed for us? We have taken the land where he roamed, and have cut down the trees that supplied him with nuts and acorns.

15. "Shall we, then, take it into *our* hands to punish the woodchuck—to imprison him, or put him to death—just for taking the food which God has provided for him? I say we have no *right* to deprive him of either life or liberty. Witness the mute but earnest pleading of the poor animal for that life which is so sweet to him. Oh, let us not take it away in selfish cruelty and cold heartlessness; for, if we do, we must expect a just and righteous judgment for our wanton act."

16. During this earnest plea of the younger son, the tears started in the father's eyes, and were fast running

down his sunburnt cheeks. His pity and sympathy were awakened by the touching words of compassion, and the eloquent and *earnest* appeal for mercy to the captive; and while Daniel was yet in the midst of his argument, the old man, giving way to his feelings, and forgetting that he was acting as a judge, sprang from his chair, dashed the tears from his eyes, and exclaimed, "Zeke! Zeke! you let that woodchuck go!"

17. When Ralph had taken his seat, Mr. Agnew remarked that he was glad that so good a selection, and one that told a *true* story also, had been found. "You may depend upon it, children," said he, "that the boy Daniel, who could so earnestly, and with feelings so deep and tender, plead the cause of a poor, dumb, defenceless animal, was destined, if he lived, to become a man of distinction.

18. "And now," said he, "who do you suppose this boy Daniel was? I will tell you. He afterward became known as the great lawyer and statesman, DANIEL WEBSTER, with whose name the history of our country should make all of you familiar."

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Fifth Series*, p. 167.]—1. A story about a captive woodchuck *was* <sup>1</sup>then *read* by <sup>2</sup>Ralph Duncan.—2. Many fine vegetables in a farmer's garden *had been stolen* and eaten by <sup>1</sup>this woodchuck.—3. <sup>1</sup>At <sup>2</sup>length the woodchuck *was caught* in a trap by <sup>3</sup>the farmer's two sons.—4. <sup>1</sup>"Let him *be killed* by <sup>2</sup>us," said one of them.—5. <sup>1</sup>"Let him *be set at liberty* by <sup>2</sup>us," said the other.—6. <sup>1</sup>Then they *were told*, by <sup>2</sup>their father, that the case *might be argued* by them.—7. <sup>1</sup>He said that the decision *would be given* by him.—8. The case *was* <sup>2</sup>decided by <sup>1</sup>him in favor of letting the woodchuck go free.—9. *Was not* the case *decided* fairly by the judge? (Did not the judge, etc.)—10. *Was* his reason *overcome* by his feelings?—11. *Would* the woodchuck *have been allowed* by you to go free, if he *had been caught* by you?

## CHAPTER XXIV.—FRUITLAND AGAIN.

I.—*Encouraging Prospects.*

1. We have seen that the great berry season brought a year of plenty to Fruitland. The next season, also, opened no less favorably; for the winter had been a mild one, and the strawberry vines, and the canes<sup>a</sup> of the raspberry and the blackberry, came out of the winter without injury from the cold.

2. As spring advanced, and the warm days came on, with frequent showers, the strawberry leaves seemed to grow larger and broader than usual, and to put on their deepest green; and the leaves were soon followed by such an abundance of white blossoms as had seldom been seen. All hearts were gladdened; and all over Fruitland the people were again talking of the cheering promises of a bountiful year.

3. Factoryville, too, rejoiced at the prospect of a good berry season; for not only the children, but many of their parents, also—those who did not work in any of the shops—meant to pick berries while the season lasted; for that had paid them better, the year before, than anything else that they had done.

4. Those who had saved enough of their summer's earnings to last them through the winter, and to lay up a little in the Savings-Bank besides, were now calculating how much they might add to their savings; and Tommy O'Brien said, if he did as well this year as he did the last, he would be able to buy a cow in the fall.

5. But there were some, like Joe Barney, and Jim White, who not only had no money in the Savings-Bank, but they had none in their pockets, either; and now they wanted to

<sup>a</sup> The stalks of the raspberry and the blackberry are called *canes*.

be trusted at the stores, promising to pay up as soon as the berry season had fairly begun. But only a few of the stores would trust them.

6. The strawberries ripened finely, and their abundance fully equalled that of the previous year; but when they were sent to market, the growers found the market already well supplied with Southern berries, from Norfolk, and Delaware, and Maryland; and some had come even from Charleston; and prices soon went down lower than they had been for several years.

7. All over the North, also, the strawberries were an abundant crop, for everybody could raise them; and this made them cheap in the cities, and gladdened the hearts of the poor people there, who now bought berries for a mere trifle. So the abundant crop was a good thing for the poor people of the cities.

## II.—*Low Prices, and Trouble in Fruitland.*

1. But the growers in Fruitland could get only eight cents a quart for their best berries, and sometimes only six or seven cents; and when they counted up the cost of their strawberry crates and boxes, and the charges for freight and cartage, and the commission paid to the city merchants for selling the fruit, they said they could not pay over one cent and a half a quart for picking.<sup>a</sup>

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<sup>a</sup> Mr. Nelson's first shipment of strawberries was as follows:—he sent 12 crates, each holding 48 quart baskets of berries. The crates cost him 15 cents each; the berry boxes 2 cents each; and he paid 1 cent and a half a quart for picking. The merchant paid 35 cents freight on each crate; he paid 75 cents for cartage of the 12 crates, and he sold the berries for 8 cents a quart. After taking out all the expenses, what did Mr. Nelson get for his shipment? How much per quart?

His second shipment, of same quantity, sold for 6 cents per quart. What did he get per quart for these?

2. They had begun by paying two cents a quart; but they soon put the price down to one cent and a half. Then many of the strawberry pickers began to complain; and Joe Barney said he wouldn't stand it. He said many of the strawberry growers were rich men; and if all the pickers would just strike for higher wages, and refuse to pick for less than two cents a quart, which was the old price, the growers would soon come to their terms.

3. Then Jim White said the growers ought to pay three cents a quart, just as they did last year; and it was a shame that the rich men should try to cut down wages so that the pickers couldn't make a living; and he said that *his* children shouldn't pick for *less* than two cents, anyhow. So he, and his wife, and their children, and Joe and all his large family, stopped work, although Jim and Joe were already in debt at the stores.

4. Many others joined them; and soon the strikers were a large party; and in a short time not a quarter of the pickers of Factoryville were at work, and the strawberries began to rot on the vines. But Tommy O'Brien and his wife, and their children, and a few others, kept right on; for Tommy thought it was better to work for what he could get—even for small wages—than to be idle.

5. Then the growers sent over to Mapletown, and up to the Highlands, for pickers; and quite a number of children came, and some of their parents too; and the latter said that, as they had but little to do at home at that season of the year, it was better to work for something than to earn nothing.

6. When the pickers came over from Mapletown and the Highlands, and went to picking berries along with Tommy O'Brien, at one cent and a half a quart, Jim, and Joe, and the rest of the strikers were very angry; and they tried to

persuade all the pickers to stop work, and join the party of "strikers," as they called themselves.

7. But when they could not persuade the pickers to stop, they called them all sorts of bad names; and Jim and Joe were loud in their threats against them; and then Jim and Joe and their party actually drove the pickers away from some of the fields.

### III.—*How the Troubles Ended.*

1. The pickers had a perfect right to refuse to work, if they chose to, and to try to persuade others to stop work; but they had no right to use threats or force to prevent others from working. And the growers had a perfect right to hire people to work for any price that could be agreed on between them.

2. But what did the growers do? They might have sent up to the village, and got the police to come down and arrest the leaders of the strikers, and protect those who were willing to work. But they said there was so little to be made by selling their berries at present prices, when the picking cost over one cent and a half a quart, that they cared very little whether they had them picked or not.

3. Mr. Nelson offered to let the pickers have all that the berries brought him, over and above the cost of picking and the charges;—and this was very fair indeed. But, even this, many of the pickers would not agree to.

4. So the growers held out for low wages, and the pickers for high wages, and only a few strawberries were shipped that year from Fruitland; but Tommy O'Brien and a few others were able to keep on picking at one cent and a half a quart, in spite of the hard names and threats of the strikers.

5. When at length the strikers saw the strawberries rot-



ting on the vines, the picking season almost over, and they and their families were beginning to be in want of bread, and no more credit was to be had at the stores,—and when they found that Tommy O'Brien and his family had earned more than forty dollars by keeping right on and picking for one cent and a half a quart,—they were very angry at Joe Barney and Jim White, and were very sorry that they had been persuaded by them to hold out for higher wages.

6. Joe and Jim were now very badly off; for they were in debt at the stores, and could get credit no longer; they had acted foolishly, and they were bitterly hated by many of their own people for having deceived them.

7. There was also much reason to believe that many of the strawberry growers, finding the price of berries so low, and having had so much trouble in getting pickers, would now plough up their fields, and give up the business of strawberry growing. This result was very much feared, as it would be a great loss to the people of Factoryville.

8. We are glad to be able to say that, when the raspberry picking came on, Joe and Jim and their families were very glad to go to work at the fair prices which the growers offered, which were the same as those of the previous year. With raspberries at twenty cents a quart in the cities, the growers could well afford to pay two cents a quart for picking; and a good picker could earn good wages.

9. Then came the blackberries, which did well for both growers and pickers; and when the fruit season was over, the strikers were not so badly off as they had had good reason to fear that they should be. Before the next season opened, Uncle Philip persuaded the growers and pickers to hold a meeting, at which it was agreed that, whenever any dispute

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ORAL EXERCISE.—V. 6. "Were" *when?*—How "badly"?—"Could get" *when?*—"Had acted" *how?*—"Were hated" *how?*—V. 7. "Was feared" *how?*—What are the *modifying* words called?

arose between the two parties, a committee of three good men should be chosen, who should decide the matter.

Never, since then, has there been a "strike" in Fruitland, and all difficulties about wages have been amicably settled by ARBITRATION.

WRITTEN EX. [See *Fifth Series*, p. 167.]—I. 1. Strawberries for market *were grown* by <sup>1</sup>the farmers of Fruitland.—2. An abundant harvest *was indicated* by <sup>1</sup>the wonderful growth of berries.—3. The hearts of the people of Factoryville *were gladdened* by <sup>1</sup>the fine prospect.

II. 4. <sup>1</sup>But the pleasant prospect *was soon changed* by <sup>2</sup>the low prices which *were obtained* by the farmers.—5. <sup>1</sup>Then low prices for picking *were paid* by <sup>2</sup>the farmers.—6. <sup>1</sup>Then complaints *were made* by <sup>2</sup>the pickers, and much trouble *was caused* by some of them.

III. 7. <sup>1</sup>But good prices for their blackberries and raspberries *were obtained* by <sup>2</sup>the farmers.—8. <sup>1</sup>Then good prices for picking berries *were received* by <sup>2</sup>the pickers.—9. Good times *were* <sup>1</sup>again enjoyed by <sup>2</sup>the Factoryville people.

## CHAPTER XXV.—MORE ABOUT THE MUSEUM.

### I.—*The Teacher's Methods.*

1. The "Lake-View Musé'um," at Mr. Agnew's school, had grown very much since we last spoke of it. The department of seeds, embracing both native and foreign kinds, had been greatly enlarged; from week to week the *textile fabrics* were increasing in number and variety; and Mr. Agnew said, if many more kinds of *wood* were added to the Musé'um, although they were all in little square pieces, a separate room would soon be needed to contain them.

2. When anything new was brought in, Mr. Agnew would put it in his desk; and the next morning, imme-

diately after the opening of the school, he would take it out, talk about it a few minutes, explain its properties, and then put it away in its proper place in the Musé'um. These morning talks of the teacher were listened to with much interest by his youthful audience, for they opened up a wide range of useful knowledge, of which, hitherto, these young people had little dreamed.

3. "It is time for us to begin to build up one or two more departments in the Musé'um," said Mr. Agnew to his pupils, one day. "You have begun the study of *Botany* by collecting the *seeds* of plants, and the *wood* of different kinds of trees."

"What does *botany* mean?" asked one of the younger pupils.

4. "It means," replied Mr. Agnew, "a knowledge of *plants*—*all* kinds of plants, great and small,—'from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall.'"

"Botany, then, was one of the studies of King *Solomon*," said Minnie Allen.

5. "You can read about Solomon's great wisdom, and his natural history studies, in the fourth chapter of the first book of Kings," said Mr. Agnew. "You will there see how fond he must have been of just such studies as those we are pursuing."

6. "You can collect plants when they are in bloom, and press them between old newspapers until the plants are dry, and then they will retain their pressed forms, and, many of them, their colors also. Then you can fasten them on white paper, and label them if you know their names; and thus, in a little time, you can get a fine collection of labelled plants for the Musé'um. Such collections are called *herbariums*."

7. "But how shall we learn their names?" asked Ida Jones.

"You can ask people who *know* their names,—and I can give you the names of many of them," he replied; "and in that way you can get the common names, at least, of nearly all the plants that you can find around Lake-View. That is a good way to *begin* the study of plants. After that, if you have the time, you can take up their regular study by the aid of a book on botany, and learn to find the botanical names and the properties of plants, from the descriptions in the book."

8. "Would it not be better for us to wait until we can take up the *regular* study of botany, and then study it *thoroughly*?" asked Henry Allen, one of the older pupils.

9. "If you wait for *that*, many of you will never take up the study at all," Mr. Agnew replied. "It is better to gather all the knowledge you can, from day to day, not merely from printed books, but from the woods, the meadows, the hills, the valleys, the brooks, and the way-side,—the ever open book of Nature. This great book is full of instruction; and it would be a great pity for you to neglect entirely the study of plants, or any other subject which this book is adapted to teach, because you cannot study the subject *thoroughly*, at once."

## II.—How the Museum Grew.—Carl Hoffmann Again.

1. After this talk the children began to collect plants, and to press them, and preserve them for their Museum. They were surprised to find that Carl Hoffmann knew much more about plants than *they* did, and that he could tell where a great many different kinds of plants grew, for he had searched all over the mountains, and in the ravines

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ORAL EXERCISE.—V. 9. "Will take" *when*?—"To gather" *when*?—*When* "open"?—"To neglect" *how*?—"Can study" *how*? ("Not thoroughly.")—*When*?

and valleys, for roots which he could sell. Tony, the miller's son, often went with him on these excursions; and *he* knew much more about wild flowers, and roots, than Eddie Wilmot and Willie Hardy did.

2. After the pupils had been engaged, for some time, in the gathering and preservation of plants, Mr. Agnew brought in, one day, a plain little box,—a “cabinet of minerals,” he called it,—which he said the trustees had bought for only five dollars for the use of the school.

3. When Mr. Agnew opened the Cabinet, five shelves were seen in it, and on each shelf were twenty pieces or bits of rock, each about an inch and a half square, making a hundred pieces in all. Most of the children were surprised to see nothing but *pieces of stone*, such as they thought they could pick up any day on a hilly road-side, or along Rocky Glen.

4. But when he explained to them that these five shelves, with the bits of rock on them, were designed to represent the order in which the five great divisions of the rocks in the earth were originally formed, one above the other, and also to show the different *kinds* of rocks, they began to see that the “Cabinet of Minerals” *meant* something.

5. In explaining his object in getting this Cabinet, Mr. Agnew remarked that in the study of Geography, as they well knew, they learned about the *surface* of the earth—the *outside*; and that *Botany* is a part of this study; but that there is, also, very much to be learned about the *inside*—the interior of the earth; and that this latter study is called *Geology*.

6. “From the *inside* of the earth,” said he, “we get the *iron* for our tools and machinery; the *sand* that we make glass of; the *clay* for our bricks, and pottery, and all our china ware; the beautiful white *marble* that is sometimes carved into human forms; the *stone* that we build with;

the *slates* that we use in school, and for roofing houses; and the *gold*, *silver*, and *copper*, that we use for money and for many other purposes."

7. Then Mr. Agnew told them that they might begin to collect *specimens* of rocks and minerals for the Museum, and that he would label them, and that he would have five long shelves put up, on which he would arrange, in their proper order, the different kinds which they might bring to him. "When you are out gathering plants, you can collect specimens of rocks also," said Mr. Agnew.

8. "That is what Carl Hoffmann does," said Willie Hardy. "When he is gathering roots he takes a hammer with him, and breaks off bits of stone, which he carries home."

"And Mr. Raymond tells him the names of them," said Lulu.

9. "And some of the pieces which he breaks out of the rocks look like great bugs, all turned to stone," said Minnie Allen.

"They are what are called tri'lobites, I suppose, which he finds up in some of the mountain glens," said Mr. Agnew.

10. "I move," said Freddy Jones, "that Carl be invited to join our society."

There was a general clapping of hands when Freddy said this, for all liked good-natured Carl, who was always ready to do anybody a favor.

11. The teacher said he would put Freddy's motion to a vote. All voted for it. And so Carl Hoffmann was soon after informed that he had been unanimously elected a member of the "Lake-View Natural History and Industrial Art Society."

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Fifth Series*, p. 167.]—I. 1. The "Lake-View Museum" had already been greatly enlarged by the



pupils.—2. Some of the departments *had been almost filled* by <sup>1</sup>them.—3. The children *were taught*, by <sup>1</sup>Mr. Agnew, a great deal about plants.—4. They *were told*, by <sup>1</sup>him, that an extensive knowledge of plants *was possessed* by King Solomon.

II. 5. A great many plants *were gathered and preserved* by <sup>1</sup>the pupils.—6. Plants *were also collected* by <sup>1</sup>Carl Hoffmann.—7. Excursions for plants *were often made* by <sup>1</sup>him and Tony.—8. A “Cabinet of Minerals” *was given* to the school, by <sup>1</sup>the trustees.—9. The use of the cabinet *was explained* by <sup>1</sup>the teacher.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.—A GOOD WORK BEGUN.

### PART I.—*Condition of Things at Lake-View.—Carl and his Mother.*

1. Uncle Philip, and Mr. Wilmot, and Colonel Hardy, and Dr. Allen, who were the principal owners of the cotton and woollen factories of Lake-View, had done what they could, in the way of placing good temperance books in the factory library, and by frequent talks with the operatives, to instil into their minds good temperance principles.

2. They had accomplished something with their own work-people; but the owners of the Potteries, the Forges, and the Glass-Works, and the various machine-shops, had hitherto shown but little interest in the subject of temperance; and with scarce an opposing word of warning or remonstrance the low groggeries all along the river were carrying on their baleful work, right in the midst of an intelligent and Christian people.

3. Within the recollection of those who had not yet grown up to manhood, many heads of families, among the operatives in the establishments that lined the river, had gone down to drunkards' graves; and wretchedness, and

want, and suffering, and crime, were well known—and admitted by the operatives themselves—to be the every-day evils that follow in the train of intemperance.

4. It is no wonder that the sensible Mrs. Hoffmann, after her sad experience with a drunken husband, had so closely watched her boy Carl, and had so constantly, and so earnestly, sought to impress upon him the importance of the strictest temperance habits.

5. Neither ale nor cider would she keep in the house, nor would she allow her boy to taste either of them. She would say to him, "Carl, if any one asks you to take a glass of wine, or any other liquor, don't touch a drop of it. The danger is in getting a *taste* for it—of getting to be *fond* of it; for by-and-by you would want brandy, or whiskey, and then you would go just as your father did."

6. "Mother," he would say to her, "you need not be afraid of *me*. I never *did* taste any liquor, and I'm never going to."

One day he told her that when he was over to Dr. Barto's, Phil Barto had offered him a glass of wine.

7. "Why, Carl!" she exclaimed, lifting up her hands in horror at the thought of it. "But you did not taste it, Carl?"

"O no, mother. I thanked him; but I told him I had promised mother I never would taste wine."

"That's a good boy, Carl. You'll do what's right if you follow your mother's counsel."

8. Then Carl went on to say, "When I told Phil that, he said, 'O, you are a cold-water boy.' 'Yes,' I said, 'and if I remain so I shall never be a drunkard.' Mrs. Barto overheard us, and she came out, and said, 'That is right, Carl. I am glad to hear you say so.'"

9. "Dr. Barto is a good man," said Mrs. Hoffmann; "but I never *shall* forget one thing of him,—and I don't feel as

if I ever *could* forgive him," said the good woman, as she wiped away the tears that started in her eyes.

"Why, mother, what is it?" Carl asked.

10. "When your dear father was just getting up from the fever," she replied, "it was the Doctor who told him he must take some wine bitters before every meal, to strengthen him. That's the way he got a taste for liquor; and I always thought that if it had not been for the Doctor's bitters your father never would have been a drunkard, and we should all of us have been living in our own nice home in the village, to this day."

11. "Well, mother, we can't help it now," said Carl, as he saw the tears starting afresh. "But *I* will never drink—I will never take wine bitters; and if I live *I* can take care of you. Do you know, mother," he asked, "that they are going to have a temperance meeting in the village?"

12. "And much need of it there is, too," she replied. "Only think of the drinking places all along the river, and how many of the men who work in the shops spend a great part of their earnings for liquor, while their families are ragged and half starving in their miserable shanties at home! Oh, it is terrible!—and I've been through it all, Carl."

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Fifth Series*, p. 167.]—1. Something *had* already *been accomplished*, by <sup>1</sup>the managers of the factories, toward instilling good temperance principles into the minds of the operatives.—2. <sup>1</sup>Yet but little interest in the subject of temperance *had* thus far *been shown* by <sup>2</sup>the people.—3. <sup>1</sup>Carl Hoffmann *had been told*, by his mother, all about the evils of intemperance. (Carl Hoffmann's mother had told him . . .)

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## II.—*What was done.*

1. There *was* a temperance meeting. It was held in the Town Hall, and a great many of the work-people were

there; and a gentleman from abroad came, and made a great speech; and Mr. Raymond, and Mr. Agnew, and Uncle Philip, and Dr. Allen made short speeches, and a temperance society was formed.

2. It was Uncle Philip who drew up the constitution of the society, which contained the following declaration of principles:—"We, the undersigned, realizing that the evil of Intemperance is one of enormous magnitude, and that it is the fruitful source of poverty, wretchedness, and crime, do hereby declare our determination to totally abstain from the use of any and all intoxicating drinks as a beverage."

3. "I think *I* can live up to that," Carl whispered to Phil Barto, who was sitting near him; and when Uncle Philip called upon the people to come up and sign the paper, and no one started, and then Carl went forward and said, "I will sign it, if you please, sir," there was a great clapping of hands; for all the people knew Carl, and they knew that his father had once been the foreman of the Glass-Works, and that he had taken to drinking, and had lost his property, and had died a drunkard.

4. When Tommy O'Brien saw Carl go forward, and heard him offer to sign the paper, he jumped up and shouted, "Bravo! bravo! three cheers for Carl!" Three rousing cheers were given; for those hard-working men, with hard hands and bronzed faces, had tender hearts when you could reach them; and, though many of them loved liquor, and had not the courage to sign the paper and live up to its principles, they could not help admiring Carl for his brave act. Even Joe Barney and Jim White joined heartily in the cheers, although they could not be persuaded to take the good stand "just now," as they said.

5. When Carl went back to his seat, his mother was crying for joy; and when she caught him in her arms, and kissed him, the people cheered again. A great many of the

workmen in the Factories, and the Forges, and the Glass-Works, signed Uncle Philip's paper, but Carl's name was first on the list.

6. Mr. Downing (Tom Downing's father), who was under the influence of liquor, looked very glum, and knit his shaggy eyebrows, and kept talking to himself about "independence," and repeating, "You needn't come to *me* with your paper," and, "You can't get Dr. Barto to sign it," and, "I'm not going to sign away *my* liberty." "But I believe in *temperance*," said he.

7. Carl tried hard to get Phil to go up and sign the paper; but Phil said, "Father thinks it is good to take a little wine sometimes, and he lets me have it. I am not afraid of it."

8. Carl replied, "I *am* afraid of it, and I am not ashamed to own it. I am afraid, if I begin to take a little of it, I shall do just as father did. And mother says she would rather have me die now, than grow up and be a drunkard."

9. Such was the beginning of the temperance work in Lake-View. It was but little that had been accomplished at that first meeting; but it was *something*.

WRITTEN EX. [See *Fifth Series*, p. 167.]—1. A temperance meeting *was held* in the village by <sup>1</sup>the good people of Lake-View.—2. <sup>1</sup>When a temperance society *was formed* by <sup>2</sup>them, by whom *was* the temperance pledge first *signed*?—3. It was Carl Hoffmann who did it; and then three rousing cheers *were given* him by the hard-working men who were present.

## CHAPTER XXVII.—BERTIE BROWN AGAIN.

### I. *Introductory.*

1. For some time after Mr. Brown's family had moved to Kansas, their Lake-View friends frequently heard from

them. A Mr. Ducklow, who lives a little out of the village, on the road to the Highlands, while on a visit to Kansas, met Mr. Brown, and learned from him that he had a hard struggle at first, as nearly all Western pioneers have, but that his prospects were then brightening a little.

2. For a while Ralph Duncan and Bertie had kept up a brisk correspondence; but for the past year or two their letters had been less frequent. One Saturday evening, however, when the young people were assembled, as usual, at Wilmot Hall, and Uncle Philip, and Mr. Raymond, and Mr. Agnew, were also there, Ralph came in rather late, and, holding up a letter, he exclaimed, in an excited manner, "Bertie Brown! Here is a letter from Bertie!"

3. All the young people pressed around Ralph, eager to hear the news, when Mrs. Wilmot remarked that perhaps Ralph would read the letter aloud, so that all could hear it.

"That is what I wish to do," said Ralph. So, when all were seated, Ralph read the following letter:

*Bertie Brown's Kansas Letter.*

LITTLE BEND, KANSAS, NOV. 28th, 18—.

My DEAR RALPH,—

1. It is more than a year since I wrote to you; and that, you know, was just after the "hoppers" had come down upon us in such swarms, and had eaten up all the grass, and the corn, and all the green things except the pumpkins, and the few early potatoes we had, the tops of which were already dead.

2. But there have been no "hoppers" near us this year, and we have had grass, and corn, and wheat in abundance, and some to sell; and so father has built the house which he wanted to build a year ago; and the crib is full of corn, and the barn is full of hay and wheat, and we have enough



to eat, and have a great pile of wood for the winter, and we are all well, and just as happy as we can be.

3. But I must tell you what a time we had last winter, for you know nothing about *hard times*, in Lake-View. You may guess that father, and mother, and Bob, and Tom, and I, all felt a little homesick after the "hoppers" had eaten up almost all our summer crops; but we got along pretty well until winter set in; although Bob and I did not like the idea of spending another winter in that old "dug-out" of a house, almost under ground; but mother said, "It's a good warm place, and better than a shanty out on the bleak prairie."

## II. *Father away from Home.*

4. After father had sowed his wheat in the fall, he went down to Clifton, about twenty miles away, to get work. The week before Christmas our wood-pile was nearly all gone; we had no potatoes left, and nothing in the house to eat except a little corn meal, and some dried pumpkin, and the little milk that old Bess gave, which was less than a quart a day; for she had nothing to live on out in that cold shed of a barn, except coarse prairie hay and water. It would be Christmas on Saturday; and, the Tuesday before, it grew very cold, and on Tuesday night the snow fell almost two feet deep.

5. Unless there is a big rousing fire, it is not very pleasant in a dug-out in the winter; and we were afraid the wood-pile would not last till father got back, and that we should have nothing to eat. But mother was still cheerful. When she had scraped the meal clean out of the barrel, and made the last of it into johnny-cake, she said, "I dare say your father will come before the pumpkin is all gone." "And isn't it lucky, mother, that the 'hoppers' don't like

pumpkins?" said my brother Bob, trying to be cheerful, like mother. "Mother," said he, "bake some pumpkin for supper; I believe I like it best baked."

6. That evening we ate the last johnny-cake, and the last potato; and Bob and I gave all our milk to Tom and Johnny and Lizzie; for Lizzie and Johnny were little more than babies, and my oldest brother, Tom, had not been strong since he broke his leg at the raising. Tom tried to have mother take some of his portion of the milk; but she would not. Nobody complained—not a word—for we thought it would make mother feel bad.

7. I could not help wishing that we were all back at Lake-View. As that was out of the question, I wanted to do something to help father and mother; but I did not see what I could do. The neighbors were a long way off, and about as poor as we were,—all but old Mother Crispy; and she was too cross and too stingy to live. No use to go near *her*.

8. The next morning—and that was Wednesday—when I was crouching down before the fire to get my fingers warm, mother said to me, "Bertie, I think somebody ought to go over and see if Mother Crispy needs anything this cold weather. Who knows but that she may be freezing or starving over there, all alone?"

9. I never liked to go to Mother Crispy's, she was so cross; but I only said, "How can I go, mother, with no boots but these?"—and I held up my right foot. There was a strip of red flannel tied round the boot, to keep the sole from flopping back every time I stepped, and to cover a big hole that let the snow in.

But mother said, "You might wear Tom's best one, perhaps. May he, Tom?"

10. "Certainly," said Tom, without raising his head or looking at me;—for Tom could not help being gloomy,

because he was sick ; and I guess pumpkin did not agree with him ; but he did not like to have us take any notice of it : so we did not.

### III.—A Visit to Mother Crispy.

[Pupils may write an Exercise after each division of the chapter.]

11. I pulled on one of Tom's best boots, and started. Mother Crispy lived about half a mile away, and off the road too ; so I had to make my own path, and the snow was pretty deep.

12. As I got near the house I saw a smoke from the chimney, and I knew Mother Crispy was all right. You see, it was not as if she had been poor, for she was the richest one for miles around ; only everybody said she was too stingy to keep herself alive.

13. She cut her own wood, and carried her own grain to mill, and there was nothing for her to be afraid of ; only, mother thought, as she lived there all alone, so far from neighbors, she might fall sick, or be hurt, and nobody know it till she suffered. Mother used to go and see her in pleasant weather ; and, somehow, mother did not seem to think her a bad sort of woman. But, then, mother always thinks better of folks than they deserve.

14. As I broke a path up to the door, there was Mother Crispy, in the shed, chopping wood, with an old black hood pulled down over her shaggy eyebrows, and a night-cap ruffle, and kind of yellow gray hair sticking out under the edge of it, round her red, bony face, redder than ever in the cold. She had on an old red jacket, and her short striped petticoat came down just below the tops of a man's pair of boots.

15. She looked more like a witch of Endor than a woman, as you will see by the sketch that I send you.

(You know that I learned to draw at Mr. Agnew's school.) But I went right up to her, and took off my hat, and said, "Good morning," as politely as you please.



"Well! what do you want of *me*? I s'pose you're all out of breadstuff!" she began, in her usual, growling manner.

16. "I did not say we were all out, ma'am!" I interrupted her; though I knew that was not polite. I had to speak pretty loud and fast, or she would not have stopped to listen to me. "I came because mother thought you might need somebody to cut wood, or something, now that the snow is so deep."

17. She looked sharply at me, from beneath her shaggy eyebrows; then, laying down her axe, she snarled out,

"Come in, will ye?" So I went in, and sat down by the fire.

18. I cannot tell you all the hard words Mother Crispy said to me; but she was more insulting than ever; and I felt angry, and wanted to answer her back; but I knew that would make mother feel bad, and so I just kept down my temper, and, as soon as I could, took rather a hasty leave, and started for home.

19. On the way, as I climbed a fence, I saw some feathers sticking out of the snow; and, jumping down, I pulled out a quail that was frozen stiff! "That's for Tom's dinner!" said I. Digging down into the snow—"Here's for Liz-zie!" I said, as I pulled out another. And then I dug the snow in the corner of the fence all over, and found seven in all!

20. "A dinner fit for a king!" I shouted. I found a bit of string in my pocket, and tied the quails all together, and slung them over my shoulder. Did not mother's eyes shine, though, as I marched in with that string of quails? We had a grand dinner that day; and Tom said, "That was a dinner as *was* a dinner." Of course, we had to go back to pumpkin next day.

#### IV.—*Snowed In!*

21. Thursday morning mother said, "It looks like more snow. I hope father will get here before it snows again." She was a little pale that morning—poor mother!—though she spoke just as cheerfully as ever. I knew, and Bob knew, that the pumpkin would not last till Christmas Eve, which would be Friday night; but nobody said anything about it.

22. It began to snow before sundown. I had cut up the last sticks of wood, and they were piled up inside of the fireplace. We had a stove in front of the fireplace, and

the pipe ran into the rude stone chimney. In the daytime there was but one room in the dug-out; but at night a curtain was drawn across one end, so as to divide off a corner that we called mother's bedroom.

23. When I awoke next morning—and this, you see, was Friday—no light came into the little window; and I could only just see where the window was; but I knew it was morning, because I had just heard the clock strike eight.

24. I called to mother, and she answered, "Yes, Bertie, I am awake."—"We are snowed in, I guess, mother."—"It looks like it," she said. "Build the fire, and I will come out directly."

25. When I had built the fire, I opened the door; but a bank of snow was all there was to be seen. I guess I turned white. I know I shook, as people do with the ague. Only ten little sticks of wood left! half a candle for light! and hardly enough pumpkin for two meals! And we were *snowed in*!

26. When mother came out she was paler than yesterday, but calm and brave as ever. "I think father will come to-day," she said. She lighted our piece of candle, and then warmed the pumpkin. It was all cooked now.

27. After breakfast she read the Bible longer than usual—those psalms—"The Lord is my shepherd,"—and, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help"—and something else, I believe, but I cannot remember what.

28. After prayers, Bob and I washed the dishes, as we often did; and then mother put out the light; for she said she could sit in the dark just as well.

29. She told us a great many stories that day; and Bob told jokes and riddles, and helped ever so much to keep Johnny and Lizzie amused, although he knew how bad



things were, just as well as I did. But, somehow, my heart was like a lump of lead; and Tom kept his face hidden most of the time when there was a light; but when he *did* show it, he looked as if his last day had come. But, then, Tom was sick, and I was well. Poor Bess lowed for food and water; but we could not help her.

30. We lighted the candle again at dinner. We did not have very good appetites; and, though mother pretended to eat, she scarcely tasted anything. So there was pumpkin enough left for Lizzie's supper.

V.—*A Sad Beginning of Christmas Eve.*

31. And now it was Friday night—Christmas Eve; but nobody said anything about hanging up stockings; and none but Lizzie could have any supper.

32. "Christmas will bring father, I am sure," said mother, after Lizzie had been put into her little bed. "And now, had not my little Johnny better be undressed? Morning will seem to come sooner if he shuts his eyes early."

33. "Johnny wants supper first," said he.

"The pumpkin is all gone," said mother. "But if Johnny is a brave boy, I think God will send him some breakfast."

34. "Does he know the pumpkin is all gone?" said Johnny, with a quivering lip.

"Yes; I told him. He will take care that we have some breakfast. I asked him to," said mother, cheerfully and confidently. I wondered if she really felt so sure. I did not.

35. "But the snow is all up over the door, so that nobody can get in," sobbed Johnny.

"God can find a man who can shovel away the snow. I guess he will send papa home to do it," mother said.

36. "I'm awful hungry!" said Johnny, mournfully.

"Mamma," said he, "does God hear when you scrape the bottom of the meal-barrel?"

37. "Yes, child, God hears everything." Then, in a quick, glad tone, Johnny said, "Oh! I shouldn't wonder if he sent some bread! Ma, did you ask him for pumpkin', or for bread?"

"For bread, dear. I think it will be bread."

38. "Oh! then I'll go to bed quick." Then Johnny let mother undress him and put him to bed; and when his head was on the pillow he pressed his eyelids close together and tried to sleep, that morning might come sooner. But he had to speak once more: "Butter on it! Did you ask for butter on it, mamma?"

39. "I asked for some meat. A piece of meat would be good with bread. Would it not, Johnny?"

"Yes; but I'd have asked for butter too," said Johnny; and then he laid himself quietly down again.

40. Then we all got ready to go to bed early, before the room got cold,—mother all the time trying to cheer us with pleasant hopes of to-morrow; but when Tom spoke out bitterly, with a sound almost like a sob, "Mother, how *can* you be so brave and quiet?" mother only replied, "Go to your bed with a quiet heart, as I shall go to mine. There is a good Christmas in store for us yet."

## VI.—*A Strange Visitor!*

41. So we went to bed. But I did not go to sleep; and I guess mother and Bob did not. I heard the clock strike eight. Soon after, there was a sound on the roof. We started up to listen. Yes, there was some one there! "It's father!" was our glad cry. We were out of bed in an instant, and beside the old chimney, which was the only outlet for our voices. Mother lighted the bit of candle.

42. "Father! father! are you there?" we called. But

there was no answer. Instead, there was a queer sound, as of something rubbing down the chimney.

"Santa Claus for certain!" said I.

43. Well, it seemed as if it was. First, a long narrow bag, covered with soot and ashes, bounded out on the floor; but before we could pick it up another followed, and then another. Then came a shapeless package, with a bone sticking out, which Bob caught at, crying out joyfully, "Dried beef! Hurrah!"

44. We kept calling, "Father! Why don't you speak, father?" But no answer came. We were sure it was he; and we welcomed, with shouts of laughter, the bundles that came tumbling down. There were a few potatoes, a few turnips, a little package of tea,—and then the shower of good things was over.

45. There was no voice yet; and when we heard the sound of retiring footsteps we stood looking at each other in wonder and amazement.

"It is not father, after all!" said mother. "He never would have gone off so, without speaking a word."

46. Don't you think, Ralph, we fell to eating with a keen relish? Slices of brown bread and beef disappeared rapidly. Johnny was wakened, to have his share; and we would have waked Lizzie, too,—but mother said, "No."

47. "Too bad, mother," said I. "The last spark of fire is out, or you should have a cup of tea."

"Never mind," said she. "We shall have wood tomorrow. Father will come. How thankful are we all for this supply! Who could have brought it?"

48. But it was very cold, and soon we were in bed again, just as the last bit of candle went out. But joy and wonder kept me long awake. Could there really be a Santa Claus? I, a big boy, could hardly help believing it; for we had not a neighbor, that I could think of, who

was rich enough to give us such a Christmas present. I fell asleep, and dreamed about the mystery.

VII.—*Father's Return.*—*The Mystery Solved.*

49. Father came early next day. And only think, Ralph, father found the rack full of hay for old Bess! And there was a pail of water in the manger, too!

50. But who do you think was the Santa Claus that put those things down our chimney last Christmas Eve? Mother found out, last summer, that it was really Mother Crispy herself! I never should have thought it! I shall never feel like being angry at her again, even if she is rough and cross. I guess that beneath that old black hood, and under that red jacket, there is a pretty good heart after all. It must be, as Uncle Philip would say, that she is "a diamond in the rough."

51. Write to me, dear Ralph, and let me know all about the people of Lake-View; and give my love to Willie, and Eddie, and Lulu, and Minnie, and all the rest of the boys and girls; and tell them that we are going to have a school at the Corners, only a mile from our house.

Your friend,

BERTIE BROWN.

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LANGUAGE LESSONS. SIXTH SERIES.

1st.—WRITE ALL PARAGRAPHS IN SUCH Past TIME AS IS MOST SUITABLE.

*Remark 1.*—Verbs that are to be changed are in *italics*. They may be written in either the Active or the Passive form; and in simple past time, as, I *loved*, or *was loved*;—in present perfect, as, I *have loved*, or *have been loved*;—or in past perfect, as, I *had loved*, or *had been loved*.

2d.—WRITE ALL NOUNS AND PRONOUNS IN THE PLURAL, WHEN THEY ARE MARKED WITH THE FIGURE <sup>2</sup>, AND MAKE WHATEVER

CHANGES IN OTHER WORDS ARE NEEDED TO CONFORM TO THESE PLURALS.

*Remark 2.*—The pupil will find that “a” and “an” must often be omitted; and that they must sometimes be changed to *all* or *some*;—“can” sometimes changed to *did* or *could*; “one” to *some*; “no one” to *none*; “every” to *all*, or *all the*; “little” to *few*; and “another” to *other*, or *others*, etc., so as to harmonize with plural forms of expression. (See Rules for plurals, etc., pp. 37 and 80.)

WRITTEN EX. [*Sixth Series.*]  
I. 1. A Mr. Ducklow goes to Kansas, and brings back news about some family<sup>2</sup> that lives there.—2. He hears about Mr. Brown, and tells all he knows about him.—3. Ralph Duncan receives a letter from Bertie, and reads it at the Saturday evening meeting.

II. 4. Bertie’s letter tells a story<sup>2</sup> of suffering<sup>2</sup> and hardship<sup>2</sup>.—5. We learn that the “dug-out”<sup>2</sup> of that<sup>2</sup> day<sup>2</sup> was a queer house<sup>2</sup>, but that it<sup>2</sup> was better than a shanty<sup>2</sup> on the bleak prairie<sup>2</sup>.

III. 6. When Bertie goes to see Mother Crispy, he finds her chopping wood.—7. She wears a red jacket, a man’s<sup>2</sup> boots, and a ruffle<sup>2</sup> on the edge<sup>2</sup> of her cap.—8. She speaks harshly to him; and he thinks she is a very cross and stingy woman.

IV. 9. We see that a heavy snow-storm<sup>2</sup> on the prairie<sup>2</sup> is not a pleasant thing<sup>2</sup> for a family<sup>2</sup> that lives in a “dug-out”<sup>2</sup>, and that has nothing but potato<sup>2</sup> and pumpkin<sup>2</sup> to eat.—10. When the pumpkin<sup>2</sup> is all gone, and there is no more potato<sup>2</sup>, and a snow-drift<sup>2</sup> covers the rude shanty<sup>2</sup>, what can such a family<sup>2</sup> do?

V. 11. No stocking<sup>2</sup> is hung up on that Christmas eve, for a Christmas present<sup>2</sup>; no candle<sup>2</sup> lights up the gloom; there is no supper for a hungry child<sup>2</sup>; and no bright hope<sup>2</sup> welcomes the morrow.

VI. 12. In the darkness a sound<sup>2</sup> is heard on the roof, but there is no voice<sup>2</sup>, nor is there any answer<sup>2</sup> to the call<sup>2</sup> that is made.—13. A little package<sup>2</sup> of good things is thrown down the chimney; then comes a large bundle<sup>2</sup> of them.—14. But no one<sup>2</sup> knows where the supply<sup>2</sup> comes from.

VII. 15. The next day Mr. Brown comes home; and when the mystery<sup>2</sup> of that night is solved it is found that Mother Crispy is the friend who had been so kind to the suffering family.—16. Bertie thinks that Mother Crispy must be “a diamond in the rough.”

## CHAPTER XXVIII.—AFTER THE READING OF BERTIE'S LETTER.

1. When Ralph had finished reading Bertie's letter, Willie said, "Was not Mother Crispy good, though, even if she did look like a witch, and was cross sometimes!"

2. "Are you not glad," said Eddie, "that Mr. Brown had good crops last summer?"

"They will have enough to eat now," said Nellie Hardy.

3. "And do you not think," asked Minnie, "that Mrs. Brown had great faith, to believe they would be provided for when the pumpkin was all gone, and there was only a bit of candle in the house, and no wood to make a fire?"

4. This led Uncle Philip to say, "I will tell you a story about faith in God's promises; and when I have finished, the children may tell me, if they can, if they have ever read anything like it before." Then he began, as follows:—

I.—*Uncle Philip's Story.*

1. There was once a bad king in a country of the East; and after he had done a great many evil things, he did one thing still more wicked; for he left the worship of the true God, and became an idolater.

2. When a good man went to him, and talked to him about his sins, the king gave no heed to his words. Then the good man told the king that the Lord would show his power over the false priests, and over the false gods that the king worshipped; and that there should be neither dew nor rain in the land until the Lord, the true God, should command it.

3. Then the good man, fearing the king's wrath, fled from him into a wild country, where he dwelt many days, drinking water from the brook, and eating the morsels of



bread and flesh which the ravens brought there every morning and evening, as they returned from feasting on the victims which the false priests had offered up on the heathen altars.

4. At length, however, the brook dried up, because there was no rain. Then the Lord told the good man to go farther away, into another country, where a certain poor widow would feed him.

5. It seemed strange to the good man that the Lord, who might have opened the windows of heaven and showered down an abundance, should send him to a poor widow to be fed. But he had full faith in God's promise to take care of him.

6. So he went to the distant city as directed, and outside of the gate he met a widow gathering sticks. He was very thirsty, and asked her for water to drink; and when she had started to bring it he called her back, and said to her, "Bring me also a morsel of bread to eat, for I am very hungry."

7. But she declared to him that she had no bread in the house, and only a handful of meal in the barrel, and a little oil, and that she was gathering a few sticks that she might make the meal into a cake, that she and her son might eat it, and then die.

("The oil, you know," said Uncle Philip, "was to be used instead of butter; for in that warm country all the butter turns to oil.")

8. But the good man told the woman to go and make the cake, and bring it to him, and after that to make some for herself and her son; "For I declare to you," said he, "the Lord God hath made known to me that the barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until rain shall come again, and plenty return upon the earth."

9. The good woman must have thought him a prophet,

for she believed him, and did as he had directed her ; and, as it proved, after they had all eaten many days, there was as much meal in the barrel as at first, and just as much oil in the cruse.

10. And when the famine was very grievous, and many had died of hunger and thirst, the Lord told the good man to go and show himself to the king. And the good man went to the king, and did many wonderful things in the name of the Lord ; and he overthrew the heathen altars ; and the false prophets were put to death ; and he prayed to the Lord, and the rain came down in torrents ; and so, for a time, the land was purified of the sins of the king, and of the sins of the people.

11. "And now tell me, if you can," said Uncle Philip, "who was this bad king, and who was the good man."

"O, I know," said Eddie. "The bad king was that wicked Ahab, king of Israel."

12. "Yes," said Mary Atkins ; "and it was the prophet Elijah that was fed by the ravens, and for whom God wrought the miracle of the meal and the oil."

13. "And that was not all," said Minnie Allen ; "for when the widow's son died, Elijah brought him to life again."

"And Elijah was so good a man," said Lulu, "that he did not die, but God took him up to heaven alive."

14. "*In a chariot of fire, and with horses of fire!*" shouted Willie.

"And in a whirlwind too," said Eddie.<sup>a</sup>

15. Mr. Agnew now remarked that he should like to call on one of the young ladies for a recitation.

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<sup>a</sup> See First of Kings, xvi. 30-33 ; xvii. 5-24 ; and Second of Kings, ii. 1-12.

"Yes, by all means," said Colonel Hardy,—“let us hear one of the young ladies recite a piece.”

16. “It is no *declamation*,” said Mr. Agnew,—“no speech—no harangue, but a piece very suitable for a young lady to *recite*.” Then he spoke to Mary Atkins, and asked her if she would recite for them “The Gray Swan.”

17. Mary looked up in surprise, and colored slightly; but she went modestly forward before the company, and recited the piece. Her voice trembled a little at first; but she soon recovered her self-possession.

18. Seeming to enter fully into the spirit of the piece, she gave the whole with much feeling, changing her voice to suit the characters of the two speakers, and giving the narrative part in her own natural voice, which has always a sweetly pathetic tone. The beauty of the recitation was, that the three characters—the Narrator, the Mother, and the Sailor—were all so *naturally* represented.

## II.—*The Gray Swan.*

### 1.

*Mother.* “O sailor! tell me, tell me true;

Is my little lad—my Elihu—

A sailing in your ship?”

The sailor's eyes were dimmed with dew;—

*Sailor.* “Your little lad? *your* Elihu?”

He said, with trembling lip:

“*What* little lad?—*what* ship?”

ORAL EXERCISE.—Verse 17. “Looked” *where*?—“Looked” *how*?—“Went” *how*?—“Went” *where*?—“Trembled” *how*?—*When*?—“Recovered” *when*?—The words and phrases that answer these questions are called what? How do they affect the meaning of the words with which they are connected? (*Ans.* They modify, or *explain* the meaning.)

## 2.

- M.* " 'What little lad' ?—as if there could be  
Another such a one as he !  
'What little lad,' do you say ?  
Why, *Elihu*, that took to the sea  
The moment I put him off my knee:  
It was just the other day  
The GRAY SWAN sailed away."

## 3.

- S.* " 'The other day' ?"—The sailor's eyes  
Stood wide open with surprise.  
" 'The other day' ?—the *Swan* ?"  
His heart began in his throat to rise.
- M.* " Ay, ay, sir; here in the cupboard lies  
The jacket he had on."
- S.* " And so your lad is gone !"

## 4.

- S.* " But, my good mother, do you know  
All this was twenty years ago' ?  
I stood on the GRAY SWAN'S deck,  
And to that lad I saw you throw—  
Taking it off, as it might be so—  
The kerchief from your neck."
- M.* " Ay, and he'll bring it back."

## 5.

- S.* " And did the little lawless lad,  
That has made you sick, and made you sad,  
Sail with the GRAY SWAN'S crew ?"
- M.* " 'Lawless' ! the man is going *mad* !  
The best boy ever mother had ;  
Be sure, he sailed with the crew,—  
What would you *have* him do ?"

## 6.

- S. "And he has never written line,  
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign,  
To say he was alive?"
- M. "Hold!—if 'twas wrong, the wrong is mine:  
Besides, he may be in the brine;  
And could he write from the grave?  
Tut, man! what *would* you have?"

## 7.

- S. "Gone twenty years!—a long, long cruise:  
'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse;—  
But if the lad still live,  
And come back home, think you you can  
Forgive him?"—— (M.) "Miserable man!  
You're mad as the sea; you rave,—  
What have I to forgive?"

## 8.

- The sailor twitched his shirt of blue,  
And from within his bosom drew  
The kerchief.—She was wild:
- M. "My God!—my Father!—is it true?  
My little lad—my *Elihu*?  
And is it—is it—is it you'?  
My blessed' boy—my child'—  
My dead—my living' child!"

*Alice Cary.*

WRITTEN EX. [See *Sixth Series*, p. 201.]—I. 1. A bad man<sup>2</sup> *does* a wicked thing<sup>2</sup> when he<sup>2</sup> *leaves* the service of the true God, and *worships* a false god<sup>2</sup>, and thus *becomes* an idolater<sup>2</sup>.—2. A good man<sup>2</sup> *does* not obey a bad king<sup>2</sup> when the latter *commands* him<sup>2</sup> to do what is wrong.—3. A wicked king<sup>2</sup> is sometimes permitted to do wrong for a season; but in the end he<sup>2</sup> is punished, as was king Ahab.

II. 4. When a pathetic story<sup>2</sup> like this<sup>2</sup> is told in the Saturday evening gathering<sup>2</sup> at Wilmot Hall, it<sup>2</sup> *moves* the heart<sup>2</sup> of every hearer<sup>2</sup>, and *awakens* in his<sup>2</sup> bosom<sup>2</sup> a kind and tender feeling<sup>2</sup>.—5. How the mother's affection<sup>2</sup> *clings* to her long absent son!—6. It<sup>2</sup> never *falters*; it<sup>2</sup> never *wearies*.

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## CHAP. XXIX.—MORE SATURDAY EVENING READINGS.

### I.—Introductory.

1. At a former meeting the children had united in sending a request to Mr. Wilmot, Mr. Raymond, and Mrs. Hardy (*Aunt Clara*, they called her),—asking each of them to read an *original* piece at the first meeting after the Christmas vacation.

2. There had been no promise that the pieces would be written; yet, when the time came, Lulu said *she* knew that *some* original pieces were to be read. Her papa, she said, *used* to tell the children nice little stories; but she did not believe that he had ever written one.

3. At first the children read *their* selections. There were many more of them than we can print here. Lulu read one—a story about a “Wonderful Penny.” Freddy Jones read one about “The Lying Servant;” and Ralph, and Phil Hardy, and Minnie Allen, each read one. But we have room here for none of these but Lulu’s.

4. “My story,” said Lulu, “will *begin* with a *fable*; but all the rest of it will be a *parable*.”

“I know what a parable is,” said Eddie. “A parable is a story that *might* be true; but a fable could *not* be true.”

5. “Yes,” said Willie, “there is the parable of the prodigal son, which Aunt Mary read and explained to us last Sunday.”



6. "And the parable of the sower; and the parable of the ten virgins," said Ida Jones.

7. Then Lulu said, "My story is one about olden times, when the city of Jerusalem, which we read of in the Bible, was in the hands of the Turks."

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EXPLANATORY.—Let the teacher explain Note 1, page 80, on spelling, as occasion requires, and show the application of it in the following exercises. But observe that the participle in *ing* retains the *y*, as, "fancy," *fancying*; that "pay" has *paid* for past time; "lay" has *laid*; "say" has *said*; that "stay" has either *staid* or *stayed*; and that while "lie," to utter a falsehood, has *lied*, yet "lie," to rest, or be placed, has *lay*.

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Sixth Series*, p. 201.]—1. Who *try* to have original pieces read?—2. To whom *was* a request<sup>2</sup> sent for an original story<sup>2</sup>?—3. Who *comply* with this<sup>2</sup> request<sup>2</sup>?—4. *Was* an original piece<sup>2</sup> promised by any (one)?—5. The children never *weary* of listening to an interesting fable<sup>2</sup>, or parable<sup>2</sup>.

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## II.—*The Wonderful Penny.*

1. In the mint, a place where gold, and silver, and copper are made into money, a gold duc'at and a penny lay side by side.<sup>a</sup>

2. Said the proud gold piece to the penny, "Get out of my way. You are made only of dark brown copper; but I am made of shining gold. Does it not dazzle your eyes to look at me?"

"I do not look at you," said the modest little penny, without lifting up its eyes.

3. "You will soon become black and rusty," said the gold piece; "and then nobody will care for you. But I am made of costly gold. I shall go out into the world, and everybody will want me; and I shall pass into the hands of lords and ladies; and shall do great deeds; and

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<sup>a</sup> THE TEACHER.—Explain what a *mint* is.

at last, by the side of diamonds and rubies, I may shine in the crown of an emperor."

4. "You are very bright and beautiful, and you are worth a hundred times as much as I am," said the penny; "but I shall be content with a meek and lowly station."<sup>a</sup>

5. Just then an old miser came into the mint, and the gold piece was paid out to him. Then the little penny looked up, for the first time, and said to the gold piece, "Good by: may you always be happy."

6. Before the gold piece could reply, the miser had thrust it into an old bag, and concealed it in his bosom; and then he carried it home, and hid it away, with others of the same kind, in his money-chest, in the cellar. Then, fearing it was not safe there, he buried all his money in the earth, and died soon after. So the gold piece was lost; and nobody has ever seen it again, to this day. Nobody thinks of it, for it is forgotten.

7. The man in the mint gave the penny to a poor boy, whom he had seen helping an old woman, who had fallen down in the street. The boy carried the penny home; and because his little sister was pleased with its new, fresh look, he gave it to her, and told her why it was given to him.

8. The little girl ran into the garden to show the penny to her mother. Just then, an old and lame beggar-man came limping along, and, seeing the little girl, he asked her for a piece of bread.

9. "I have no bread," said the child.

"If you can give me a penny," said he, "I can buy some bread."

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<sup>a</sup> The gold *duc'at* of those times was equal to about two dollars; and the English *penny* was equal to about two of our cents. So a ducat was worth a hundred times as much as a penny. A gold dollar is now worth a hundred times as much as a cent—or penny, as we often call it.

10. So the little girl gave him the penny, and told him where it came from, and why it was given to her brother. Then the little girl went bounding away, very happy. How bright that penny looked to the poor old man!

11. The beggar went limping along, until he came to the baker's shop. He was just going to hand out the penny for some bread, when an old friend of his, dusty with travel, came along, carrying a pilgrim's staff, and clad in the habit of a pilgrim.

12. The children gathered around, and the pilgrim showed them pictures of pious men and women, and pictures of Jerusalem. These he sold, to get money, that he might go to Jerusalem, and ransom his brother, who was held captive by the Turks.\*

13. The poor beggar, being moved with pity by the story of the pilgrim, said to him, as he handed him the penny, "Here, take my mite also."

14. The pilgrim took it; and as he looked at it he said, "I never saw so bright a penny before. Where did you get it?" Then the beggar told him the story of the penny, as he had heard it from the little girl. The pilgrim put the penny into his bag. The poor beggar would have gone away hungry, but the good baker, seeing his kindness to the pilgrim, gave him a loaf of bread,—which was more than a penny's worth.

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\* THE TEACHER.—Give some account of the *Crusades*, which were carried on during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. The events in the lesson are supposed to have occurred during those times. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of armed men from the Christian nations of Europe marched into Asia, to recover Palestine, and Jerusalem in particular, from the Turks and other followers of the false prophet Mahomet or Mohammed. Many also went unarmed, and on foot, as pilgrims, all the way to Jerusalem, to visit the Holy Sepulchre of the Saviour, and worship there. Many were taken prisoners by the Turks, and kept in captivity until ransomed by their friends, or released by death.

15. At length the pilgrim, after wandering through many lands, came to the great city of Jerusalem, and he went at once to the Turkish sultan,<sup>a</sup> and offered a large sum of gold for his brother's ransom.

16. The sultan, however, wanted more money, and would not let the brother go; upon which the pilgrim said, "This is all I have, except one copper penny, which a hungry beggar, who was a cripple, too, out of compassion gave me." Then he told the sultan the story of the penny,—how it came fresh from the mint,—why it was given to the boy—then to the little girl—then to the beggar—and then to the pilgrim.

17. "Let me see this wonderful penny," said the sultan; and when he took it in his hand, it seemed to shine brighter than ever. "I never saw so bright a face on a penny," said the sultan. He was moved to pity as he looked at it; and he said, "I will keep the penny, and wear it next my heart: perhaps a blessing will go with it." So he gave the gold back to the pilgrim, and let the pilgrim's brother go free.

18. Soon after this, the king of another country came and made war upon the sultan; and the latter, who was in the midst of the battle, came near being slain. An arrow hit him in the breast, but it glanced off without hurting him. It had struck against the penny, and thus the sultan's life was saved.

19. The war continued, and the sultan would have been conquered, and then Jerusalem would have been pillaged, if the grand sultan, the emperor, had not come to his aid. Finally, the forces of the emperor drove the enemy out of the country.

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<sup>a</sup> THE TEACHER.—*Sultan*, the prince who ruled at Jerusalem, while the grand sultan, his master, who was the emperor, resided at Constantinople.

20. When the sultan told the emperor how his life had been saved by a penny, and also told him the story of the penny, as he had learned it from the pilgrim, the emperor asked to see this little piece of copper.

21. When the emperor saw how bright the penny shone, and how its face seemed to be all aglow with goodness, he said, "It is wonderful! It is wonderful! Allah<sup>a</sup> be praised!" Then the sultan, seeing how delighted the emperor was with the penny, gave it to him; and the emperor fastened it with a golden chain to his scimitar.

22. After the emperor's return to his own country, as he sat at table one day, and held a goblet of wine in his hand, the empress asked to see the scimitar. As the emperor held up the scimitar, the penny fell into the goblet. The emperor then took out the penny, when he saw that the copper had changed to a green color.

23. At once, all was anxiety and alarm, for it was seen that some one had mixed poison with the wine; and thus the emperor's life was saved. The culprit was discovered, and put to death. The emperor then had the penny set high in his crown, surrounded by the most brilliant diamonds, and jewels of great value. To him the penny seemed to shine the brightest of all; for when he looked upon it, it reminded him of the good deeds it had done.

24. Thus the poor, despised penny had given joy to a child, and bread to a beggar; it had brought ransom to a captive, and had saved the life, not only of a sultan, but of one greater than a sultan. It was well worthy, then, to shine, as the most precious jewel, in the crown of a great emperor.

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<sup>a</sup> THE TEACHER.—*Al'lah* is the Arabic name of the Supreme Being. It signifies "*The true God.*"

25. "A good moral," said Uncle Philip. "Good deeds are better than the glitter of gold or the sparkle of diamonds."

Freddy Jones, who was next called upon, read a story about "The Lying Servant;" and then several others read pieces.

26. After the children had finished reading *their* selections, Lulu said, "Now, papa, we are to have the *original* pieces. I hope you will read yours first,—I am so anxious to know what it is about."

"The story which I will read to you," said Mr. Wilmot, "is about 'Our New Neighbors;' and while I am reading it, you may see if you can get hold of the true meaning."

WRITTEN EX. [See *Sixth Series*, p. 201.]—1. Who *deny* that the story<sup>2</sup> of the penny<sup>2</sup> and the ducat<sup>2</sup> *is* a true story<sup>2</sup>?—2. Who *says* that it<sup>2</sup> *is* a true story<sup>2</sup>?—3. The man<sup>2</sup> *lies* if he<sup>2</sup> *tells* a story<sup>2</sup> in order to deceive.—4. Hear, now, the story<sup>2</sup> that I<sup>2</sup> *refer* to.—5. A proud gold piece<sup>2</sup> in the mint *pities* and *scorns* a penny<sup>2</sup> that *lies* near him<sup>2</sup>; but the modest penny<sup>2</sup> *repays* his<sup>2</sup> proud neighbor<sup>2</sup> with a kind reply<sup>2</sup>.—6. When a miser<sup>2</sup> *comes* into the mint, the man<sup>2</sup> there *pays* out the gold piece<sup>2</sup> to him<sup>2</sup>, because the miser<sup>2</sup> *prefers* gold to copper.—7. The miser<sup>2</sup> *carries* the gold piece<sup>2</sup> away, and *buries* it<sup>2</sup> in the earth, and soon after *dies*; and then the piece<sup>2</sup> *is* lost.—8. But the man<sup>2</sup> *gives* the penny<sup>2</sup> to a good boy<sup>2</sup>, who *has* been kind to a poor woman<sup>2</sup>.—9. The boy<sup>2</sup> *gives* the penny<sup>2</sup> to his<sup>2</sup> sister<sup>2</sup>, and she<sup>2</sup> *gives* it<sup>2</sup> to a beggar<sup>2</sup>; and so the penny<sup>2</sup> *sets* out on his<sup>2</sup> travels.—10. Finally, as the story<sup>2</sup> *is* told to me<sup>2</sup>, while the gold piece<sup>2</sup> *lies* buried in the earth, the penny<sup>2</sup> *rises* to distinction, and *shines* in the crown<sup>2</sup> of an emperor<sup>2</sup>. (See Rule A, p. 36, and Rules, p. 80.)

### III.—*Our New Neighbors.*

1. When I saw that some one was building a little home up the road, toward Fairy Island, just beyond the orchard, I wondered who were to occupy it.



"Why, papa!" interrupted Lulu, "there is no house there!"

2. "Hush, hush! my dear," said Mr. Wilmot. "Let me read my story through; and then, if you wish to make any remarks, you can do so."

He then proceeded as follows:

3. The modest little cottage, for such it was, was only a little way back from the road, where the inmates, though themselves well screened from view, could see all the passers-by on the highway.

4. The proprietor, who seemed to have planned the house, was constantly busy with the work, as it went on; so that I formed a very high opinion of his ability and industry, and was glad of the prospect of having some very agreeable neighbors.

5. It was the latter part of May when the newly-married couple—for such they seemed to be—moved into the cottage. The wife was very young and pretty, with the air of a lady; and the husband, though somewhat older, was still in the first flush of manhood. It was said that they came from Baltimore; but no one knew them personally, and they brought no letters of introduction.

6. It was very clear that, for the present, at least, their own company was entirely sufficient for them, as they made no advances toward forming the acquaintance of any of the families that resided near them. Therefore they were left to themselves, which seemed to be what they desired.

7. But as our neighbors had built their own house, seemingly with the intention of living in it all the year round, and of thus becoming permanent residents, I asked my wife one morning, "Are you not going to call upon them?"

8. "When they call on *us*," she replied lightly.

"But it is *our* place to call *first*, as they are strangers here."

All this was said as seriously as the circumstances of the case demanded ; but my wife turned it off with a laugh, and I said no more about it.

9. She was right. She might not have been received very cordially ; and if she had been met with a cool "not at home," it would have been a bitter pill to us, if we had gone out of the way to be courteous.

10. Yet I saw a great deal of our neighbors. Their cottage lay directly in the way of the morning walk that Mr. Bookmore and I usually took, to and from Fairy Island ; and I caught frequent glimpses of the happy couple walking in the garden.

11. Moreover, the new-comers were evidently persons of refined musical taste. The lady had a voice of remarkable sweetness, although of no great compass ; and we often used to linger, in our morning walk, and listen to the elegant manner in which she would trill a few notes of a simple air, that seemed to come from some window up stairs ; for the house was scarcely visible from the public road.

12. The husband, somewhere about the grounds, would almost always respond, sometimes with as many as two or three bars of the same song. The young couple seemed to be so happy together, as to have no care about making acquaintances in the community in which they had settled.

13. There was, moreover, a sort of mystery about this couple which excited my curiosity ; though, as a rule, I am seldom tempted to pry into the affairs of my neighbors. Both Mr. Bookmore and I thought they behaved very much like a pair of lovers that had *run away* and got married !

14. The husband was never seen to go to the post-office for letters ; and, evidently, they neither sent nor received any. But where did they get their groceries ? I do not

mean, the money to pay for them,—for that was none of my business; but where did they get the groceries themselves? No express-wagon, no butcher's cart, no vehicle of any kind, was ever known to stop at their door. I confess that I dwelt upon this part of their domestic affairs more than I ought to.

15. Although my wife had thought it best not to make a formal call upon the lady, yet I saw no reason why *I* should not speak to the husband when I met him by the wayside. I made several attempts to address him, when it occurred to me that he was trying to avoid me.

16. I resolved to satisfy myself on this point. So, one afternoon, when he was sauntering along on the east side of the road, just below neighbor Allen's, I walked over toward him. But the manner in which he hurried away showed very plainly that he regarded me as intruding upon his privacy. Of course, I was not going to force myself upon him.

17. About this time I noticed him, on several occasions, quite early in the morning, on my own grounds, just within the orchard; and I began to have some suspicions as to the character of our neighbors. I should, indeed, have been well pleased if some of my choicest fruit-trees had not overhung the division wall. I determined to keep my eyes open later in the season, when the fruit should be ripening.

18. Still, I would not inform any of my neighbors of my suspicions; for I despise a gossip. I would say nothing against the persons up the road, until I had seen something to their discredit. My interest in them, however, began to flag. I met the gentleman now and then, and passed him without even a bow. More rarely, I saw the lady.

19. After a while I not only missed my occasional glimpses

of her pretty, slim figure, always draped in some soft black stuff with a bit of scarlet at her throat, but I thought she did not go about the house singing in her light-hearted manner, as formerly. What had happened? Was she ill?

20. I fancied that she *was* ill, and that I detected a certain anxiety in the husband, who now spent the mornings digging, all alone, in the garden, and seemed to have quit his long jaunts to Beacon Hill, from which there is a fine view of the country around.

21. As the days went by, it became certain that the lady was confined to the house. Perhaps she was seriously ill; possibly, a confirmed invalid. Yet I could not learn that any doctor had charge of the case. If he had, he visited his patient only at night.

22. All this moved my sympathy, and I began to reproach myself for having had hard thoughts of my neighbors. Trouble had come to them early. I would have liked to offer them such small, friendly services as lay in my power; but I remembered how I had been repulsed on a former occasion. So I hesitated.

23. One morning, Willie and Eddie burst into the library, with their eyes sparkling.

"You know the big oak-tree up the road, father?" cried one.

"Yes," I said.

24. "With the hang-bird's nest up in the top?" shrieked the other.

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, we both just climbed up, and there were four young ones in it!"

Then I smiled to think that our new neighbors had such a promising little family.

25. "The Orioles! the Baltimore Orioles!" exclaimed

Lulu, clapping her hands,—“*they* are the neighbors!”—and there was a hearty laugh all round.<sup>a</sup>

26. “Now Mr. Raymond is to read *his* piece,” said Lulu, who seemed to be mistress of ceremonies for the evening, on the part of the young folks.

27. “I have written a piece about our little boy, Johnny,” said the minister. “You know how busy he is all the day long, and how full he is of little roguish tricks; and yet I suppose we all love him the more for them,—he is so cunning.” Then the minister read as follows: [Next p.]

WRITTEN EX. [See *Sixth Series*, p. 201.]—1. We *hear* of a new neighbor<sup>2</sup> who *has come* to reside near us.—2. We *find* that the stranger<sup>2</sup> *is* already *building* his<sup>2</sup> cottage up the road, toward Fairy Island.—3. We *fancy* that he<sup>2</sup> *tries* to avoid us, and that he<sup>2</sup> *prefers* to make no acquaintance<sup>2</sup> in any family<sup>2</sup> in our neighborhood.—4. We *think* he<sup>2</sup> *makes* a mistake in this.—5. But we *pity* him<sup>2</sup>, and *try* to keep out of his<sup>2</sup> way.—6. Thus we *repay* his<sup>2</sup> want of courtesy,<sup>b</sup> while we *regret* that he<sup>2</sup> *denies* himself<sup>2</sup> the pleasure of our company.—7. We *find*, in answer to our inquiry<sup>2</sup>, that he<sup>2</sup> *comes* from a Southern city; but we *do not learn* that he<sup>2</sup> ever *goes* to the post-office for a letter<sup>2</sup>, or that he<sup>2</sup> *is* ever *known* to make a purchase<sup>2</sup> at the grocery<sup>2</sup>.—8. My<sup>2</sup> sympathy<sup>c2</sup> for him<sup>2</sup> *is aroused* when I<sup>2</sup> *miss* him<sup>2</sup> for a day; and I<sup>2</sup> *begin* to fear that there *is* sickness in his<sup>2</sup> family.—9. At length the mystery *is solved*. (See Rule A, p. 36, and Rules, p. 80.)

<sup>a</sup> The Baltimore Oriole is also called *Golden Oriole*, *Golden Robin*, *Hang-Bird*, and *Fiery Hang-Bird*, in different parts of the United States. Although only a few female birds sing at all,—the males being the singers,—yet the female Oriole sings, though with less melody than the male. The ingenuity of the Oriole in building its hanging nest has always excited admiration.



<sup>b</sup> *Cour'tesy*, politeness.

<sup>c</sup> *Sym'pathy*, kind feeling for others.

IV.—*Little Johnny.*

1. Do you know our Johnny'? *little Johnny'*? He is always so happy, and so *bonny*, that I love to see him strutting in and *out* so', or dancing all *about*' so.

2. Out in the garden you hear his voice, in real silver gushes'; or in the orchard he goes whistling, just like the merry thrushes'; or in the grass he's rolling'; or his rubber ball he's bowling'; with his hat, or not—he never seems to mind it; and he's so busy, he can seldom find it.

3. When you're off at *play*', John'; just as you like to be all *day*', John'; it does seem so very *queer*, to have it all so *quiet*' here'!—one would not think a mouse' could be found in all the house'!

4. But, Johnny'! when *you* come in, if only for a *minute*, it does seem as if the very mischief must be in it! The first thing', you're at my *books*', John! and with such cunning *looks*, John', that I cannot bear to *scold*' you; and so I take you up, to *hold*' you; when, first I know', if you are able', you are sure to climb upon my table', and, in your *capers*', spill the ink, and spoil my *papers*!

5. Ah, you little rogue' you—And do you *know*, John', why it is that all the people love you so, John'?—and why it is they let you do what you like, and pet you'?—although all who look upon you are sure to say, "Ah, Johnny'!" I suppose it is, because you *please* them still more, Johnny', than you *tease* them.

6. Yes, just as you say', John'; it is a summer day', John'; and the sun is very bright'; so just put on your hat aright, and we'll go out among the bushes, and hear your merry friends, the thrushes; and we'll see if the sunny weather has given us any pretty *flowers* to gather.

7. And when for sport you seem to lack', John',—and when you say' that you are tired of *play*',—you shall ride



upon my *back*<sup>1</sup>, John, your hat all bound with *fine* wreaths of oak, and spruce, and *vine*<sup>1</sup> leaves; and so, with bands of green around your *head*, John', you shall whistle home to *bed*<sup>1</sup>, John.

8. "Ah! that is a fine piece for the boys to speak," said the teacher; "and I should like to have you try it, Freddy, some day."

9. Then Mrs. Hardy was to read *her* original piece. "I think Aunt Clara will give us a *fairy* story," Lulu whispered to Minnie. "She used to tell a great many fairy stories."

10. But no; it was no fairy story at all, as we shall see. It was all about the Sun, and the Rain, and the Frost, and the Snow, and other things noticed in the changing seasons of the year. And she had a picture for the Spring, one for Summer, one for Autumn, and one for cold, blustering Winter.

WRITTEN EX. [See *Sixth Series*, p. 201.]—1. Mr. Raymond *will comply* with the children's request, and *will vary* the entertainment by reading an account of his son Johnny.—2. He *will tell* how Johnny *whistles*, and *rolls* in the grass, and *bowls* his ball, and *climbs* on the table; and how he *busies* himself in play all day, and how his little roguery<sup>2</sup> *pleases* more than it *teases* others.

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## V.—The Seasons.

### OR, SUN, RAIN, FROST, AND SNOW.

#### 1. *Spring.*

When in the early May the buds peep out,  
And in their play the lambkins frisk about,  
And balmy days are growing long,  
And all the air is full of song',

And gentle robin-redbreast  
Comes back to build her cosey nest',  
And brooklets' to the rivers run',  
'Tis then the *sweet* Wind calls out—"Sun'! SUN'!  
We're waiting—*waiting* for the Sun."

### 2. *Summer.*

When birds, aweary, hide beneath the leaves,  
And cattle seek the shadows of the trees',  
Or wade into the dusky pool,  
Their fevered limbs to cool',—  
When oft we hear the parched earth sigh,  
And thirsty grasses withered lie',  
And all the drooping flowers' complain',  
'Tis then the *sad* Wind calls out—"Rain'! RAIN'!  
*O send the cheering—cheering' Rain."*

### 3. *Autumn.*

When fading leaves put on their Autumn suits  
Of brown, and red, and yellow';  
And all the bounteous goodly orchard fruits  
Are getting ripe and mellow';  
When chestnut burrs are found  
Upon the barren ground',  
And men are gathering in their winter store,  
And threatening thunder-storms are heard no more',  
And butterflies and bees get lost',—  
'Tis then the *hoarse* Wind mutters—"Frost'! FROST'!  
*Look out for chilling—chilling' Frost!"*

### 4. *Winter.*

But when, at last, the Autumn leaves are gone,  
And all the forest trees are bare',  
And one by one the robins too have flown,  
And down of thistles fills the air',—

And swallows bid good-by',  
 And wild-geese southward fly',  
 And in the barn the huskers sing so merrily,  
 And on the hearth the fire is burning cheerily',—  
 While all the streams with ice grow chill',—  
 'Tis then we hear the *mad'* wind blow,  
 And round the corner, whistling shrill',  
 It calls out—"Snow'!—the SNOW'!  
 Beware! beware! the *drifting'* Snow!"

W.

"That, also, is an excellent piece to read, or to speak," said the teacher. "It is one in which the rising inflection is frequently required, in accordance with the rule, that the voice generally takes, and continues, the rising inflection at pauses, until there is a completion of the sense."

"But sometimes," remarked Mr. Raymond, "melody and emphasis require the falling inflection before the sense is finished, as at 'brooklets' in the first verse, and 'flowers' in the second."

WRITTEN EX. [See *Sixth Series*, p. 201.]—1. When the spring *opens*, and lambs *frisk* about, and days *are* growing long, and brooks *run* to the rivers, it *is* then that the Wind *calls* out, "Sun! Sun!"—2. When birds *hide* beneath the leaves, and cattle *seek* the shadows of the trees, or *wade* into the water, and the parched earth *sighs*, and the grass *withers*, and flowers *droop* and *die*, it *is* then that the Wind *calls* out, "Rain! Rain!"

## CHAPTER XXX.—CRITICAL DECLAMATIONS.

### I.—An Explanation.

1. To give interest and variety to the exercises on Wednesday afternoons, Mr. Agnew had, long before this, arranged a plan of "Critical Declamations" for the larger

boys, and "Critical Readings" for the larger girls. We shall first describe the arrangement which he made for the boys.

2. Each boy was allowed to choose, from among his school-fellows, one who should act as his "prompter and critic," generally for an entire term of the school. The teacher would then meet the critics and the speakers, and spend an hour with them after school, every Monday afternoon, in discussing the pieces that were to be spoken.

3. When a boy was called upon for his declamation, his critic, taking his seat near him, book in hand, would act as his prompter, if any prompting were needed, which, however, seldom happened. Then, after the speaker had taken his seat, the critic would rise, and briefly explain the character of the piece that had been spoken, and give his views of the proper manner of speaking it; but if his views were erroneous they were liable to be corrected by the teacher.

4. This plan induced the critics to study the pieces carefully, and to get all the information about them that they could obtain from the teacher, and from other sources. As it often happened that two boys would choose each other for critics, they were mutually benefited thereby; and a great interest and an honorable rivalry in declamations were thus awakened among the pupils.

5. Mr. Agnew was careful to have it understood, by the pupils, that the duty of a critic does not consist in *fault-finding* alone. "While you may notice prominent defects," said he, "you should rather delight in pointing out the *beauties* of the pieces selected, and the *merits* of the speakers."


6. Preparatory to the speaking, the table had just been removed from the teacher's platform when I entered the school-room; and about a dozen of the parents of the

pupils had arrived before me. Eddie Wilmot was the first one that was called upon to speak, and Philip Barto took the place of prompter and critic. Eddie then spoke a piece entitled, "A Child's Questions ;" but he was not the boy to need any prompting.

## LANGUAGE LESSONS. SEVENTH SERIES.

### WITH PHRASES AND CLAUSES IN ADVANCE OF THE FOURTH IN CONSTRUCTION.

CHANGE THE **Active** FORM OF EXPRESSION TO THE **Passive** FORM, WHERE THE LATTER WOULD BE APPROPRIATE, WITHOUT CHANGING THE MEANING OF THE SENTENCE.

 Pupils are to omit, introduce, or change words, where they think the proper construction of the sentence requires it.


*Note 1.*—See explanation and Notes to Fourth Series, page 137. Observe that, in changing from the Active form to the Passive form, the pronouns *him, them, us*, etc., often need to be changed to *he, they*, and *we*, and *he* to *him*, etc. ; and that "*by*" must often be introduced, as telling *by* whom, or *by* what, something is done.

*Note 2.*—The verbs to be changed are in *Italics*, as before. A verb may be changed to any one of its passive forms that is appropriate. Thus, *spoke* may be changed to *was spoken*, or *has been spoken*, or *had been spoken*, etc.

EXPLANATION BY THE TEACHER.—The ORDER in which phrases and clauses are to be written is frequently designated, in this and the next series, by separating them by short dotted lines, and then numbering the phrases or clauses by the superior figures <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, <sup>3</sup>, <sup>4</sup>, etc.

When these figures are used, they not only show the *order* in which the several parts of the sentence *may be properly arranged* in the written exercise, but each figure is placed before the *first word* that is to be used in the phrase or clause which it numbers. Beyond this aid the construction of the sentence is left to the pupil's judgment.

Frequently, however, a sentence will be found to admit of more than one good form of construction. Pupils should be encouraged to try different forms ; and then they should adopt that form which they think the best.

 The teacher should give the foregoing EXPLANATION orally to the pupil, by references to the exercise itself. The teacher should aid pupils in the punctuation of sentences.

WRITTEN EX. [*Seventh Series.*—1. The teacher <sup>2</sup>*required* . . . <sup>1</sup>the pupils . . . <sup>3</sup>to declaim frequently. (The pupils *were required*, by the teacher, to declaim frequently.)—2. The boys themselves <sup>2</sup>*selected* . . . <sup>1</sup>the pieces which they were *to speak*. (The pieces which were *to be spoken* by them, *were selected* by the boys themselves.)—3. Each boy <sup>2</sup>*chose*, . . . <sup>3</sup>from among his school-mates, . . . <sup>1</sup>the one who should be his critic.—4. <sup>1</sup>After a pupil *had spoken* a piece, . . . the critic *explained* <sup>2</sup>it.

## II.—A Child's Questions.

### 1.

Pretty little Polliwog', tell me how you know  
 When the water's getting warm in the meadows' low :  
     Do you hear the bull-frogs laugh' ?  
     Do you use the telegraph' ?  
 Do you see the naughty boys skulking to and fro' ?  
     Do you hear them shout and giggle  
     As away from them you wriggle' ?  
 Tell' me, little Polliwog', because I want to know.

### 2.

Little crawling Canker-worm', tell me how you know  
 When the apple leaves are growing 'bout an inch, or so :  
     Do you think 'tis nice to swing,  
     Hanging by a silken string' ?  
 Do you want to gnaw the buds, so that they cannot blow' ?  
     Would you cheat the little boys  
     Out of some of winter's joys' ?  
 Tell' me, little Canker-worm', because I want to know.

### 3.

Cheeky little Chanticleer', tell me how you know  
 Just the time, at early morn, to spread yourself and crow :  
     Do you think it well to rise,  
     Before the sun is in the skies' ?



Don't you make a horrid noise for such a little beau' ?  
 Do you think that by and by  
 You'll be made into a pie' ?  
 Tell' me, little Chanticleer', because I want to know.

## 4.

Bonny little Bobolink', tell me how you know  
 Where to hide yourself away when the north winds blow :  
 Where do you, all winter long,  
 Sing your funny little song' ?  
 Do you seek some southern isle where the palm-trees grow' ?  
 Where, O where may you be found  
 When old Santa' Claus comes round' ?  
 Tell' me, little Bobolink', because I want to know.

J. S. Adams.

5. Then Philip Barto, who had permission to be absent from the Factory on Wednesday afternoons, arose, and made some remarks upon the piece which Eddie had spoken. I suppose the *ideas* had been obtained, in part, from the teacher; but it was *something*, even for a young man of Philip's age, to clothe the ideas in language of his own.

WRITTEN EX. [See *Seventh Series*, p. 225.]—1. Children <sup>2</sup>*will ask* . . . <sup>1</sup>many questions that a wise man *cannot answer*.—2. The boy *put* <sup>1</sup>questions; . . . <sup>2</sup>but he *did not receive* any answer (. . . but no answer *was received* by him).—3. He *questioned*, very earnestly, . . . <sup>1</sup>the Polliwog, the Canker-worm, Chanticleer, and Bobolink, . . . <sup>3</sup>but they answered not a word.

III.—*The Critic's Remarks.*

1. "The piece which you have just heard spoken," said Philip, "has this title, '*A Child's Questions.*' Children are full of curiosity, and they want to learn about almost

everything they see ; for the world is full of things that are new to them. So they are always asking questions. That is a good way for them to learn ; and those children who can have their questions answered, learn the fastest.

2. "Eddie's piece tells what questions a child asked of the polliwog, the canker-worm, the chanticleer, and the bobolink ; but it does not give the answers, and I leave you to guess them.

3. "Most of you know what *polliwogs*, or *tadpoles*, are—for I suppose that all of you have often seen them in still water, in marshy places, in the latter part of spring, when the water is warm. They are the young of frogs, and are hatched from eggs. But perhaps you do not know their history ; and so I will tell it to you.

4. "At first, the tadpole has no legs ; and then it *wiggles* its way through the water, and lives on roots and grasses. But after a while four legs grow out of its sides, and then it comes out of the water, lives on the land, and moves about by *jumping*. It is now a little frog, and has entirely changed its mode of living ; for when it has become a land animal it lives on insects and worms.

5. "The *canker-worms* most of you have seen hanging by little threads from the apple-trees, in May or June. They eat the tender leaves, and buds, and blossoms, and so do a great deal of harm. They grow from little eggs that are laid on the limbs of the trees, and glued there, by a moth-miller.

6. "When the canker-worm has eaten enough, and is fully grown, it spins a silken thread, and lets itself down by it. Then it digs into the ground ; and after it has stayed there awhile, on some sunny day it comes out a flying moth-miller, and lays eggs on the tree ; and thus *other* canker-worms are produced.

7. "All know who *Chanticleer* is, for all have heard his

rousing crow, 'early in the morning.' The *bobolink*, or *bobolincoln*, or *Robert O'Lincoln* as he is sometimes called, who is seen at the North only in the spring-time, and of whom the boy next asks questions, is called, by most country boys, '*skunk blackbird*.' It is no wonder that the boy wants to know what becomes of him in winter-time.

8. "The bobolink has a strange history. In the spring, when he comes from the South, to make his Northern visit, he wears a glossy coat of blue-black, very prettily trimmed with white and yellow. Then he is as gay as a butterfly. An American poet, Mr. Bryant, has written some verses about him, describing him just as he is when, dressed like a gay beau, he pays us his spring visit and keeps singing his merry song all day long. One of the verses I will read to you :

9. "Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,  
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat ;  
White are his shoulders, and white his crest :  
Hear him call, in his merry note—  
    'Bob-o'-link', bob-o'-link',  
    Spink', spank', spink' ;  
Look, what a nice new coat is mine ;  
Sure there was never a bird so fine ;  
    Chee—chee—chee—.'

10. "But bobolink does not keep up his elegant tastes and habits all the year through. About midsummer he grows quite careless in dress and manners. His glossy coat loses its shine, and gets to be very rusty. He forgets his pretty song, and seems to devote all his thoughts to high living,—stuffing himself with all sorts of seeds, so that he gets to be as fat and lazy as an alderman.

11. "Then he starts on his journey southward ; but he stops to feed among the reeds of Delaware and Chesapeake

Bays, where he is called the '*reed-bird*,' and where thousands of his companions are shot, and served up on the tables of those who are fond of such dainties.

12. "If he escape the gunners, later in the season he flies still farther south, and changes his name again, and is known as the famous '*rice-bird*' of the Carolinas; and there, also, thousands of his companions are killed and eaten. Such is a little bit of the history of the bobolink.

13. "But I ought to say something about the manner in which Eddie spoke his piece. In the first three verses he gave the *upward*, or rising slide, to all the *questions*; and that was right, because they can be answered by *yes*, or *no*. But in the last verse there are two questions that *cannot* be answered by *yes*, or *no*; and therefore *they* must have the *downward*, or falling slide.

14. "You observe, also, that the *direct address* to the polliwog, the canker-worm, chanticleer, and bobolink, has the upward slide, as directed by the rule when any person or thing is spoken to."

This closed Philip's remarks. Then Max Allen was called upon. Coming forward, he spoke a piece entitled, "A Bit of a Sermon".

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WRITTEN EXERCISE. [See *Seventh Series*, p. 225.]—1. Philip Barto then *took*<sup>1</sup> the floor, . . . <sup>2</sup>and *made* some flattering remarks . . . <sup>3</sup>about the piece which Eddy had spoken.—2. He *said*<sup>1</sup> something about a boy's questions, . . . <sup>2</sup>and then . . . he very correctly '*described*'<sup>4</sup> . . . <sup>3</sup>the habits of the polliwogs, the canker-worms, and the bobolinks.—3. Philip Barto then <sup>2</sup>made . . . <sup>1</sup>some complimentary remarks about the manner in which Eddie *spoke* the poetry.

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\* Although the superior figure 4 is here placed before *described*, it designates *were described*; for this fourth written clause would be—"were very correctly *described* by him,"—the modifying adverbs coming in between the two *parts* which compose the verb.

IV.—*A Bit of a Sermon.*

1. Whatever you find to do,  
Do it, boys, with all your might!  
Never be a *little* true,  
Nor a *little* in the right.  
Trifles even  
Lead to heaven;  
Trifles make the life of man;  
So, in all things,  
Great or small things,  
Be as *thorough* as you can.
2. Love the old, if you are young :  
Help the weak, if you are strong :  
Keep a guard upon your tongue :  
Own a fault, if you are wrong.  
He who falters,  
Twists, or alters  
Little atoms when we speak,  
May deceive me,  
But, believe me,  
To *himself* he is a sneak.
3. If you think a word would please,  
Say it, if it is but true ;  
Words may give delight with ease,  
When no act is asked of you.  
Words may often  
Soothe and soften,  
Gild a joy, or heal a pain ;  
They are treasures,  
Yielding pleasures  
It is wicked to retain.

4. Whatsoe'er you find to do,  
 Do it, then, with all your might;  
 Let your prayers be strong and true—  
 Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.  
 Pray in all things,  
 Great and small things,  
 Like a Christian gentleman;  
 And endeavor,  
 Now and ever,  
 To be *thorough* as you can.—*Anon.*

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Seventh Series*, p. 225.]—1. Max Allen <sup>2</sup>*spoke* . . . <sup>1</sup>the next piece, which Uncle Philip *called* "a bit of a sermon."—2. It <sup>2</sup>*contained* . . . <sup>1</sup>much good advice, which all boys *should remember*, and *carry out* in practice.

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#### V.—*The Critic's Remarks.*

1. Then Frank Wilmot came forward as Max Allen's critic. "The piece just spoken," said he, "which is called '*A Bit of a Sermon*,' is a didactic essay,—and, like all *didactic* writings, it is designed for instruction. This piece is further designed for *moral* instruction. It tells what things are *right*, what we ought *to do*, and what *principles* ought to govern our conduct.

2. "Eddie Wilmot's piece was of a light and playful character, and was spoken, very properly, in a playful manner. But as Max Allen's piece contains some important principles, and excellent advice, it is to be spoken more slowly, and in a more candid and more impressive manner, and in a more *emphatic* manner also. The *manner* of our reading or speaking should always be governed by the *character* of the piece read or spoken."

3. "Yes," remarked Mr. Agnew;—"if we truly *feel* what we say, we shall be pretty apt to say it well."



WRITTEN EX. [See *Seventh Series*, p. 225.]—1. <sup>2</sup>The man who wrote . . . <sup>1</sup>that “bit of a sermon” in the last lesson, *designed* . . . <sup>3</sup>it for our instruction and profit.—2. A didactic essay *teaches* <sup>1</sup>us something; . . . <sup>2</sup>but such pieces as are of a light, trivial, and playful character merely *amuse* us. (*We are taught* something, etc., *us* being changed to *we*.)

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VI.—*The Good Ship “Never Fail.”*

“Now,” said Mr. Agnew, “Mr. Raymond will recite a piece for you, as he has promised.” Then Mr. Raymond spoke the following :

1. “Why don’t you launch your boat, my boy?”

I asked, the other day,  
As, strolling idly on the beach,  
I saw the lads at play.  
One blue-eyed rogue shook back his curls,  
And held his ship to me;  
“I’m giving her a *name*,” he cried,  
“Before she goes to sea.  
We rigged her out so smart and taut,  
With flag, and snow-white sail,  
And now I’ll trust her to the waves,  
And call her ‘*Never Fail*.’”

2. The little ship sailed proudly out,  
Through mimic rock and shoal;  
The child stood watching till he saw  
His vessel reach its goal.  
The wind had risen,—soft, at first,  
But wilder soon it blew;  
It strained and bent the slender mast,  
That still rose straight and true;

“Yet,” cried the boy, “my ship is safe,  
 In spite of wind and gale;  
 Her sails are strong, her sides are firm,  
 Her name is ‘*Never Fail*.’”

3. And presently the wind was lulled,  
 The little bark came home,  
 No wreck, although her sails were wet,  
 Her deck all washed with foam;  
 And loudly laughed my true boy then,  
 As at his feet she lay,  
 And wisely spoke my true boy then,  
 Although ’twas said in play—  
 “Papa, I thought, if mast, and sail,  
 And tackle, all were true,  
 With such a name as ‘*Never Fail*,’  
 She’d sail the wide sea through.”—*Little Folks*.

WRITTEN EX. [See *Seventh Series*, p. 225.]—1. A little boy *had* carefully *rigged* <sup>1</sup>a boat. . . .—2. Then he *named* the boat “Never Fail.”—3. <sup>1</sup>Then he *sent* his boat to sea; . . . <sup>2</sup>and although the wind *bent* the slender mast, . . . <sup>3</sup>and the dashing spray *wet* the sails, . . . <sup>4</sup>yet the neat little craft safely *reached* the goal at last.

## VII.—A Commentary.

1. As the minister took his seat, I arose and said,—

“And if you, boys, have a good name when you go out into the world and launch your boat on the great ocean of life, and if mast, and rudder, and sail, and tackle are all *true*, so that you may be kept on the right course, depend upon it, you will not be swallowed up by the wild and stormy waves, nor wrecked on the rocks, or shoals, or quicksands that beset your way, but you will safely reach the harbor at last.

2. "Now you see, boys, that the piece just spoken has a *deeper meaning* than at first appears. It is what is called an *allegory*. It describes a little boy, rigging up his little boat, and sending her out to sea, to be tossed about by winds and waves; but it *means*, all the time, something more.

3. "It means that life itself is like a voyage on a great and tempestuous ocean; that we ought to sail on this voyage with a *good name*; and that we ought to be made strong for the voyage by the truest and best principles, such as honor, truth, and virtue,—just as a ship is made strong by her staunch build and taut rigging,—and then the voyage of life will be a safe and prosperous one."

4. I do not know that the children understood all that I said; but I think they understood *some* of it.

5. "I wish to say to the pupils," remarked Mr. Agnew, "that Mr. Raymond's poem is the only *narrative* piece that has been spoken. It *narrates* events; and in doing so it tells what was said by the man, and the boy, and also what the *boy* did, and what the *ship* did. The last part of that verse which Philip Barto read, about the *bobolink*, is also narrative, but the first part of it is *descriptive*."

6. "In the piece spoken by Mr. Raymond, the man first asks a question, in a pleasant but earnest tone; then he drops his voice to the quiet manner of plain narrative, which flows smoothly on until the boy begins his answer to the question, when the style again changes to an earnest manner. These repeated and agreeable changes of manner make the piece a very pleasant one for reading or declamation."

7. While Mr. Raymond was speaking, Freddy Jones, who had been absent from school several days, came in very quietly, and took his seat. The teacher now turned to him, and asked him if *he* had not a piece to speak.

8. Freddy, after reflecting a moment, went forward, and spoke the following piece, which was new to nearly all present. He spoke it slowly, in a very natural manner, and with suitable emphasis.

WRITTEN EX. [See *Seventh Series*, p. 225.]—1. The piece that Mr. Raymond *spoke* has a double meaning.—2. <sup>1</sup>Boys, if you *see* the meaning of the piece, . . . its moral *may profit* <sup>2</sup>you.—3. <sup>2</sup>Mr. Bookmore, who made some comments on the piece, . . . *has explained* <sup>1</sup>the meaning.—4. Mr. Agnew also *has described* <sup>1</sup>the character of the piece.

### VIII.—*The Countryman and the Lawyer.*

#### A SCENE IN COURT.

1. A Lawyer in the Common Pleas,<sup>a</sup>  
 Who was esteemed a mighty wit,  
 Upon the strength of a *chance* hit  
 Amid a *thousand* flippancies,  
 And his occasional bad jokes  
 In *bullying, bantering, browbeating,*  
*Ridiculing, and maltreating*  
 Women or other timid folks,  
 In a late cause resolved to *hoax*  
 A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one  
 Who, by his uncouth look and gait,  
 Appeared expressly meant, by Fate,  
 To be quizzed, and played upon.

2. So, having tipped the wink<sup>b</sup> to those  
 In the back rows,

<sup>a</sup> The Court of "*Common Pleas*" (common pleadings) is the court next above the *Justices'* court. It is the court in which *common* causes or suits between the people are tried.

Who kept their laughter bottled down  
 Until our wag should draw the cork,  
 He smiled jocosely on the clown,<sup>c</sup>  
 And went to work.

3. "Well, Farmer Numskull, how go *calves* at York?"

"Why—not, sir, as they do wi' you,  
 But on *four* legs, instead of two."

"Officer!" cried the legal elf,  
 Piqued at the laugh against himself,  
 "Do, pray, keep silence down below there.  
 Now look at me, clown, and attend :  
 Have I not seen you somewhere, friend ?"  
 "Ye-es—very like—I *often* go there."

4. "Our rustic's *waggish*—quite *laconic*,"<sup>d</sup>

The lawyer cried, with grin sardonic ;<sup>e</sup>  
 "I wish I'd *known* this prodigy,<sup>f</sup>  
 This genius of the clods, when I,  
 On circuit, was at York residing.  
 Now, Farmer, do for once speak true ;  
 Mind, you're on oath,—so tell me,—you  
 Who doubtless think yourself so clever,—  
 Are there as many *fools* as ever  
 In the West Riding ?"

<sup>b</sup> To *tip the wink*, to wink to, for the purpose of calling attention to something.

<sup>c</sup> *Clown*, used, in England, for a countryman, or rustic. Thus, Cowper says,—

"The *clown*, the child of nature, without guile."

<sup>d</sup> *La-con'ic*, very concise ; brief.

<sup>e</sup> *Sar-don'ic*, forced, or feigned.

<sup>f</sup> *Prod'i-gy*, a wonder ; a marvel.

5. "Why, no, sir, no: we've got our *share*,  
But not so many as when *you*' were there'."

*Horace Smith.*

The audience seemed to enjoy Freddy's piece very much, and laughed heartily at the final discomfiture of the lawyer.

"Now," said Mr. Agnew, "we shall have a recess of ten minutes, after which the young ladies will read some selected pieces."

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Seventh Series*, p. 225.]—1. An English poet <sup>2</sup>*has described* . . . <sup>1</sup>a scene in an English court.—2. <sup>2</sup>A flip-pant lawyer, . . . <sup>3</sup>whom some people *thought* to be a mighty wit, . . . *jokes* <sup>1</sup>a plain Yorkshire farmer (. . . who *was thought* by some people . . . etc.)—3. <sup>1</sup>But the rustic quickly *turns* the laugh . . . <sup>2</sup>upon his rash assailant, . . . <sup>3</sup>and *beats* the would-be wit at his own game.

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## CHAPTER XXXI.—CRITICAL READINGS.

### I.—*Explanatory.*

1. After the recess, several of the girls read pieces which the teacher had previously selected for their afternoon readings. They also had their chosen critics, whose duty it was to study the selected pieces, get information about them from the teacher, and from books, and then advise as to the best manner of reading them.

2. This plan had not only the good effect of arousing a great interest in the mere *manner* or rhetoric of reading, but, what was still more important, *it* led to a careful and critical study of the *character* of the pieces. It was a very useful exercise, for the pupils to examine the pieces that were to be read on these occasions, and to discuss their merits.



3. The first pupil called upon after the recess was Lulu Wilmot, who read the next two selections :

II.—*The World.*

1. How *beautiful* the world is!—the green earth covered with flowers—the trees laden with rich blossoms—the blue sky—the bright water—and the golden sunshine. The world is, indeed, beautiful; and He who *made* it must be beautiful.

2. It is a *happy* world. Hark! how the merry birds sing; and the young lambs—see! how they gambol on the hill-side. Even the *trees* wave and the brooks ripple in gladness. Yon eagle!—ah! how joyously he soars up to the glorious heavens—the bird of liberty! the bird of America!

3. “His throne is on the mountain-top;  
His fields the boundless air;  
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop  
The skies, his dwellings are.

4. “He rises, like a thing of light,  
Amid the noontide blaze;  
The mid-day sun is clear and bright,—  
It cannot dim his gaze.”

5. It is a happy world: I see it and hear it all about me—nay, I *feel* it—here, in the glow, the eloquent glow of my own heart. He who made it must be happy.

6. It is a *great* world. Look off to the mighty ocean, when the storm is upon it; to the huge mountain, when the thunder and the lightnings play over it; to the vast forest—the boundless waste—the sun—the moon—and the multitude of stars, countless as the sands upon the sea-shore. It is a great—a magnificent world; and He who

made it,—oh, He is the perfection of all loveliness, all goodness, all greatness, all gloriousness.

Then Lulu, saying that she had *another* piece to read, about "The World," read the following:

### III.—*The Child's World.*

1. Great, wide, beautiful, won'derful world,  
With the wonderful water' around you curled,  
And the wonderful grass' upon your breast,—  
World', you are beau'tifully dressed.
2. The wonderful air' is over me,  
And the wonderful wind' is shaking the tree:  
It *walks* on the water', and *whirls* the mills',  
And *talks* to itself on the tops of the hills.
3. You, friendly Earth! how far do you go,  
With the wheat-fields that nod, and the rivers that flow?  
With cities, and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,  
And people upon you for thousands of miles!
4. Ah! *you* are so great, and *I* am so small,  
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;  
And yet, when I said my prayers, to-day,  
A whisper within me seemed to say,—  
5. "You are *more* than the Earth,  
Though you *are* such a dot:  
You *can* love and can think,—  
But the *Earth* cannot."

*Matthew Brown.*

WRITTEN EX. [See *Seventh Series*, p. 225.]—1. <sup>1</sup>After the recess . . . the girls *read* <sup>2</sup>some pieces.—2. They *had* already

chosen their critics.—3. Lulu Wilmot *read* <sup>1</sup>the first piece.—4. It *described* <sup>1</sup>the world, . . . <sup>2</sup>and *dwelt* upon its greatness, beauty, and glory.—5. Lulu also <sup>3</sup>*read* . . . <sup>1</sup>another piece, which . . . first *describes* <sup>2</sup>a child's wonder at viewing the world. (Another piece, in which . . . etc.)—6. <sup>1</sup>Then, finally, it *makes* the child of more importance than the world itself.

When Lulu had finished her piece, Mary Atkins, Lulu's critic, came forward very modestly and read the following:

#### IV.—*The Critic's Remarks.*

1. The prose piece just read is a *descriptive* piece,—one that *describes* the world as beautiful, happy, great, and glorious; and the Creator as the perfection of all greatness, and goodness, and gloriousness.

2. The writer of the piece, after stating that "It is a *happy* world," and telling how the birds, the lambs, the trees and brooks, and, finally, the eagle, all *proclaim* its happiness, seems to be more than ever impressed with the thought; and so he repeats it in the same *words*, but in a different *manner*, and with still greater emphasis,—declaring, "It *is*—a happy world!"

3. This example shows how important it is to understand fully the *meaning* of a piece, if we would hope to read it well.

4. Lulu's second selection is one that is expressive of a child's *wonder* at the beautiful world in which we live, and *admiration* of it; and inasmuch as such feelings are naturally expressed by *dwelling much longer* upon some words than upon others, so, in this piece, there is much of this *prolonged emphasis*—the emphasis of *time*, as it may be called. This kind of emphasis is the most striking in the first line: "Great,—wide,—beautiful,—won'derful world,"—in which we dwell upon every word that expresses our wonder.

5. Then Mary Atkins herself was called upon to read a selection ; but, first, Minnie Allen came forward, saying she would *introduce* Mary's piece, which was a little poem, by first telling the story in prose.

6. "I like that," I said to myself. "It is a good exercise to take a poem and write out the substance of it in prose."

Then Minnie read a piece entitled, "The Death and Burial of Bluebird."

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Seventh Series*, p. 225.]—1. Mary Atkins <sup>2</sup>*described* . . . <sup>1</sup>the piece which Lulu *had read*.—2. She also <sup>2</sup>*pointed* out <sup>1</sup>the correct mode of reading different portions of it.—3. She *referred* to . . . <sup>1</sup>those portions of it which *express* the child's wonder and admiration. (Those portions of it in which the child's wonder and admiration *are expressed* . . . etc.)

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### V.—*The Death and Burial of Bluebird.*

1. There was once a merry Bluebird, dressed in a coat and vest ever so fine ; and he was the Prince of the Wild-wood. He loved a pretty Miss Bluebird from a grove near by ; and while he thought himself beloved in return, no prince was happier than he.

2. But his love proved false to him, and turned away to listen to the flattering song of a gay rover from a neighboring thicket ; while she, fickle one, from the maple-tree chirped back to her new favorite her sweetest notes. Then the Prince grieved, and sighed, and mourned ; and at last he died, broken-hearted.

3. The Wind brought the sad news to the Rose, and told the story of the faithless one. And the Wind said that the body of the Prince was even then lying at the foot of the oak, in the clover ; that the grass was drooping low over it ; that the grave-digging Beetles were already digging a

grave; and that the Bee-folks were humming a funeral hymn over the form of the ill-fated lover.

4. When the Wind had told her story, she was heard sighing, and the Rose was seen weeping. And the Wind said, "I will strew a rose-leaf or two where the Bluebird is lying:" and the Rose said, "Take *myself*, *all* myself; for the Prince of the Wildwood is dead; and, for him, *I* am dying!"

5. Then Mary Atkins came forward, and read the story as she had first found it, in the form of a pretty little poem. This is what Mary read:

### VI.—*The Death and Burial of Bluebird.*

#### ANOTHER VERSION.

1. "He is dead!" sighed the Wind.  
     "Oh! who?" asked the Rose.  
     "The Prince of the Wildwood—the Bluebird."  
     "And he died"—sighed the Wind—  
     "Oh! why?" asked the Rose.  
     "Because she he loved was no true bird."
2. "Alas!" sighed the Rose.  
     "Ah me!" said the Wind,—  
     " So handsome, so tuneful, so clever!"  
     " And she?" asked the Rose—  
     " False one!" said the Wind,  
     " In the maple chirps gayly as ever."
3. "And he lies—" said the Wind—  
     " Oh! where?" asked the Rose.  
     " At the foot of the oak, in the clover."  
     " And the grass—" said the Rose—  
     " Droops low," sighed the Wind,  
     " O'er the form of the ill-fated lover."

4. "Oh, list!" said the Rose.  
    "I hear!" sighed the Wind,  
    "The grave-digging Beetles are coming."  
    "And that sound?" asked the Rose—  
    "Is a hymn," sighed the Wind,  
    "That the Bee-folks are solemnly humming."
5. "They are there," said the Wind.  
    "And at work?" asked the Rose.  
    "Yes, the ground very softly they're breaking.  
    "They are kind," said the Wind.  
    "Most kind," wept the Rose,  
    "Such a pretty wee grave to be making."
6. "They are done," said the Rose.  
    "And I'll fling," said the Wind,  
    "A rose-leaf or two where he's lying."  
    "Take *myself*," sighed the Rose,  
    "*All* myself," wept the Rose;  
    "*He* is dead, and for him—I am dying!"

Anon.





VII.—*The Critic's Remarks.*

1. Then Minnie came forward, and read the following :

"This is one of those fanciful pieces called *fables*. It is a *fable*, as differing from other stories, because it represents the Wind, the Rose, the Bluebird, the Beetles, and the Bees, as acting, and feeling, and talking, like intelligent beings. When they are thus represented, their names must begin with capitals.

2. "It is mostly a *narrative* piece, because it is chiefly a *narration* of what was said by the Wind and the Rose ; but it also *describes* the characters of all the supposed actors in the little drama. The poem is, therefore, both *narrative* and *descriptive*.

3. "It is an excellent reading piece for a good reader. In the reading of it, the leading object should be to give *expression*, both to the feelings of sad surprise with which the story is told, and listened to, and also to the tender feelings of subdued grief which prevail throughout. One who can give this kind of expression to the piece, can read it well, as Mary has done. But the piece cannot be read well, if read in an idle, careless, and indifferent manner."

The next piece, which was read by Kate Barto, was entitled, "True Wisdom."

WRITTEN EX. [See *Seventh Series*, p. 225.]—1. This little poem *tells* 'the sad story of a princely Bluebird.—2. A fickle and false one *had deserted* 'him for a gay rover from a neighboring thicket.—3. Grief *killed* 'the little Prince : the Wind *told* the story : the Rose *mourned* the ill-fated lover : the Bee-folks *sung* a dirge : and then the Wind *strewed* rose-leaves over the place of the princely Bluebird's burial.

VIII.—*True Wisdom.*—(Job xxviii. 12–28.)

1. Where shall wisdom be found'?

And where is the place of understanding'?

*Man* knoweth not the price thereof;  
Nor can it be found in the land of the living.

2. The deep saith', It is not with me';  
And the sea saith', It is not with me'.  
It cannot be gotten for gold,  
Nor shall silver be weighed out as the price thereof.  
It cannot be purchased with the gold of Ophir,  
With the precious onyx, or the sapphire.  
Gold and crystal are not to be compared' with it;  
No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls.  
For wisdom is more precious than rubies;  
The topaz of Ethiopia cannot equal it;  
Nor can it be purchased with jewels of fine gold.
3. Whence, then, *cometh'* wisdom?  
And where *is* the place of understanding?  
Since it is hidden from the eyes of all the living,  
And kept close from the fowls of the air.
4. Destruction and Death say,  
We have heard the fame thereof;  
But *God* only knoweth the way to it:  
*He*, only, knoweth its dwelling-place;  
For He looketh to the ends of the earth,  
And seeth all things under the whole heaven.
5. When He gave the *winds* their weight',  
And adjusted the *waters* by measure';  
When He prescribed laws to the *rain'*,  
And a path to the glittering *thunderbolt'*;  
*Then* did He see it, and make it known':  
He established it, and searched it out;—  
But He said unto man,

Behold!—the fear of the Lord<sup>1</sup>, that is *thy* wisdom,  
And to depart from evil, *thy* understanding.

6. This very appropriate selection closed the exercises for the afternoon; and the visitors went away, pleased not only with the *manner* in which all the pieces had been read or spoken, but, above all, pleased with the knowledge that was shown of their true character and meaning.

7. As I walked homeward, my thoughts ran in this wise: “It is an excellent thing to acquire the right *manner and expression* in reading; but it is better still to *understand* what one reads, and to read for *information*. Mr. Agnew’s plan is well adapted to attain both these useful ends.”

WRITTEN EX. [See *Seventh Series*, p. 225.]—1. <sup>2</sup>This grand poem *describes* . . . <sup>1</sup>the exceeding value of that wisdom which *laid* the foundations of the earth.—2. It *tells*<sup>1</sup> us that . . . God alone *knoweth* <sup>2</sup>the dwelling-place of true wisdom.—3. He alone *searched* it out, he *established* it, and he *made it known*.

## CHAPTER XXXII.—THE OLD OAKEN CHEST.

### I.—A Gathering at Wilmot Hall.

1. It was a pleasant Saturday afternoon, early in the spring; and, as usual at Wilmot Hall on Saturdays, a company of the young people of Lake-View had gathered there, to spend the afternoon with Frank, and Eddie, and Lulu.

2. Willie and Nellie Hardy were there; and so were their friends and school-mates, Max and Minnie Allen, and Freddy and Ida Jones. Ralph Duncan and Phil Barto, who had been invited by Uncle Philip, were there, also.

3. It was the last visit that Ralph expected to make at Wilmot Hall for some time; for his uncle, who lived in Lawrence, had offered to aid him in studying for a profession, and had obtained a position for him in the office of Barnard and Weston, a leading law firm in the city of New York. Uncle Philip, although sorry to have him leave the Factory and his Lake-View friends, had advised him to accept the offer, and study to become a lawyer.

4. For some time past Ralph had devoted much of his time in studying, under the direction of Mr. Raymond; and his friends had supposed that he was preparing for the ministry. They were, therefore, a little surprised when they learned that he was going into a law office. When Phil Barto asked him about it, he replied, "My uncle and father wish me to be a lawyer; but mother would like to have me become a minister. I think it best now, however, to read law, as so good an opportunity is offered me; but if I should, hereafter, think it my duty to go into the ministry, my studies under Mr. Raymond will be of great advantage to me."

5. Mr. Agnew, the teacher, had called to tell Uncle Philip about some additions to the "Museum," that had just been received from the Mountain Glen School, and to consult with him as to what they should send back in return.

6. But the young people had persuaded the teacher to remain; and at the time of the incident which we are going to relate, he and Uncle Philip had just returned, with the boys, from a sail in the large boat over to the northern shore of the lake, where they had been to gather sweet flag. The sweet flag which they had gathered they had already washed in the water of the lake during their sail homeward; and Uncle Philip told them they must now put it up in the garret to dry.

WRITTEN EX. [See *Seventh Series*, p. 225.]-1. Quite a number of the young people of Lake-View . . . *made* <sup>1</sup>every Saturday afternoon a social holiday.—2. Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot *had invited* <sup>1</sup>them . . . to spend Saturday afternoons at Wilmot Hall.—3. The invitation *included* . . . <sup>1</sup>nearly all the particular friends and school-mates of Frank, and Eddie, and Lulu.—4. <sup>1</sup>On the present occasion . . . <sup>3</sup>all the boys . . . *joined* in <sup>2</sup>an excursion across the lake to gather sweet flag.

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## II.—*What Was Found in the Garret.*

1. So Eddie, Ralph, and Willie took it up to the garret, where they found Lulu, and Minnie, and Ida, and Nellie, trying to open an old and very large oaken chest, which Lulu had often seen there.

2. "What are you trying to do, girls?" asked Eddie.

"We want to see what is in this old chest," said Lulu.

"Perhaps we shall find a casket full of gems and precious stones," said Ida.

3. "Or necklaces of gold and pearls," said Minnie, "such as the Fairies used to bring to good little girls, like Cinderella."

"I wish the Fairies would come back again," said Nellie.

4. "Perhaps we shall find here the satin dress which grandmother wore at her wedding," said Lulu.

"More likely, some bits of old carpets, or old clothes, that were stowed away here long ago, and then forgotten," said Willie.

"And now good for nothing of course," said Eddie.

5. But the boys, having found a rusty old chisel lying on the garret floor, helped the girls to pry open the chest, which had been closed by a spring lock, the key of which had long been lost.

6. When the lid was raised, six pairs of eyes eagerly peered into the chest, to see what treasures it might contain.

7. All were a little startled to see lying there a soldier's faded uniform. There was the coat, with the epaulettes now dingy and faded, that had denoted the rank of the wearer; the buff vest, with a rent at the side that was bordered with a brownish color that might once have been a stain of blood; a three-cornered hat, also; and below the garments was a naked sword, with a golden hilt, and a blade which still retained its bright blue color of burnished steel.

8. "Sure as the world, that's a Damascus blade," said Ralph, as he held the sword up to the light, and saw the curious lines upon the surface of the blade. "If it is, really, a genuine Damascus," said he, "you can bend it up double without breaking it."

9. While the boys were examining the sword and the uniform, the girls were searching the chest for other treasures. They found some old books, and some old newspapers; and there were packages of paper written in a very plain hand; but the ink had so faded on some of them, that the writing was scarcely legible. There was a faded "sampler," wrought by a maiden's hand, long, long ago; and it had on it, at the bottom, worked in old English letters, "Elizabeth, Aged Nine."

10. After the girls had selected a few of the books, and taken some of the packages that were tied with faded red tape, and the sampler, they put the other articles back into the chest. Eddie, aided by Willie, put on the uniform, though the coat and vest were quite too large for him. Minnie said he looked like a dwarf in the clothes of a giant. Then all went down stairs to report the wonderful discovery they had made.



WRITTEN EX. [See *Seventh Series*, p. 225.].—1. Up in the garret the children *discovered* an old oaken chest.—2. In the chest they *found* some curious old story-books, a sword, and a soldier's faded uniform.—3. The girls *took* the books as their share.—4. Eddie *wore* the uniform, and *carried* the sword on his shoulder.

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### III.—*The Mystery Solved.*

1. "We have found a casket of real treasures up in the garret," said Lulu, as the girls entered the hall below, with the books, and the package of papers, and the old sampler, followed by Eddie in full uniform, and carrying the sword on his shoulder.

2. "I should think so, indeed, if these are specimens!" said Mrs. Wilmot, as the girls laid their books on the table, and Eddie placed the sword on top of them, and those who had not been up in the garret gathered around to see the treasures.

3. "I had forgotten all about that old chest, and its contents," said Uncle Philip; "but the chest is one that Mr. Wilmot's grandfather—your *great-grandfather*, Eddie—brought over from England more than a hundred years ago; and the uniform and sword that you found there belonged to him."

4. "But it is the kind of uniform that was worn by the American officers in the war of the Revolution," said Frank. "How then could it be *our* great-grandfather? Was he not an Englishman?"

5. "He *was* an Englishman," said Uncle Philip; "and he had married the daughter of a distinguished Polish exile, General Ladowski. He was no tory. He joined the rebels, as they were called, and thereby lost his property in England, Wilmot Castle among the rest. He was Colonel Wilmot, of the American army; and that same

sword your grandfather wore, as Colonel, in the second war with Great Britain."

6. "Here is a hole in the vest," said Lulu. "Was my great-grandfather *killed* in the war?"

"No, but that shows where he was wounded, in the attack on Stony Point, under General Wayne."

"General Anthony Wayne,—'Mad Anthony' he was called," said Ralph, turning to Frank.

7. "But how came the *books* in the chest?—and whose were they?" asked Lulu.

"I suppose they are some of the books that were in your grandfather's library, and that they were packed away in that old chest, with the uniform, when your father came here, to live in Wilmot Hall."

"May *we* have the story-books?" asked Nellie.

8. "O yes," said Mrs. Wilmot; "and perhaps we can select something from them for our Saturday evening readings. I see some packages of written papers here," she added, "that I will take care of, and look over. Perhaps I shall find something here, also, that we may read at our Saturday evening gatherings,—some interesting gleanings from olden times, it may be."

9. Then the children said they would form a *Gleaners' Club*; and Uncle Philip promised them that he would have a little cabinet, or letter-box, provided for them, and placed in a corner of the hall; and there they might deposit their gleanings, for examination.

10. It was agreed that Mrs. Hardy should examine the selections thus obtained, and select from them those that were most suitable to be read at the Saturday evening meetings. It was also understood that she might revise any *original* pieces that should be handed in by the younger members of the society.

11. Mrs. Wilmot invited Ralph to meet with his young

friends at the Hall, and take part in their exercises, whenever he should be at home on Saturdays. Ralph thanked her for the invitation, and said that he should have a good opportunity to make selections from books and papers; for Mr. Barnard had told him that he could obtain books at the Mercantile Library, and spend as many evenings as he chose in the Library reading-room.

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Seventh Series*, p. 225.]—1. The children *carried* <sup>1</sup>the treasures down stairs, and then *placed* them on the table.—2. Then Uncle Philip *explained* the mystery about the books and the uniform.—3. Mr. Wilmot's father *had owned* <sup>1</sup>these articles, . . . <sup>2</sup>but Mr. Wilmot *had packed* them away a long time ago, and then he *had forgotten* them.

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### *A Short Review.*

1. As Ralph is now about to enter upon a course of professional study, it is well to look back, for a moment, upon his previous life, character, and habits. When obliged to leave school, and become "a bobbin-boy," to earn a livelihood, he was placed, as we have seen, in almost the lowest department of factory employment; but his determination to learn, thoroughly, every process of the manufacture that came under his observation, together with his quickness of hand and eye, his unremitting industry, and his fidelity to all his duties, had advanced him rapidly in a knowledge of the business, and in the confidence of his employers.

2. With all these things in his favor, it is not surprising that he was rapidly promoted from one position to another, and that ere long he became quite familiar with every department of the manufactory. To the *machinery* he took a special fancy, and studied its principles from some works on practical mechanics, that he found in the Factory Library. Finally, he was appointed confidential clerk of the directors,

in which position he conducted much of their business correspondence, and was paid a good salary.

3. During all this time Ralph had been a regular attendant at the Saturday evening meetings of the Reading Club at Wilmot Hall ; and, although one of the youngest, he was one of the foremost members of a Debating Society in the village. His father was still in poor health, and Ralph had cheerfully contributed a portion of his earnings to the support of the family. "With such a character, and such habits," said Uncle Philip, "I think Ralph may be trusted to make his way safely through a world full of trials and temptations."

#### IV.—*The Old Sampler.*

1. During the evening after the discovery of the oaken chest and its contents, while Lulu was examining the sampler, she thought of some verses, that she had somewhere read, written by a lady, about "The Old Sampler," and after some little search in the library she found them. "How strange!" she said. "*Our* sampler must be very much like the one that this lady wrote about." Here are three verses from the little poem :

2. Out of the way, in a corner  
Of our dear old attic room,  
Where bunches of herbs from the hill-side  
Shake ever a faint perfume,  
An oaken chest is standing,  
With hasp, and padlock, and key,  
Strong as the hands that made it  
On the other side of the sea.
3. A sword, with the red rust on it,  
That flashed in the battle-tide,  
When from Lexington to Yorktown  
Sorely men's souls were tried ;

A plumed chapeau, and a buckle,  
And many a relic fine ;  
And, all by itself, the sampler,  
Framed in with berry and vine.

4. Faded the square of canvas,  
And dim is the silken thread ;  
But I think of white hands dimpled,  
And a childish, sunny head ;  
For here, in cross and in tent stitch,  
In a wreath of berry and vine,  
She worked it a hundred years ago,—  
“Elizabeth, Aged Nine.”

*Mrs. M. E. Sangster.*

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## CHAPTER XXXIII.—RALPH DUNOAN IN THE CITY.

1. When Ralph Duncan went to the city to enter the law office of Barnard and Weston, he took a letter from his uncle to Mr. Barnard, the senior partner of the firm, requesting him to find a suitable boarding-place for his nephew, where his expenses would be moderate.

2. Very good board was engaged in a house kept by a widow ; but as Ralph could afford to pay but little, even with his uncle's aid, he had only a small attic room, that was lighted by a single window. “But this is good enough,” he said ; “for so long as I can have books from the Mercantile Library, and a lamp in the evening, I shall not want company.”

3. A short time after Ralph's departure, Eddie Wilmot received from him the following letter. After its reception it was slightly revised by Mrs. Hardy (Aunt Clara), and was

then read at one of the Saturday evening meetings of the Wilmot Hall Reading Club. As it was not written with the thought that it would be read there, perhaps it is less formal, and written in a more familiar style, than it otherwise would have been. But may it not be all the better for that?

I.—*From My Attic Window.*

———, 18—.

DEAR EDDIE,—

1. I am not going to tell you now, Eddie, anything about what I am reading at the “office,”—whether it is Blackstone, or Chitty’s Pleadings, or Kent’s Commentaries;—nor shall I tell you about the law papers which I copy; but I will merely say that I like it all, and that Mr. Barnard and Mr. Weston are very kind to me, and help me all they can. You must just fancy that you see me as I am sitting, of an evening, in my own snug little room, after my office duties and studies are over for the day.

2. If a stranger were to look in upon me just now, he would think me very poor and lonely; for I live in one of the narrowest streets of the city, and my scantily-furnished room is in the attic of a very old brick house. Yet I feel rich with my books around me, and I am lonely only when I think of my country home and my friends there. There is no want of light in my humble quarters; and my room is so high that I have a view, over the roofs, of all the houses around.

3. For some days after I came here the whole city appeared to me, from my solitary window, to be very crowded; and yet I *was* sometimes lonely; for in place of the loved groves, and green hills, and beautiful lake, of my country home, I saw nothing but dark gray or red chimneys, and brown roofs, as far as the eye could reach. I knew no



one in this vast wilderness of houses; and when I went out to my daily duties I was alone, in the midst of the busy thousands of my fellow-creatures.

4. The other evening, as I was looking out from my attic window, and feeling a little homesick—for I had been thinking of home, Eddie,—I saw the Moon slowly rising. She looked in upon me in my solitary chamber, with the same kind, familiar face that so many times had smiled down upon us boys through the branches of the willows, as we sat on the mossy bank by the lake, talking, and telling stories to one another, at your happy home. It almost seems as if it were *my* home, too, I have been so often and so kindly welcomed there.

5. When I looked up at the Moon the first time from my attic window, I thought, The same Moon is looking down upon charming Lake-View and my friends there; and I said, Perhaps Eddie and I are looking right up into the Moon's face at the same time! It was a very pleasant thought; and it seemed to me that I could almost read, up there, what you were thinking of!

6. Then I thought of Hans Andersen's stories, which we used to read together. You remember, do you not, Eddie, the thirty stories which the Moon told him? I wished that the Moon would talk to *me*, and tell me stories of "Home, Sweet Home." Then I kissed my hand to the Moon, and she sent down a silvery gleam that fell upon the floor in such a flood of light as to dispel every shadow lurking there; and she seemed gayly to nod back to me; and I felt that, as the shadows had fled, so her smiles had chased all my loneliness away.

7. Then I leaned back in my cosey rocking-chair, in the Moon's full radiance; and so I sat looking up—up—at the Moon (I know I was thinking of *home*, Eddie), and it seemed to me that I talked to the Moon, and that the Moon

did really talk back to me. "Sketch down what I relate to you from time to time," said the Moon, "and you will have a no less pretty than truthful story-book, full of moonlight pictures. Perhaps they will do to keep company with your favorite scrap-book selections."

8. Then I said to the Moon, Tell me now, if you can, of my dear country home, and of the loved ones there. And this is what the Moon told me—or I must have *dreamed* it—for you know, Eddie, *some* dreams are so vivid that they seem to be realities.

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Seventh Series*, p. 225.]—1. <sup>1</sup>Here is a letter which Ralph Duncan *wrote* home, . . . <sup>2</sup>soon after Mr. Barnard *had found* a boarding-place for him.—2. He wrote <sup>1</sup>it to Eddie Wilmot.—3. In this letter Ralph *describes* his homesick feelings, as he looks out of his attic window one moonlight night. ( . . . Ralph's homesick feelings *are described* . . . etc.)—4. He *saw* <sup>1</sup>nothing but chimneys and brown roofs, as far as the eye could reach.—5. <sup>1</sup>But the moonbeams, that fell in a flood of light upon the floor, soon *chased* <sup>2</sup>all his loneliness away.

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## II.—*The Moon's Story.*

1. "Last night," said the Moon, "when the sun had hidden his light behind the western hills, I was high in the heavens over Lake-View. Then but little more than half of my face could be seen by your people; but I did the best I could to light up the scene,—and I did it well, too, for not a cloud was in the sky.

2. "First, I looked down upon a quiet home in the village. The plain house was a little back from the street. Just within the gateway, the purple lilacs were in their richest bloom; and a neatly-gravelled walk, bordered with beds of the earliest spring flowers—the crocus, the prim-

rose, and the violet—led up to the doorway; while over the porch the yellow honeysuckle had massed its dense foliage, so as fairly to shut out my beams, and throw a dark shadow across the entrance below.

3. "But I peeped in through the parted white curtains of the window; and there, in the corner, by the chimney fire, sat a pale man, who had come in weary from his day's work, and now, after the homely evening meal was over, was reclining in his easy-chair. By the round table before the fire sat a woman with dark hair and eyes, handsome features, and a cheerful countenance. She was knitting; yet her eyes were not on her work, but on a large book that was open before her; and from that book she was reading aloud, as she did every evening before retiring for the night's repose.

4. "Once she paused in her reading, and, as a tear glistened in her eye, she spoke of '*our* absent boy;' and she hoped the good angels would watch over him, and shield him from the dangers and temptations of city life. (That was *my* home, Eddie; and those who sat there were *my* father and mother; and it was the *Bible* that my mother was reading from. Do you think I *dreamed* it all, Eddie?)

5. "Up the street, toward the lake," said the Moon, "I looked down upon a neat little school-house, and all was quiet there: but I peeped through the windows; and on the walls I saw maps, and charts, and pictures; and at one end of the room were cases full of all sorts of objects that reminded me of the collections seen in a museum.

6. "Looking westward, the smoke had died away and the fire had gone down at the Potteries; and the Factories were still; but the black smoke still rose from the Forges, where the molten iron threw, far around, its ruddy glare.

7. "Then I looked down upon a little grove on the border of a tranquil lake, just back of a large stone man-

sion, that seemed like a castle of the olden time ; and there, beneath the trees, where the shadows sported with my beams, a group of happy children were busy at their play ; and I could hear their merry peals of laughter ring out on the balmy evening air.

8. "A little later, and I heard some one say, 'It is time for young people to be at home ;' and I saw Mrs. Hardy, with her arm around Nellie, crossing the street ; and Willie followed them. Then Lulu and Eddie went into the house with Uncle Philip ; and Minnie and Max went up the road together. And thus, in a little while, I had the grove, and the trees, and the shadows, all to myself.

9. "Then the shadows, which never come out in the evening unless I am shining, took up the children's play ; and they kept on, far into the night, playing hide-and-seek with me ; and always, when I was on one side of a tree, the shadows were trying to hide on the other.

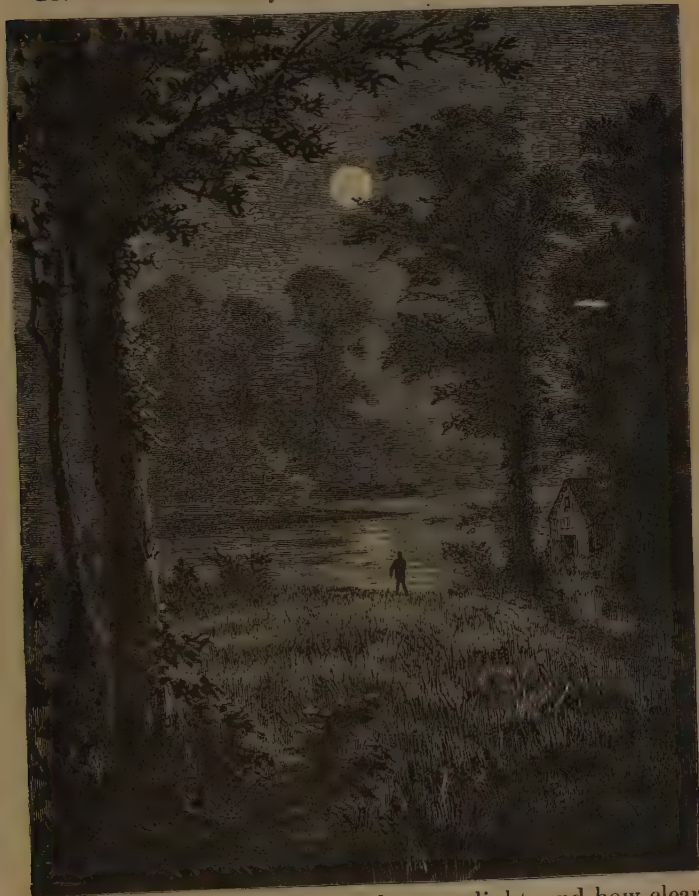
10. "But I found time to see and to hear many things besides. I looked in at a chamber window, and saw a little girl, white-robed for the night, kneeling by her mother's side ; and her eyes were uplifted, and her little hands were folded, as she lisped her evening prayer. And I heard the mother say, 'The good angels will watch over my darling in her slumbers.' And I could not help adding, 'The Lord bless the mother, and bless the child.'

11. "Through many a chink and cranny I peeped into the cottages of the poor, sending in my beams of light to see that all was well ; and the toil-worn, the aged, and the lonely greeted me kindly, and slept the more securely, knowing that I kept watch outside.

12. "Off in the forest I heard the owl's mournful call, 'To-whit ! to-whoo !' which means, 'I am looking,—looking for you !' And the little birds nestled closer in their hiding-places, for fear of the big eyes, and the strong claws,

and the sharp bill, of the ugly bird of night ; but I covered them with a mantle of the thickest shadows, so that old Goggle-Eyes should not find them.

13. " All this time you should have seen how sweetly



Fairy Island was sleeping in the moonlight, and how clear and how quiet was the stream that mirrored its beauty. I thought I saw Mr. Bookmore walking there ; but the dark



shadows nearly concealed him, even from *my* searching view. And Lake Lenapee near by!—it was like a sheet of burnished silver, to those who could see my beams reflected from its glassy surface.

14. “But I had been all the time moving westward,—sinking slowly toward the western horizon, and following the Sun, my ruler and guide, whose beams I borrow, and who allows me to be Queen of the Night, as it is glory enough for him to be King of the Day.

15. “As I was bidding good-night to your part of the world, I saw a boat moving out on to the lake, just in the rear of the house and the grove where the children had been at play. It was the man Peter that plied the oars; another carried a lighted torch made of the dry bark of the hickory-tree; and a third guided the helm.

16. “Ah, yes! you know what they were doing at that time of night! They were going to fish for trout in the deep waters of the lake. And just before I hid my face below the horizon, I saw one of the men holding his torch over the side of the boat,—and a fish, down on the gravelly bottom, dazzled by the light, lay still, when Peter, taking a long spear in his hand, thrust it swiftly down, and brought up a noble trout that weighed more than a dozen pounds!

17. “There was also a light, off farther still, toward the northern shore; and I soon perceived that it came from the boat of old Bramble, the fisherman; for he, too, was out on the lake, with spear in hand, on that pleasant summer night. As he turned his prow homeward, I saw in his boat three trout which he had taken, as their silvery scales reflected back my declining beams.

18. “Then, as my disk touched the horizon, the shadows of night fell, far and wide, covering the land and the lake. In the last glimpse that I had of that old mansion, Wilmot Hall, some one, awaking from sleep, drew the cur-



tain of his window aside; and far out upon the lake he saw a light, and knew it was the torch of a fisherman. As it came nearer and nearer to the shore—steering straight for the cove—he clapped his hands, and said, ‘That must be Peter; and we shall have salmon for breakfast.’”

19. “And that was Eddie Wilmot,” I said to the Moon, “for his window looks out upon the lake.”

20. “You see it is not much that I can tell you, to-night, about your country home,” added the Moon.

“But that little,” I said, “will make my sleep the sweeter; for in my dreams I shall be back there, with the loved ones, again.”

21. Then it seemed as if I had already been dreaming, for all was hushed in my silent chamber, and, as I strove to look around, it was darkness all! Then I said,—

“’Tis midnight’s holy hour—and silence now  
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o’er  
The still and pulseless world.”

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Seventh Series*, p. 225.]—1. <sup>1</sup>“Last night,” said the Moon, “although the people of Lake-View *could see* only half of my face, . . . <sup>2</sup>yet I *could* plainly *see* the whole country, and all your friends there.—2. I first *threw* <sup>1</sup>my beams into a pleasant cottage; <sup>2</sup>and my presence *cheered* the good people there.—3. I <sup>2</sup>*saw*, at their homes, . . . <sup>1</sup>the people who had toiled in the Potteries, the Factories, and the Forges.—4. In a delightful grove I *saw* children at play.—5. <sup>1</sup>There I *chased* the shadows around the trees, . . . <sup>2</sup>and across the lawn, until I sank below the western horizon, . . . <sup>3</sup>which *shut* out my countenance from view ( . . . by which my countenance *was shut* out from view).”—(Note.—Observe that where a clause is set off by the dotted lines, and numbered, the numbered clause is to be wholly disposed of before the clause next in order is entered upon.)

## CHAPTER XXXIV.—MR. BOOKMORE TO HIS READERS.

1. Shortly after recording the events of the preceding chapter, I was unexpectedly called away from Lake-View on important business. Now, after an absence of three years, I find myself once more in my loved country home.

2. It is winter now, and Lake-View is slumbering in quiet beauty,—for, always, in cold or heat, in storm or in sunshine, it has, to me, a beauty still. I look out of my old corner room at Wilmot Hall, and Lake Lenapee is a broad sheet of crystal, over which the merry skaters fly or whirl in giddy mazes. Mount Alto, wreathed in ice, and her summit glistening in the moonlight, seems *grandly* frowning, like a giant ogre, upon the plain below; and though Fairy Island is now so uninviting to my footsteps, I know that, beneath her snowy mantle, buds and bulbs are sleeping away the time, only to awaken to renewed loveliness when Spring unwraps their covering.

3. During my absence but few changes of importance have occurred here. Mr. Agnew is still in charge of the Lake-View school; and although a few of the older pupils have finished their school studies, or have left school to go into business, others have taken their places, and the school remains, essentially, the same as before.

4. The Lake-View Museum is not only in existence, but also in a flourishing condition; and it numbers, among the young ladies as well as among the young gentlemen of the school, many earnest workers in its behalf. Our young German friend, Carl Hoffmann, had been, for some time, one of its most active and useful members; but he is now away from home. He had succeeded so well in his business of supplying druggists with medicinal roots and herbs, that, having saved a little money, he is now studying medicine

at a medical school in Baltimore; but, with true German prudence, he still carries on his former business, through his friend Tony, the miller's son, who employs a number of lads to gather the articles, which are then sent to Carl, and disposed of by him.

5. Freddy Jones, now *President* of the museum, is entitled to the credit of having arranged a system of exchanges with other schools, by which the *geological* and *botanical* departments of the museum have grown to respectable dimensions; and now the trustees are earnestly considering the subject of erecting an addition to the school-building, to meet the increasing demand for more room for the collections.

6. The museum has, indeed, so interested pupils in Natural History, and industrial studies, and added so much to the popularity of the school, that parents out of the district are anxious to send *their* children to a school where such advantages can be obtained. Some of the patrons of the school have already given books for the beginning of a Natural History Library; while others have contributed works upon the industrial arts, especially such as treat of the industries connected with iron and coal, and cotton, woollen, silk, and linen manufactures.

7. While Eddie and Lulu Wilmot, and their cousins, are still in school, Frank Wilmot devotes his afternoons to study at home, but his forenoons are spent in the factories. Henry Allen is away, near the close of the last year of his college course; and I am glad to learn that he is one of the finest scholars, as well as one of the best writers, in the institution of which he is a member.

8. Ralph Duncan, still in the city, in the office of Barnard and Weston, has nearly completed his law studies, preliminary to entering upon the practice of his profession. Exceedingly favorable reports of him are given by the firm,

and it is said that they have offered him a partnership in their business; but the spirit of self-reliance, which has always been a prominent trait in his character, will probably induce him to open an office by himself.

9. He is as much attached as ever to Lake-View, and to his friends here, and usually comes from the city to spend his Sundays at home; and then he never fails to be present at the Saturday evening gatherings at Wilmot Hall. It was the first Saturday after my return that I met him there; and the very first piece that was drawn from the "cabinet," and read by Ralph himself, very forcibly recalled to mind the circumstances that attended the origin of the "Gleaners' Club," more than three years previous. I cannot better resume my narrative than by presenting the pieces that were read on this occasion. They will be found in the next chapter. The first piece seemed to be an original poem; but it bore no marks of revision by Mrs. Hardy's pen.

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Seventh Series*, p. 225.]—1. Business had called Mr. Bookmore away from Lake-View.—2. On his return he resumes the narrative.—3. He makes some comments on the winter beauties of Lake-View.—4. Mr. Agnew still keeps the school.—5. The pupils and their parents still appreciate and cherish the museum.—6. New duties call Carl Hoffmann to Baltimore.—7. Tony, the miller's son, carries on Carl's old business.—8. What does Mr. Bookmore say about our other Lake-View friends?

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## CHAPTER XXXV.—THE GLEANERS AT WORK.

### I.—*Song of the Gleaners.*

1. We are gleaners! ever gleanings  
 From the harvests that are teeming  
 With their wealth in heaping measures:

Let the fields be new or olden,  
If the gleanings are but golden,  
We will add them to our treasures.

2. We will seek, through all the ages,  
In the works of wisest sages,  
For the words in wisdom spoken ;  
Words, the noblest truths revealing,  
With a faith that shuns concealing,  
And a trust in God unbroken.

3. Nature's realms are not forbidden ;  
So we'll search for what is hidden,  
From the mountain to the coral ;  
For each pebble has its story,  
Every flower its crown of glory,  
Every fading leaf its moral.

4. When we've gathered in our gleanings,  
And have found their precious meanings.  
We will make them known to others ;  
For our riches grow by sharing,  
And our blessings, too, by caring  
For our neighbors, as for brothers.—W.

5. The next piece taken from the cabinet was found to be an allegory, the title of which was, "The Fountain and the Stagnant Pool." The writer said that it was taken from an old English magazine, but that some changes had been made in it.

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Seventh Series*, p. 225.]—1. THE SONG WHICH THE GLEANERS sing.—2. We shall seek, in our gleanings, for <sup>1</sup>words of wisdom, . . . <sup>2</sup>words which reveal to us truths of noblest meaning.—3. We shall traverse <sup>1</sup>the realms of nature, . . .

<sup>2</sup>and we *shall* diligently *seek* after that which is hidden there : . . .  
<sup>3</sup>for every pebble *tells* a story ; every flower *wears* a crown of glory ;  
and every fading leaf *speaks* a moral.—4. <sup>1</sup>When we *shall have*  
*gathered* in our gleanings,<sup>a</sup> . . . <sup>2</sup>and *shall have found* out their  
precious meanings, . . . we *shall make* <sup>3</sup>them *known* to others,<sup>a</sup>  
<sup>4</sup>and *shall share* them with our neighbors.<sup>a</sup>

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## II.—*The Fountain and the Stagnant Pool.*

1. On a distant mountain height a fountain bubbled from the earth. As soon as it found itself free to move, it began to glide away down the mountain slope, shining like a thread of silver as it hurried on, with tinkling feet, to bear its tribute to the mighty river on the plain below.

2. It had not been long on its way when, as it was passing by a stagnant pool, the pool thus hailed it: "Whither away so fast, little streamlet?"—"I am going to the river," it replied, "to bear to it this little cup of water, which has been intrusted to my care. And I mean to do all the good I can on the way."

3. "Ah, you are very foolish," replied the pool. "You are very little; and what is a cup of water to the mighty river?—and, besides, you will need it before the summer is over. It has been a backward spring, and we shall have a hot summer to pay for it,—you will dry up then, if you part with any of your treasures now."

4. "Well," said the streamlet, "if I am to die so soon, I must work while the day lasts. If I am likely to lose this treasure by the heat, I am sure I ought to do good with it while I have it." So the streamlet went merrily on its

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<sup>a</sup> The frequent phrases, "*by him*," "*by us*," "*by them*," "*by it*," etc., should be omitted in changing to the Passive, where the sense is sufficiently plain without their use. When the future is required in the second or the *third* person, merely to *foretell*, *will* must be used instead of *shall*.



way, while the pool smiled at the thought of its own superior wisdom, and with miserly greed held on to all its resources, so that, if possible, not a drop might be lost.

5. Soon the summer heat came down, and fell upon the little stream. But the trees crowded to its brink, and threw out their sheltering branches over it in the day of its trial; and the willow, the birch, and the elm stooped and kissed it, for the stream had brought life, and health, and gladness to them all; and the sun peeped through the branches, and smiled cheerily upon its dimpled face, as much as to say, "It is not in my heart to harm you."

6. And the birds came, and sipped its silvery tide, and plumed their feathers there, and sung its praises; the flowers breathed their sweet perfume upon its bosom; the beasts of the field loved to linger by its banks; the miller was thankful for the aid it gave him; and the eye of the husbandman sparkled with joy as he looked upon the line of verdant beauty that marked its course through the fields and meadows:—and so it went on, blessing, and blessed of all.

7. But where was the prudent, selfish pool? Alas! in its dull, stagnant life, it grew sickly, and bore pestilence on its bosom. The beasts of the field put their lips to it, but turned back without drinking; the breeze stooped to kiss it, but shrunk chilled away; and at last the very frogs cast their venom upon the pool and deserted it; and heaven, in mercy to man, smote it with a hotter breath, and dried it up.

8. But did not the little stream exhaust itself, and weary of its goodness? O no! It emptied its full cup into the river, and the river bore it joyfully on to the sea, and the sea welcomed it. And then the sun smiled upon the sea, and the sea sent up its incense to greet the sun, and the clouds caught up the incense in their bosoms, and the winds, like waiting steeds, caught the cloudy chariots, and

bore them away—away—to the very mountain height that gave the little fountain birth; and there they tipped the brimming cup, and poured its grateful treasures down—to begin their course again, and bless the world anew.

9. And so it came to pass that the little fountain, though it gave so fully and so freely, never ran dry.—Thus, blessings which we distribute to others, like the widow's cruse of oil and barrel of meal, waste not, but add even to the giver's store of happiness. Is it not true, then, that "It is more blessed to give than to receive"?

"That is the moral which the allegory teaches," said Lulu.

10. The next piece drawn from the cabinet was entitled, "The Three Questions, and How They Were Answered." "This is an Eastern story," said Mrs. Hardy, "as a Pasha<sup>a</sup> is a Turkish governor or commander, and the Turks are of Asiatic origin."

WRITTEN EX. [See *Seventh Series*, p. 225.]—1. A stagnant pool *blamed* <sup>1</sup>a happy fountain, . . . <sup>2</sup>because it <sup>4</sup>*permitted* . . . <sup>3</sup>the streamlet, that ran from the fountain, . . . <sup>5</sup>to carry the waters away to the distant ocean.—2. <sup>1</sup>But the streamlet *made* the birds, and the flowers, and the miller, and the husbandman, very happy; <sup>2</sup>while the very frogs themselves *deserted* the selfish, stagnant pool, <sup>3</sup>and finally the sun *dried* it up.

### III.—*The Three Questions.—An Eastern Story.*

1. A traveller in the East, being reduced to great straits for money, set himself up as a Professor of the Hidden Sciences, pretending that he could read the thoughts of men, and answer questions that were beyond the knowledge of ordinary mortals.

<sup>a</sup> Pronounced *pa-shaw'*.

2. By his wit and shrewdness, and the exercise of much tact, he was very successful in deceiving the people ; so that, ere long, his fame reached the Pasha, who, angry at his doings, at once summoned him into his presence, and handed him three written questions, saying, "You must return and answer these to-morrow at noon, or lose your head as an impostor."

3. Here was trouble, indeed ; for the Pasha, who was known as a wise and stern man, was not to be trifled with ; and the poor Professor, seeing that he could not answer the questions, rushed home, where his servant found him on the floor in an agony of despair.

4. On hearing the questions which had been given by the Pasha, the servant said, "Do not distress yourself : just lend me your clothes and spectacles to-morrow, and let me take your place. I will go to the governor, and I think I shall save your head."

5. The next day, at noon, the servant, disguised in the dress of his master, and with the large round spectacles over his eyes, which gave him an appearance of much wisdom, boldly entered the palace, and stood before the Pasha.

6. "Now," said the great man, "you are on your trial for life ; heed well the answers that you make to my questions : tell me at once how many baskets of earth there are in yonder mountain."

7. "That," said the servant, "depends on the size of the basket. If the basket be half the size of the mountain, there are two baskets ; if the basket be one-fourth the size of the mountain, there are four baskets ;—and so on."

8. The Pasha laughed, and told him he had answered well. "But now," said he, "I will put to you the second question : How much am I worth ?"

9. To this the servant replied, "The God of the Christians, who is the King of heaven and earth, was once valued

at thirty pieces of silver. I do not suppose your Highness is worth more than *he* was."

10. The Pasha, much pleased with this shrewd answer, laughed again, and told him he had saved his head that time. "But now," said he, in a very serious manner, "I give you one more question,—and look well how you answer it; for if you fail, all your wit shall not save you. What am I thinking of at this moment?"

11. "Your Highness is thinking," said he, quietly removing his turban and big spectacles, "that I am the Professor; whereas, as you see, I am only his servant."

12. At this reply the great man was so pleased that he laughed more heartily than before; and he gave the servant a purse so full of gold pieces, that master and servant no longer needed to live by their wits; but both of them became as dull as most rich people, so that their former wisdom was soon forgotten.

13. The next paper that was drawn was neatly folded, and on it was written, in large letters, the word SOMETHING.

"What can it be?" said Lulu.

"We can best tell by opening it," said Freddy Jones; "but it must be *something*, for it says so."

14. And when the paper was opened, it seemed to be quite a long story; and, folded up in it, was a drawing—a picture; and underneath the picture was written, "*Old Margaret at the Trenches.*" When the paper was read, it was found that the title, "SOMETHING," was an appropriate one.

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Seventh Series*, p. 225.]—1. <sup>1</sup>A certain man professed that . . . he *understood* <sup>2</sup>the hidden sciences, . . . <sup>3</sup>and that he *could read* the secret thoughts of people.—2. By his wit and shrewdness he *had deceived* <sup>1</sup>many persons.—3. <sup>1</sup>At length the Pasha *summoned* him to his presence, . . . <sup>2</sup>and *told*

him that, if he *did* not correctly *answer* certain questions, he should be put to death.

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#### IV.—*Something.*

##### A STORY OF FIVE BROTHERS.

##### PART I.—*The Four Elder Brothers.*

1. "I will do *something*," said the eldest of five brothers: "I will be of *use* in the world. Be it ever so humble a position that I may hold, let me be useful, even if it be in a *small* way; and that will be *something*. I will make bricks: people cannot do without them, so I shall at least do *something*."

2. "Something very little, though," replied the second brother. "Why, it is hardly better than nothing! It is work that might be done by a machine. Better be a mason, as I intend to be. A mason's work cannot be done by a machine. If all things go well, I expect to become a master-workman, and employ men, and have apprentices under me. *That* will be *something*!"

3. "It would be nothing at all for *me*, I can tell you *that*!" rejoined the third brother. "*I* will be an architect,"—one who makes plans for others to build by. Then I shall be one of the thinkers, and raise myself to one of the higher grades of society. I may have to begin low down—even as a carpenter's boy; I may not enjoy it at first, but I shall try to rise. Yes, I shall go to the Academy—learn to draw—and be called an architect. *That* will be something worth striving for."

4. "But it is something that *I* should care nothing about," said the fourth brother. "I should not care to go

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\* *Ar'chitect* (pronounced *ar'ki-tect*), one who forms plans and designs of buildings, and superintends the builders.

on—on—in the old beaten track, and only copy after others. Some people think me a *genius*; and a genius I intend to be. I will be greater than all of you put together. I will invent something new—something that will bring me wealth, and make me famous. *That* will be something worth living for. Yes, I will invent something *grand*!”

5. “But people may not care for what you invent,” said the fifth brother,—“or, somebody may invent something better,—or, more likely, you will not invent anything at all. I see none of my brothers will ever be anything; though, of course, they will not believe me. But *I* shall not be like them. I shall be a *critic*, and write for the *papers*; and I shall find out what is wrong in others and ridiculous—for there is something ridiculous in almost everything—and I shall use ridicule and sarcasm, and show up the *faults* of people—and that’s what everybody will read; and so, I shall become famous; and *that* will be *something*.”<sup>b</sup>

6. And he kept his word; and people said of this fifth brother, “There is something in him, certainly: he has plenty of *brains*; but he *does* nothing.” And while some praised him, there were some who envied him, and many who hated him; and when he died, people drew a long sigh of relief.

7. But what became of all the brothers? Let us hear the whole. We will tell you, then, what became of them.

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<sup>b</sup> Although the very common idea of *criticism* is, that it is the art of fault-finding, just as the fifth brother viewed it, yet the duty of a critic is no more to find fault than it is to praise and commend. The critic should judge honestly and intelligently, both of faults and of merits, and then express his opinions fairly; but if the case be in the least doubtful he should lean to the side of charity. He should, especially, guard against cultivating a censorious and fault-finding spirit, and should never indulge in censure unless some good may be reasonably expected from it.



8. The eldest brother, the brickmaker, found that every brick he turned out whole yielded him a tiny copper coin—only copper; but a great many of these small coins—a hundred of them—added together, were equal to a silver dollar; and wherever he knocked with them—whether at the baker's, the butcher's, the tailor's, or the grocer's—the door flew wide open, and he received what he wanted.

9. And this was *something*; although, indeed, some of the bricks were broken before they were finished; but a use was found even for these. For there was Mother Margaret, who wanted to build herself a little house, if she could, up by the trenches, a little way from the sea-shore; and she took all the broken bricks,—ay, and she got a few whole ones besides; for this eldest brother had a good heart, although he was only a brickmaker.

10. Poor Margaret built her house with her own hands. It was very narrow, its one window leaned badly to one side, the door was too low, and the old woman had to stoop—but that she had been used to all her life—and the thatch on the roof might have been laid on better; but the hut gave her shelter and a home, and could be seen far over the sea, which sometimes burst over the trench in its might, and sprinkled a salt shower on the roof. But the hut kept its place there three years after he who made the bricks was dead and gone.

11. As for the second brother, the one who would be a mason, he did as he had resolved. He was an apprentice for a while; and when his time was out he buckled on his knapsack, and started on his travels, singing as he went. He found work—for he did his work well—and made some money; and then he came home and became a master-workman in his native town, and built house after house—a whole street of houses; so that, after a while, he was able to build a little house for himself.

12. The house which he built for himself was a small one, it is true, and had a clay floor; but when he and his bride walked over it, it grew as smooth as if it had been polished. And he hung the walls with the tools of his trade; and his wife enriched them with her own handiwork. It was a pretty house, after all, and its occupants were a happy wedded pair. And *that* was something. The banner of the Masons' Guild<sup>e</sup> waved outside; and workmen and apprentices shouted "Hurrah!" for he had been moderately successful, and was respected. And *that*, too, was something.

13. Next came the architect, the third brother. He began as a carpenter's apprentice, and swept out the shop, and ran about the town on errands. But he studied well at the Academy, and did not despise work, and saved the pennies; so he went steadily upward. He planned many houses; and after a while a whole street took its name from him—because he was the architect; and the handsomest house in the whole street was his;—*that* was something, for it was the fruit of his industry,—and *he* was somebody.

14. Now for the genius,—the fourth brother, who wanted to invent something new, something original and grand. Surely, there was nothing wrong in this. He tried a long time to invent a perpetual motion,—something that should move without the help of man, or beast, or wind, or water, and that should have power to move machinery, and do the work of millions of men, and thousands of horses, and hundreds of steam-engines! That was a grand project, he

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\* A *guild* is a business fraternity—an association of some one of the trades—as of the stone-masons, the carpenters, the weavers, etc.—generally formed for mutual aid and protection. The term is little used in this country; but we have "Trades-Unions," as they are called.

thought! and in imagination he grew rich and famous, thinking of what he should do.

15. But in time he found out that such an invention is impossible, and that he had spent his time, and labor, and money, for naught. But at length he *did* invent a brick-making machine for his elder brother, by which his brother was able to command a better trade, and sell bricks cheaper than before. And *that* was something—but not quite what he had been looking for. Yet people called him a genius; and when he died he had a *splendid* funeral, with music and banners; and there were flowery notices of him in the newspapers. And many thought that this was something; but others thought it was not much.

## PART II.—*The Youngest Brother, the Critic.*

1. Finally, all the four elder brothers were dead. The youngest, the critic, outlived them all; and that was as it should be, for thus he had the last word, which to him was a matter of the greatest importance. He was a critic to the last; and he criticised everything, and found fault with everybody—except himself; and because he saw evil where others did not, and saw so much to find fault with, and could write so much about it, people said, “He has plenty of brains.”

2. But his hour came at last, for he died; and his soul sought the gates of heaven. And so it chanced that it stood there side by side with another soul—Old Mother Margaret from the trenches. “It is for the sake of contrast, I suppose,” said he, “that I and this miserable soul should wait here together. Well, now, who are you, my good woman?” he asked.

3. And the old woman replied, with as much respect as if St. Peter himself were addressing her,—in fact, she took him for St. Peter, he gave himself such grand airs,

—"I am a poor old soul ; I don't know much ; I have no family ; I am only Old Margaret from the house near the trenches."

4. "Well, and what have you done down below?" he inquired.

"I have done as good as nothing in the world !" said she,—*"nothing whatever. It will be mercy, indeed, if such as I am are suffered to pass through this gate."*

5. "And how did you leave the world?" inquired the critic, carelessly. He must *talk* about something, or nothing, for such he had been doing all his life on the earth ; and it wearied him to stand there waiting.

### PART III.—*Old Margaret's Story.*

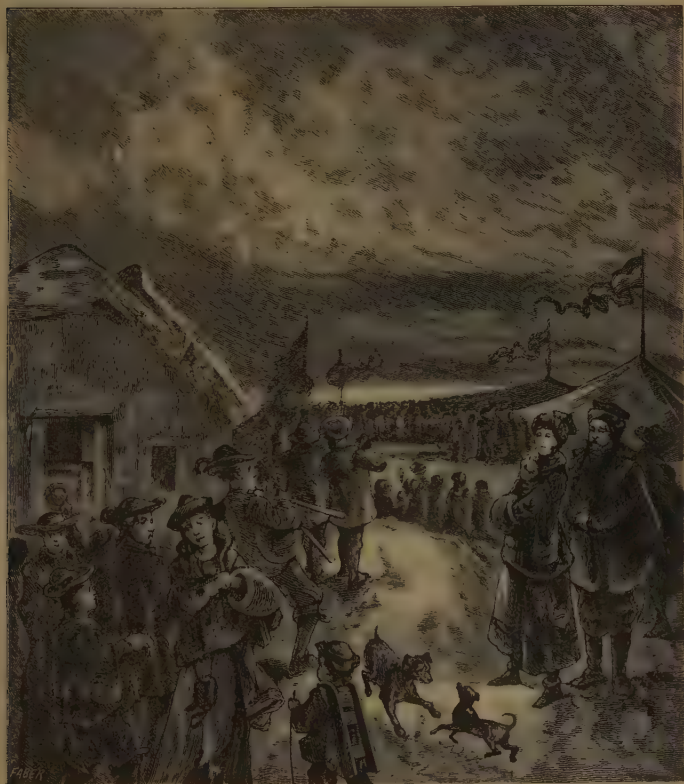
1. "Well, I can hardly tell how I left it," she said, "but I will try to tell my story. I have been sickly enough during these past few years, and could not well bear to creep out of bed at all during the cold weather. It has been a severe winter, but now that is all past.

2. "For a few days, as your highness must know, the wind was quite still, but it was bitterly cold ; and the ice lay over the water as far as one could see. All the people of the town were out on the ice. There were dancing, and music, and sledge-racing, I fancy, and other games. I could hear something of it all as I lay in my poor little chamber.

3. "And when it was getting toward evening, the moon was up, but was not yet very bright, when, as I looked from my bed through the window, I saw rising up over the sea a strange white cloud. I lay and watched it—watched the black spot in it, which grew bigger and bigger ; and then I knew what was coming. Twice before in my life I had seen that sign ; and I knew there would be a terrible

storm, and a spring flood ; and it would burst over the poor things on the ice, who were laughing, and dancing, and merry-making !

4. “ Young and old—the whole town—was out on the ice ; and who was to warn them if no one saw the storm coming, or no one knew what I knew ? I was so terrified that I felt all alive, as I had not felt for years. I got out of bed and forced the window open ;—I could see the folks running and dancing over the ice ; I could see the



gay flags ; I could hear the boys shout ‘ Hurrah ! ’ and the girls and lads singing.

5. "O, how merry they were! and all the time the white cloud, with its black spot, rose higher and higher! I screamed as loud as I could; but no one heard me—I was too far off. Soon the storm would be upon them; the ice would break in pieces, and all that crowd would sink and drown! What was to be done?"

6. "Then our Lord sent me a good thought. I could set fire to my bed:—better let my house be burnt to the ground, than one of those people perish so miserably. So I kindled a light. I saw the red flame mount up. I got out a little way from the door; but then I fell down. I lay there; I could not get up again. But the flames burst out through the window, and over the roof. They saw it down below, and they all ran as fast as they could to help me; for the poor old crone, they believed, would be burned,—there was not one who did not run to help me.

7. "I heard them coming; and I heard, too, a rustling in the air, and then a roar, and a thundering as of heavy cannon-shots,—for the spring flood was rushing in, and almost in a moment the ice was broken up! But, bless the Lord! the people were all off the ice,—even before they knew their danger,—and up at the trenches, where the sparks were flying about me. I had them all safe. But the cold and the fright were too much for me; and that is how I came up here. Can the gates of heaven be opened to such a poor old creature as I? I have no house now at the trenches: where can I go, if they refuse me here?"

#### PART IV.—*The Angel of Mercy.*

1. Then the gates opened, and the Angel of Mercy bade poor Margaret enter. As she passed the threshold she dropped a blade of straw—straw from her bed—that bed which she had set on fire to save the people on the



ice ; and lo ! it had changed into gold ! dazzling gold ! yet flexible withal ; and it twisted into the form of a golden crown !

2. "Look ! that was what yonder poor woman brought,"



said the Angel,—“only a blade of straw, it is true ; but that, you see, is *something*. But what dost *thou* bring ?” he asked, turning to the younger brother, the critic. “Truly, I know well that thou hast done nothing—not even made bricks. It is a pity thou canst not go back

again to fetch at least *one* brick—not that it is good for anything in itself; no: but because *anything*, the very least, done with a good will, is *something*. But thou mayst not go back; and I can do nothing for thee.”

3. Then poor Margaret pleaded for him thus:—“His brother gave me all the bricks and broken bits with which I built my poor little house: that was a great kindness toward a poor old soul like me! May not all those bits and fragments, put together, be reckoned as one brick for him? It will be an act of mercy; he needs it, and this is the abode of mercy.”

4. “To thy brother, whom thou didst despise,” said the Angel, addressing the critic,—“to him whose calling, in respect of worldly honor, was the lowest, shalt thou owe this mite of heavenly coin. Thou shalt not be sent away; thou shalt have leave to stand here without, and think over thy manner of life down below. But within thou canst not enter until thou hast done something that is good—SOMETHING!”

5. “I fancy I could have expressed that better,” thought the critic; but he did not say it aloud, and that was better than nothing!—he remained silent,—and that was better than he had done while on earth. But the gate closed, and he was left waiting without.<sup>c</sup>

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Seventh Series*, p. 225.]—1. These are the plans for life which five brothers *adopted*.—2. The eldest brother *followed* <sup>1</sup>the brickmaker’s calling.—3. The next *practised* <sup>1</sup>the mason’s art.—4. The third *adopted* <sup>1</sup>the profession of an artist.—5. The fourth, whom some people *regarded* as a genius, . . . <sup>2</sup>said that he *would invent* something grand some day.—6. The fifth said that he *would excel* all his brothers, for he

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<sup>c</sup> Some would have added, “where he remains to this day.” But we cannot take upon ourselves to decide upon his final destiny.

would be a critic.—7. He *would show up* 'the faults of people, he said; . . . 'and so everybody *would read* his writings.—8. The narrative tells us . . . what these brothers *did* in life.—9. It also *tells* old Margaret's story.—10. It also 'gives . . . 'a sad picture of the fate of the fifth brother, the critic.

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### CHAPTER XXXVI.—GEM SELECTIONS.—No. 3.

Very numerous have been the "Gems" that we have listened to, from time to time, in Mr. Agnew's school, since our last collection of them; and the pupils think that from term to term the selections become more noble in sentiment, and more beautiful in expression. This may be so; but Mr. Agnew tells them that, the older they are, and the more familiar they become with good authors, the better qualified will they be to appreciate noble thoughts, and to judge of the language in which they are clothed.

A few more of these selections, that were recited one day when we were present, by the pupils of one of the advanced classes, are given here:

#### 1. *Kindness.*

The drying up a single tear has more  
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.

*Byron*

#### 2. *Reputation.*

The purest treasure mortal eyes behold  
Is spotless reputation. That away,  
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

*Shakspeare.*

#### 3. *Our Present Duties.*

One by one thy duties wait thee;  
Let thy whole strength go to each;

Let no future dreams elate thee,  
Learn thou first what *these* can teach.

*A. A. Procter.*

4. *We Reap as We have Sown.*

We shape, ourselves, the joy or fear  
Of which the coming life is made,  
And fill our Future's atmosphere  
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be  
We weave with colors all our own,  
And in the field of Destiny  
*We reap as we have sown.*

*J. G. Whittier*

5. *Noble Deeds and Thoughts.*

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought  
Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.

*Longfellow.*

6. *Appearances.—No. 1.*

'Tis not the fairest form that holds  
The mildest, purest soul within;  
'Tis not the richest plant that folds  
The sweetest breath of fragrance in.

*R. Dawes.*

7. *Appearances.—No. 2.*

Within the oyster's shell uncouth  
The purest pearl may hide;  
And oft you'll find a heart of truth  
Within a rough outside.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

8. *Eloquence.*

The grand debate,  
The popular harangue, the tart reply,  
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,  
I long to know them all.

*Cowper.*

9. *The Golden Mean.*

He that holds fast the golden mean,  
And lives contentedly between  
The little and the great,  
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,  
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,  
Embittering all his state.

*Horace, by Cowper.*

10. *The Influence of Example.*

The smallest bark on Life's tumultuous ocean  
Will leave a track behind for evermore ;  
The lightest wave of influence, set in motion,  
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.  
We should be wary, then, who go before  
A myriad yet to be ; and we should take  
Our bearing carefully, where breakers roar  
And fearful tempests gather : one mistake  
May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in our wake.

*Mrs. S. T. Bolton.*

11. *The Force of Habit.*

Bad habits gather by unseen degrees,  
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

*Dryden's Ovid.*

Habits are soon assumed ; but when we strive  
To throw them off, 'tis being flayed alive.

*Cowper.*

12. *The Sparkling Bowl.*

Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!

Though lips of bards thy brim may press,  
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,

And song and dance thy power confess,

*I will not touch thee*; for there clings

A scorpion to thy side, that stings.

*Pierpont.*

13. *Drunkenness and Gluttony.*

Be not among wine-bibbers;

Among riotous eaters of flesh:

For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty,

And drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

*Proverbs of Solomon.*

O that men should put an enemy into their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

*Shakspeare.*

14. *The Voice of Conscience.*

There's an odd little voice ever speaking within,

That prompts us to duty, and warns us from sin;

And, what is most strange, it will make itself heard,

Though it gives not a sound, and says never a word.

WRITTEN EX. [See *Seventh Series*, p. 225.]—1. We have listened to 'numerous gem selections . . . ' since we made our last collection of them.—2. The older the pupils are, the more the selections please them.—3. The first selection teaches us the great value of kindness.—4. The last one tells us how powerful is the voice of conscience.

Note.—The pupil should always endeavor to give the *best form* of expression that he can. Thus, the third example may be written in either of the following ways:



- 1st. We are taught, in the first selection, the great value of *kindness*.  
 2d. In the first selection we are taught the great value of *kindness*.  
 The second form would generally be preferred.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.—OTHER CHANGES AMONG OUR LAKE-VIEW FRIENDS.

1. When Bertie Brown left his loved Lake-View home for a home in the far West, the little group of friends with whom he had been so closely associated felt, for a time, that half their joys had departed.

2. But the friendly circle grew larger and larger, and kindly influences more and more endeared its members to one another; then Ralph Duncan's departure left a void in it which some of the remaining friends thought could never be filled. And now other changes are to be noted in the life-drama that we are here observing; for we find that, here as elsewhere, as Time's current bears us rapidly onward, it is ever bringing to our notice new scenes, new interests, and new duties.

3. Henry Allen, having finished his college course, and graduated with honor, had returned to Lake-View to enjoy the pleasures of home for a while, and to obtain that rest and recreation from long and diligent study which he so much needed.

4. He had not yet chosen a profession, and was uncertain what he should do in the future, when his father was urged, by a city friend, to allow Henry to make a three years'

ORAL EX.—Verse 1. "Had been associated" *how*?—"Felt" *when*?—V. 2. "Endeared" *how much*?—"Left" *when*?—"Could be filled" *when*?—"Are to be noted" *when*?—"Are observing" *where*?—We "find" *where*?—"Bears" us *how*?—"Bears" us *where*?—"Is bringing" *when*?—The words and phrases that answer to these questions are called what?—(See page 149.)

voyage around the world, with a literary and scientific company that had just been formed for the purpose. This friend of Dr. Allen was going to send his own son on the voyage; and the young man was anxious to have Henry's company.

5. Henry was delighted with the idea. Three of his college mates were going; and the company was to be made up, in part, of recent college graduates, who, under the charge of two college professors who had made the voyage before, would have a rare opportunity to combine the highest advantages of travel and recreation.

6. It was a long time for Henry to be absent from home, a long time to put off the choice of a profession, and the preparation required for its duties. A mother's anxieties long stood in the way of the father's consent; but it was finally decided that Henry might go.

7. Just on the eve of his departure to join the steamer *Dolphin*, which was to sail from New York, and take the party from port to port throughout the entire voyage, all were surprised to learn that Mr. Jones, the coal-merchant, who was an old acquaintance of the captain of the steamer, had hastily concluded to let his son Freddy go, if, in addition to the captain's care over him, Henry Allen would also take some charge of Freddy, so that he might derive as much profit from the voyage as possible.

8. Freddy, now nearly grown to manhood, was still exceedingly fond of novelty and adventure. He had often entreated his father to let him go to sea; and Mr. Jones thought this would be a good opportunity to indulge him. At the same time he hoped that so long an absence would cure him of his roving propensities. In any event, with the captain's and Henry's care over him, and in such a company, there would be little danger of his falling under the influence of evil companions. Henry was delighted to

have Freddy go with him; so the matter was easily arranged.

9. The evening before Henry and Freddy left Lake-View, they met at Wilmot Hall a party of their young friends, who had assembled there to wish them a prosperous voyage and bid them adieu. Henry promised that he would keep them informed, through Mr. Bookmore, of the progress of the steamer from one port to another; and that from time to time he would give them some account of the countries and people he should visit.

10. "Something that will interest and profit the young people of our Reading Club," I remarked.

"Yes, if you, Mr. Bookmore, will give to my letters any corrections which they may need for that purpose," he replied.

11. "And I think *I* can make some collections for the *Museum*," Freddy remarked. Then, turning to Lulu, he said, in a low voice, "See if *I* do not write something that will be read at the Reading Club,—something *almost* as good as Ralph's letter to Eddie Wilmot!"

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### LANGUAGE LESSONS. EIGHTH SERIES.

WITH PHRASES AND CLAUSES IN ADVANCE OF THE FIFTH IN CONSTRUCTION.

CHANGE THE **Passive** FORM OF EXPRESSION TO THE **Active** FORM, WITHOUT CHANGING THE MEANING OF THE SENTENCE.

Let pupils endeavor to arrange the sentences in such order as will best express the meaning intended. They are to omit, introduce, or change words, where they think the proper construction of the sentence requires it.

*Note.*—The verbs to be changed are put in *italics*, as before. Observe that the phrases "*by* him," "*by* them," "*by* us," etc., which, in the Passive form, come *after* the verb, often need to be changed, in the Active form, to *he*, *they*, *we*, etc., which are then to come *before* the verb. The teacher will observe that the noun or pronoun governed by "*by*" generally becomes the nominative to the verb in the re-

arranged sentence. Let the teacher explain to the pupil. (See, also, Explanation, Seventh Series, p. 225.)

WRITTEN EX. [*Eighth Series.*].—1. <sup>2</sup>Some changes among our Lake-View friends, since this narrative *was begun* (by us), . . . *have already been noticed* by <sup>1</sup>us. (We have already noticed . . . etc.)—2. Bertie Brown's absence *was long felt* by <sup>1</sup>a group of friends; . . . and a void *was left* in the same circle by Ralph Duncan's departure.—3. <sup>1</sup>But the wounds which *are made* by absence . . . *are soon healed* by <sup>2</sup>time; . . . nor ought we *to be surprised* by this.—4. <sup>1</sup>As we *are borne* rapidly onward by the ever-flowing current of Time, . . . our thoughts *are occupied* by <sup>2</sup>new scenes, new interests, and new duties; . . . <sup>3</sup>and thus, happily for us, we *are drawn* by them away from the past.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.—THE GLEANERS' CLUB AGAIN.

### *Colonel Hardy's Narrative.*

At one of the meetings of the Gleaners' Club, shortly after the departure of Henry and Freddy, and when the pieces had all been taken from the cabinet, Mrs. Wilmot said she would step to the library, and see if she could persuade her brother, Colonel Hardy, to come in and tell the young people the story of *The Young Lieutenant and the Jewelled Snuff-Box*. She said it was a *true* narrative, that she first heard from her brother many years ago.

All were on the tiptoe of expectation until Mrs. Wilmot returned, accompanied by her brother and Mr. Wilmot.

"Do tell us the story, uncle," said Lulu, running to meet him.

"Yes, do," said Eddie.

"It is a story about some gallant officers in our own army," said the Colonel, as he took his seat. "I will tell it," he continued, "but I shall keep back the real names of

persons and places, as the hero of the story is an intimate friend of mine, who is still living."

The Colonel then related the story, as follows:

THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT AND THE JEWELLED SNUFF-BOX.

I.—*A Dinner-Party.*

1. Many years ago, a young man was seen coming out of a little house at the southern end of a town that stood by the sea. The house was but little more than a wooden hut, tarred over to protect it from wind and weather. Though its windows and door-step were clean, and its curtains white, it was clearly a very poor place, where none but very poor people would live.

2. The young man was in full military dress, though that was screened from view by a long, gray cloak, which the wild March wind made necessary. He looked back and waved his hand toward the little house, as if he knew that somebody there was watching him. Then he turned and struggled against the strong gale which blew from the northward.

3. He was quite young, and his finely cut face and features would have been pleasant, but for a look of stern and painful anxiety that seemed in striking contrast with his years and his dress. He walked on, quite through the town, and toward the old fort that kept guard over the harbor.

4. There, it was clear, festivity was going forward; and as he passed the grim old portal, friendly voices greeted him. Then over his stern, sad face he dropped a mask of cheerfulness; and though at times he relapsed into silence, yet it was evident that when he willed it he could be as cordial in his manners as the gayest of his brother officers.

5. In the fine old hall of the fort preparations had been

made for a dinner-party in honor of an old General who had just arrived from a foreign station. Distinguished guests, all of them officers, had been invited to be present on the occasion.

6. After dinner, when ceremony was fairly thawed, the good old General, in the kindness and pride of his heart, displayed a little snuff-box which had been given to him by some Spanish grandee. It was set with diamonds and colored gems of rare value; and as it passed from hand to hand, flashing brightly in the lamplight, the old warrior told stories of his campaigns, and of the daring and honor of his men.

7. Suddenly, at the end of a story so thrilling that all heads had been eagerly bent forward to catch every syllable, the simple question was asked,—

8. "What has become of the General's jewelled box?"

Nobody knew. Everybody said he had silently passed it on to his neighbor.

## II.—*A Perplexing Affair.*

1. The General searched his pockets, hoping that it had found its way back to him, and that he, without thought or attention, had put it away. No, it was not there; and the old General looked a little blank as he fumbled in one pocket after another; and finally he murmured something about "how its loss would vex his good lady."

2. "But it cannot be lost, General," cried the commanding officer of the fort. "It was in this room a few minutes ago, and in this room it must be still. Let the door be made fast, and let our search for it be thorough."

3. In vain search was made for it under the table, under the chairs, and around the table drapery. "Still, it must be here," insisted the commandant; "and surely no gentleman will think his honor questioned if each in turn is



asked to empty the contents of his pockets upon the table. I myself will be the first to do so."

4. Nobody could be expected to demur to so simple and sensible a proposal, backed as it was by the honest old officer, who instantly rattled out some half dollars, a tobacco-pouch, a few pennies, and an old pipe.

5. One after another quickly followed his example; but one man had been seen to draw back, and to drop suddenly into his seat, when the commandant made his proposal. It was the young officer who had walked from the little hut at the southern end of the town. He passed his hand once or twice nervously through his hair, leaving it wild and straggling, and then he watched blankly as the fruitless search drew nearer and nearer to himself.

6. His turn was the very last. "Lieutenant Ransom!" said the commandant. Lieutenant Ransom was certainly the first one that it had been necessary to call upon by name.

7. The young man arose, and, though the rest of his face was of a deadly whiteness, there was a spot of burning red on each cheek.

8. "I do not think any gentleman should be asked to do this," he said. "I give my word of honor that the box is not upon my person. I did not even keep it in my hands for a moment; I merely took it and passed it on."

9. A suppressed murmur of disapproval, approaching to indignation, ran through the hall.

"What men high in the service, and old enough to be his father, have already done, Lieutenant Ransom may safely do," said the commandant, not unkindly.

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ORAL EX.—Verse 5. "Followed" *how*?—"To draw" *where*?—"To drop" *how*?—"Passed" *when*?—"Passed" *how*?—"Watched" *when*?—"Watched" *how*?—The words and phrases that answer these questions are called *what*?

10. "I would never have asked it for the sake of the box," interposed the old General, leaning back in his chair.

"But *we* ask it for the sake of our *honor*, General," said the commandant.

"And we do not seem to have asked it needlessly," whispered a spiteful Major.

11. "I will not do this thing!" cried the young officer; and he looked wildly around the group, as if he sought for one face that would comprehend and compassionate his misery. The face that looked the kindest was that of the old General himself; and, turning to him, the young man said, "If the General will come with me to the anteroom, I will convince him that I have it not. But this public exposure I will not submit to, and—"

12. The rest of the sentence was drowned in the general hubbub of confusion on every side, amid which could be heard expressions not at all complimentary to the young man's honor.

13. But the old General, waving his hand to still the tumult, arose. "Gentlemen," he said, quietly, "I have never yet refused to listen even to an *enemy's* petition. If you can satisfy me, sir, perhaps your comrades will take *my* word for you."

14. Some murmurs of disapproval were heard; but the Lieutenant bowed, and waited respectfully to follow the General to the antechamber. They remained out long enough to have searched the Lieutenant's pockets ten times over. Not a sound could be heard from them; and if any conversation was going on between them, it must have been in a very low tone of voice. The delay grew at first awkward, and then awful; and even the whispers and murmurs at last gave way to an intent and excited watching.

15. When the General and the Lieutenant came out, the young man's face was still pale; and what flush remained

upon it had mounted to his eyes. The old General was blowing his nose.

16. "Lieutenant Ransom has thoroughly satisfied me," he said, in his most genial voice. "Never mind my box. It has vanished by one of those mysterious accidents which will sometimes happen. It will be found some day."

17. "General," said the commandant, drawing him a little to one side, "I hope your great generosity has not led you to—"

18. "Sir," cried the old General, "can you imagine that any mistaken idea of kindness would cause me to commend a thief to your favor?" Then, raising his voice so as to be heard by the whole company, he continued—"I pledge you my word that I am satisfied of Lieutenant Ransom's honor; and whoever dares to doubt it, charges me with being an accomplice in a fraud."

19. And the old General seized the young Lieutenant's arm, and marched with him from the banqueting hall, while every one sat in dumb amazement, till the spiteful old Major remarked that wonders would never cease.

20. There was nothing more to be said. It was ere long discovered that Lieutenant Ransom was not only invited to dine with the other officers at the old General's quarters, in town, but was also asked there alone, to take tea with the General's family.

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Eighth Series*, p. 289.]—1. In this chapter the story of a young lieutenant *has been related* by us.—2. He *was invited*, by <sup>1</sup>the commanding officer of a fort in the harbor, . . . <sup>2</sup>to dine with his brother officers on a certain occasion, . . . <sup>3</sup>which *is explained* by the story itself.—3. During the dinner a jewelled snuff-box *was lost* by an old General, the guest of the occasion.—4. <sup>1</sup>Owing to some circumstances, which *cannot be explained* by us here, . . . the young lieutenant *was suspected*, by <sup>2</sup>some of the party, of having taken it.—5. At that dinner-party the mystery *was not fully cleared up* by the young lieutenant.

III.—*A Second Dinner-Party.*

1. Not long after these events the young Lieutenant exchanged into another regiment, which went on active service in a distant part of the country. He was away for several years, and in the fortunes of war was rapidly promoted, so that, when he returned to his old home, though he was still young, he was no longer a poor nobody.

2. Immediately upon his arrival he found a letter awaiting him from the same old commandant of the fort, inviting him, in very cordial terms, to a dinner-party to be given at the fort on the following day. Lieutenant Ransom, now Colonel Ransom, smiled a little strangely as he read this invitation; but he wrote a very polite reply, and accepted it.

3. Once more he sat in the stately old banqueting hall; but, as he took his seat in the chair of honor, he noticed that, although time had made many changes, every face at the table was strangely familiar to him. It is true, that not all the guests at the former dinner were there. Many of these, he knew, were sleeping on battle-fields far away. But nobody was at this dinner who had not been at the former one.

4. After the dishes had been removed, and the conversation had begun to flag, as if all were in expectation of something, the eldest officer present arose, and, speaking with some embarrassment as he bowed to Colonel Ransom, said, "Colonel, I think we all remember another time when we dined together here."

5. "Certainly, I remember it," calmly answered the Colonel, lifting his gray eyes coolly to the speaker, who then continued:—"Colonel, we fancy you think some of us did you injustice then. At least, a lady says you felt so—the good old General's widow. If what we are going to

do is in any way painful to you, I hope you will pardon us, for we are only following her counsel. Colonel, there was a snuff-box lost that evening. Here it is."

6. And there it was, gleaming once more in the light, which danced gayly upon it. The Colonel looked at it calmly, and asked,—

"Where was it found?"

7. His composure was exceedingly disconcerting; and then the old commandant himself, feeling that the first speaker had done *his* part, took up the story.

8. "It was found in the very chair on which you are now seated, Colonel," he said. "You will remember that the old General sat there on that night. The box must have found its way back to the General's own hand, and, in the interest and excitement of his own story-telling, instead of slipping it into his pocket, he must have dropped it into the loose covering of his chair; for the covering was thick and heavy, and hung in lappets about his legs. The box evidently dropped between the damask and the torn lining, where it remained unseen, till the chair was recovered, last year."

9. "Gentlemen," said the Colonel, with his accustomed calmness, though his lip trembled a little, "I cannot wonder that some of you thought my conduct suspicious. I thank you heartily for showing me your brotherly delight that those suspicions were unfounded."

#### IV.—*An Explanation.*

1. The Colonel then sat in silence for some moments, looking down, as if memory were busy with recollections of the past, and as if he had quite forgotten where he was. Then he recalled himself with a start, and, drawing something from his pocket, said, quietly,—

"Gentlemen, *I*, too, have something to show *you*."

2. All pressed forward as he carefully unfolded the soft paper packet and laid something on the table. What was it? What could it be?

It was the bleached skeleton of a chicken's wing!

3. "Gentlemen," he said, in that same quiet voice, which no longer seemed cold and stern, but rather full of strength and sweetness, "when I was here before, I was a poor, fatherless lad, owning nothing in this world but my poor little pittance of pay.

4. "I had only one relative, and that was my mother's sister. She was a mother to me after my mother died; and we two had only each other in the world. When her health failed, I could not help her as she ought to have been helped, and I took her to lodge with the kind-hearted wife of the miller's man, in the little black cottage by the sea-shore. But she could not eat the homely fare; and the good landlady used to break my heart, by suggesting that her appetite might be tempted by chickens, or game, or other luxuries that were entirely beyond my reach.

5. "On the day of that memorable dinner-party I left my aunt in a very feeble state. At the dinner here my soul revolted at the sight of dainties which I cared nothing for, and which I could not convey to her who seemed dying for want of them. Suddenly an idea seized me. I took a letter from my pocket and spread it on my napkin, and then, unnoticed by any one, transferred the wing of a chicken from my plate to the paper, and thence to my pocket."

6. The listening guests began to look at one another with enlightened eyes; and down the bronzed face of the once spiteful old Major a tear was seen glistening, as the whole truth suddenly dawned upon him.

7. "Gentlemen," continued the Colonel, "you can all imagine my feelings when my poor little plan was threatened



with exposure. There are some of you who were, like myself, young then, whom it would have been as hard to meet, after such a discovery, as it would have been if I had really stolen the jewelled snuff-box."

8. "Heaven forgive us, Ransom; but I cannot say you were wrong in your estimate of us at that time," said one brave gentleman, who was a fashionable dandy in those days, but who had a wife and six children now.

9. "Gentlemen, I did not fear the old General, honored and enriched by a grateful country," said the Colonel. "The men who have fought the best battles of life have ever a pitiful respect for the poor and the friendless. To him I could lay bare my poor little secret. But I was a young man then, and my place was among the young,—the young who, having never conquered, always despise the defeated,—the vain, giddy youths, extravagant with their fathers' money, and—"

10. "Oh, come, Ransom," cried one officer, "it is your turn now, but please to remember that, to-night, we are the abject and defeated—and be merciful."

The Colonel laughed heartily at this, but soon, resuming his composure, went on:—

11. "In that little room, yonder, I told my sad story to that good and great man who is gone. And I folded up my queer treasure again, for I could not leave it behind to bear witness; and besides, having paid such a terrible price for it, I did not see why my aunt should not have it.

12. "And she ate it for her supper that very night; and next morning, almost as soon as it was light, there was the old General hammering at the cottage door, with a basket of fowls and fruit brought by his own hands. And, then and there, I took this little chicken bone, and vowed that I would keep it till the General's snuff-box should be found.

and until I myself should become *such* a man, *among* such men, that none of them would smile at my poverty, or even despise my weakness."

13. "That is the story," said Colonel Hardy, "and I can vouch for the truth of it, for I was present at both of those dinner-parties. These events taught me a useful lesson,—not to be too sure that there can be but one reason for secrecy, and never to imagine evil while it is possible to think good."

14. "The moral of the story is found, also, in the following text," remarked Mr. Agnew:—"Judge not according to the *appearance*; but judge righteous judgment."

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Eighth Series*, p. 289.]—1. Many years after the events which *have just been related* by us, . . . a second dinner-party *was given* at the Fort, by the same old commandant.—2. Then and there the mystery of the snuff-box *was explained* by the old commandant, for the box *had been found* by some one the year before, in the covering of the old arm-chair.

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## CHAPTER XXXIX.—AROUND THE WORLD.—No. 1.

1. We had been expecting that, as soon as the steamer *Dolphin* should reach Liverpool, Henry Allen would send us a letter giving an account of the voyage across the ocean; but we were surprised to receive, instead, a letter from Freddy Jones.

2. He sent with it a pencil sketch drawn by the artist of the party, showing the departure of the steamer from the Narrows, just as she had passed the light-house at Sandy Hook, and had fairly started on her voyage. I am glad to be able to print the drawing, and to give it in connection with Freddy's letter.—[See p. 303.]

3. Freddy's school-mates were delighted with what he had written; and I can see that they are already counting more upon letters from him, than from Henry Allen. Fortunately, Ralph Duncan had come home to spend the Sabbath just as Freddy's letter was received, and to Ralph was assigned the reading of the letter before the Club. Freddy says that the divisions in his letter were made just as he wrote the several parts, from time to time.

FREDDY JONES'S LETTER.

I.—*The Start from New York.*

1. Henry Allen has promised to let me write the first letter home, as he says there is not much to write about yet. So I shall give my Lake-View friends a brief account of our voyage across the broad Atlantic. The sailors call it "The Big Pond."

2. As the tenth of June was the day appointed for the steamer *Dolphin*, Captain Gray, to sail from New York on her long voyage, I arose very early that morning, and, waking father, before eight o'clock Henry and I were on the deck of the steamer. We had sent our baggage on board the evening before.

3. I had slept scarcely a wink during the night; for I had kept awake, picturing to myself how pleasant it would be to start upon this grand pleasure excursion, which I fancied would be a genuine three-years' picnic.

4. But a drizzling rain had set in, and everything—trunks, valises, and people—looked forlorn and drooping on the decks. The noble old flag was up; but it hung limp and listless against the mast. I did not feel quite so joyous as I had thought I should. But at length, after all the visitors had gone ashore—father among the rest—the order was given to cast off; the whistle blew—the wheels began to move—and the picnic was begun!

5. In a driving rain-storm we steamed down to the lower bay, and came to anchor just within Sandy Hook, where we were sheltered from the winds and the waves, which came rushing furiously landward through the broad channel.

6. The captain did not think it best to start out against a full-blown tempest, with such a cargo as he had on board; so we lay there until noon of the next day, when the storm had abated, and precisely at "high twelve," just as the sun burst in full radiance through a rift in the clouds, thus favoring us with a happy omen, we started.

7. As we passed the light-house at Sandy Hook—great ships, and smaller craft, all around us—we rapidly ran ahead of a large merchant vessel bent on the same course with ourselves, while at the same time an American man-of-war, which frowned upon us with her long tier of guns, passed northward on her way to the upper harbor. Our artist has sketched the view which he supposed might then have been presented from the north, and just as we might then have been seen, steaming away into the distant ocean.

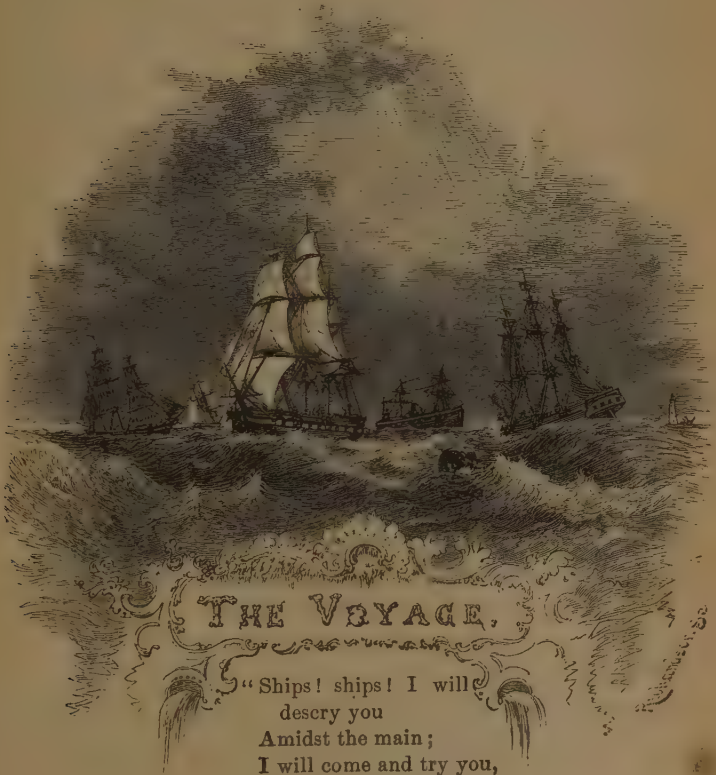
8. As we were right in the midst of the cloud of vessels at the entrance of the channel, several of our party were standing by the mainmast, and Prof. Howard was standing near us, viewing the scene, when I heard him slowly repeat,—

“ ‘Stately ships,  
With all their bravery on, and tackle trim,  
Sails filled, and streamers waving.’ ”

In a moment after he continued :—

“ ‘One goes abroad for merchandise and trading,  
Another stays to keep his country from invading,  
A third is coming home with rich and costly lading.’ ”

Here is the sketch sent by Freddy, together with a few lines copied, by the artist, from an old poem :—



## THE VOYAGE.

"Ships! ships! I will  
descry you  
Amidst the main;  
I will come and try you,  
What you are protecting,  
And projecting,  
What's your end and aim."

### II.—*Some Ocean Puzzles.*

1. Once fairly "under way," as the sailors called it, we moved bravely along; and I was not sea-sick at all. But others were. The first day that we were out there was a full

moon just about nine o'clock in the evening ; and at that time, every night, for eight days, it was just there—a full moon still—in the very same place in the heavens. The moon did not rise later and later every night, as it does in Lake-View ; but it seemed to stand still—as the sun did for Joshua. As Henry had been to college, of course he could tell me the cause of it. I hope Mr. Agnew will give this puzzle to the boys, and see if they can explain it.

2. We had not been out two days when I found that the watch which father gave me a year ago was losing time. It lost about twenty minutes a day ; and in three days it had lost a full hour ! It had never acted so before ; and I turned and turned the regulator to make it go faster ; but it did no good ; and I began to think the man who sold it to father was a swindler.

3. I asked the steward what he thought was the matter with my watch—it lost time so. He laughed, and told me to go and ask Captain Gray. I did so, and the captain explained to me that my watch kept the *New York* time only ; and that because the ship was going east to *meet* the sun, my watch was all the time getting behind.

4. “When you reach Liverpool,” said he, “the sun will rise five hours earlier than it does in New York ; and your watch will then be five hours behind the London time.” I hope Mr. Agnew will give this puzzle, also, to the boys, and see if they can tell why “*ship* time” is not the same as “*land* time ;” and why “*ship* time,” when one is going east, is not the same as “*ship* time” when one is going west.

5. Instead of taking the most direct course to Liverpool, for some reason which I did not understand we took a more northerly course, and entered the harbor of Halifax, in Nova Scotia, where we remained only a few hours. The sailors told me we should pass along the Grand Banks of Newfoundland the next day ; so the next day I was on the



lookout for them; but I found they were nothing but what are called *table-lands*, in the bed of the ocean, a hundred feet at least under water in the shallowest places, and extending five or six hundred miles in length. Mr. Agnew can tell the boys what it is that makes these "Grand Banks" so famous.

6. One day we passed quite near a portion of the wreck of a vessel, which had evidently long been beaten about on the ocean; for clusters of shell-fish had fastened upon it, and long sea-weeds hung down at its sides. There were also remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to the floating hulk, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. Prof. Howard remarked that, probably, all that will ever be known of her is, that she sailed from her port, and "was never heard of more!"

7. The sight of this wreck gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening. As we were gathered in the cabin, many stories of shipwreck and disaster were told; and I then learned that both the Professor and Dr. Edson had been much upon the ocean. I was much impressed, at the time, with the following short story related by the captain:—

### III.—*The Captain's Story.*

1. "As I was once sailing," said he, "in a fine stout ship across the banks of Newfoundland, one of those heavy fogs which prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for us to see far ahead even in the daytime; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of the ship.

2. "I kept lights at the mast-head, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of 'a sail ahead!' It was scarcely uttered before we were upon her.



3. "She was a small schooner, at anchor, with her broadside toward us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just amidships. The force, the size, and weight of our vessel bore her down below the waves: we passed over her and were hurried on our course.

4. "As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches rushing from her cabin: they just started from their beds to be swallowed, shrieking, by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry!

5. "It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack had anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired signal-guns, and listened, thinking we might hear the halloo of some survivor: but all was silent—we never saw or heard anything more of the schooner or her crew."

6. For a time—and while the storm lasted, during that night—these stories put an end to all my fine fancies about the pleasures of "Life on the Ocean Wave!"—but a pleasant day, with a tranquil sea, soon put to flight all my dismal reflections.

#### IV.—*Who Compose our Party.*

1. Our excursion party, in addition to the captain and crew, numbers about forty, thirty of whom are young men. Some of them, like Henry, are just out of college; while others are sent by their parents on this three years' voyage to finish their academic education. Captain Gray calls all these young men "*The Students*;" but they call one another "Boys." I am the youngest of all, and the *sailors* call me "The Corporal."

2. We have two *Professors* on board—Prof. Howard and Dr. Morley Edson. The latter is also the physician and surgeon of the steamer. The Professors have charge of the students. The students call them the "Committee of Ways and Means." I found out what this meant when

I was told that the Professors have been all over the world before, on just such a voyage as this; and that they know all the best routes, or *ways*—the *highways* and the *by-ways*—through the countries they expect to visit; and that they know the very best *means* of making the voyage interesting and useful to all of us. We have also an artist with us, a Mr. Upham, a pale-looking young man, who sketches beautifully.

3. There is a fine library on the steamer, abounding in poetic and prose descriptions, and historical sketches, of places and scenery along our proposed routes of travel; and the students say that Prof. Howard knows this whole library by heart, and will make use of it for our benefit.

4. Dr. Edson is a great geologist and botanist; and he talks by the hour about the “trade and commerce of nations,” and the laws of supply and demand. He will aid us in making collections of minerals and plants, and other specimens of interest to take home with us. So I think I may again promise you some additions to the Lake-View Museum.

5. During the voyage I have become very well acquainted with the sailors. The captain says he has an excellent crew, and that there is not a swearing man among them. I have frequently been down to their quarters in the forecastle, and there I have sometimes heard them tell sailors’ “yarns,” and sing songs.

6. One of the sailors, Tom Longacre, a tall, hardy, weather-beaten man, whose dark hair is slightly sprinkled with gray, and whom his shipmates call “Long Tom,” is an excellent singer. Sometimes, when he is off duty, Prof. Howard asks him into our cabin, to sing for us. Tom loves a sailor’s life, with all its hardships and dangers, and is proud of having “grown up,” as he says, on the ocean. The following is one of his favorite songs:—

V.—*The Sailor's Song.*

## 1.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
Without a mark, without a bound  
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;  
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;  
Or like a cradled creature lies.

## 2.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!  
I am where I would ever be,  
With the blue above, and the blue below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go:  
If a storm should come and awake the deep,  
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

## 3.

I love, oh, *how* I love to ride  
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,  
When every mad wave drowns the moon,  
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,  
And tells how goeth the world below,  
And why the southwest wind doth blow.

## 4.

I never was on the dull, tame shore  
But I loved the great sea more and more,  
And backward flew to her billowy breast,  
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;  
And a mother she *was* and *is* to me;  
For I was born on the open sea!

## 5.

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,  
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,  
With wealth to spend and a power to range,  
But never have sought nor sighed for change;  
And Death, whenever he comes to me,  
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

B. W. Procter.

6. When Tom had ended his song, I said to Prof. Howard that it reminded me of Byron's song of the Corsair, which I had once learned and spoken at school.

"And how does it begin?" he asked, as if he did not know. So I repeated the following lines:—

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,  
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,  
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,  
Survey our empire, and behold our home!  
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—  
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey."

"Ah, yes!" he replied. "But the moral of Tom's favorite song is much better than that with which Byron begins his poem of the Corsair."

7. I afterward learned that Tom had long been a regular ocean *colporter*, and that, for almost twenty years past, he has taken with him, on every voyage that he has made, Testaments and tracts, of the American Bible and Tract Societies, to distribute in foreign ports. The captain says that Tom has done much good in this way.

VI.—*Up St. George's Channel to Liverpool.*

1. This is now the nineteenth of June, and we have been sailing up St. George's Channel, between Ireland and



Wales, since early dawn this morning, having stopped at Queenstown, on the Irish coast, a little while last night; and now, passing by Dublin on the west, we are in the Irish Sea, approaching Liverpool.

2. Dr. Edson has been telling us about Liverpool. He says the city is growing rapidly,—that it has now a population of more than half a million, and has not only become the principal seaport in England, but I think he said it is the greatest cotton market in the world; and that the rapidly increasing trade with Australia will soon make it the greatest *wool* market in the world.

3. But Henry is calling me to come up on deck, as we are just entering the river Mersey, which forms the harbor of Liverpool. He was looking over my letter this morning, when he made some changes in it, and some additions to it also. Then he said, “It will do very well for *our* first letter home, Freddy.”

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## CHAPTER XL.—FAMILIAR OBJECT TEACHINGS.

1. At a time, in summer, when the pupils were much interested in gathering specimens of stones from the rocky ravines, and flowering plants from the woodlands, I stopped in at Mr. Agnew’s school one morning, as I was in the habit of doing when returning from my usual morning walk. A few specimens of stones and plants lay on the teacher’s table.

2. Mr. Agnew had just taken one of the largest flowering plants in his hand, to speak about it, when, his attention being called to a little boy on one of the back seats, he said to him, “Tommy, what is that you tossed up just now?”

3. "A *jackstone*, sir," Tommy answered.

"Bring it here, if you please, Tommy," said the teacher, pleasantly. "Ah!" said he, as he took it in his hand: "it is only a little *pebble* from the brook. I wonder what kind of a story such a little pebble could tell us, if we should question it. Do you think we could get anything out of such a little bit of stone as this?"

4. "Not much," said Tommy.

"But we can *try*, can we not?" said the teacher. "You know, in that piece of poetry that we read a few days ago,—'*The Song of the Gleaners*,'—there was one line that said,—

*'For each pebble has its story.'*

"But if the pebble should tell his *whole* story, it would be so long that the sun would go down before he had more than fairly made a beginning. Yet I can tell you a little of it now; and perhaps you may learn more of it hereafter."

#### THE STORY OF A PEBBLE.

##### 1.—*His Strange Early History.*

1. "If this Pebble could speak at all," said the teacher, "he could tell of wonderful changes which he has passed through, in a long life full of the strangest events you ever heard of;—how he was once as soft as clay, and slept down beneath the waters, on the ocean bed, where he grew, little by little, and, after ages of rest, became hardened into stone.

2. "Then he was torn away from his long resting-place, and thrown, a little fragment, with others like himself, upon the shore of the great ocean, where the waves beat upon him for ages more. There, rolled and tumbled about

among his kindred, he and they were ground down into the rounded pebble form.

3. "After that,—and perhaps it was when, as the Bible tells us, 'the fountains of the great deep were broken up,'—he was hurled away, he knew not where, and buried in darkness for ages more, far from the light of sun, and moon, and stars; until, at length, by some earthquake perhaps, he was thrown high and dry upon the sunny land; or perhaps he rested in some meadow brook, where a little boy found him.

4. "What do you think of such a story as that, for the *Pebble* to tell?" asked the teacher.

"I think the *Pebble* would tell a pretty *long* story, if he should tell all he knows," said Nellie Hardy.

## 2.—*Wonderful Deeds of the Flint Pebble.*

5. Then Mr. Agnew continued:—"This little *Pebble* that I hold in my hand is named *Flint Pebble*, and he seems to be just as 'dead as a stone.' But he is only sleeping. Let me just knock at his door, and wake him up, and see what he will answer."

6. And, taking a knife from his pocket, with the back of the steel blade he struck the *Pebble* rapidly; when *spark* after *spark* came forth like lightning flashes,—and so rapidly, at last, did the sparks answer to this knocking, that they seemed like a stream of fire!

7. "Well, well!" said he; "the little fellow seems to be full of fire—and *that* is something for a *Pebble*. And, let me tell you, the little *Flint-stone Pebble* was once a great power in the world. Can you tell me, Willie, of any use that he has ever been put to?"

"To kindle the kitchen fire in the morning," said Willie.

8. "Yes, that is so. In olden times, in every house, a piece of steel was kept; and a little tin box, called a tinder-

box, that was filled with scorched linen, called *tinder*. By putting a little of this tinder among shavings, and throwing a spark into it from the flint, a fire was quickly started. That was before the time of lucifer matches.

9. "There is a story about a sexton, that tells how, all alone in a church, on a dark night, he lighted a candle. He did it just as the farmer, or the farmer's wife, started the kitchen fire in the morning, a hundred years ago :

10. "The prudent sexton, studious to reveal  
Dark holes, here takes from out his pouch a steel,  
Then strikes upon the flint. In many a spark  
Forth leaps the sprightly fire against the dark :  
The tinder feels the little lightning hit,  
And quick receives it,—and a *candle's* lit !"

11. "That was a good use to put the flinty-hearted Pebble to. But a better use still was, when, of old, the Pebble slew a mighty giant—when 'the stone sank into the forehead of the giant, and he fell on his face to the earth' ! Do you know who the giant was?"

12. "Goliath ! Goliath of Gath !" shouted several voices.  
"And David killed him, with a sling and a stone," said Jennie Martin.

13. "But, oh, what terrible deeds the flinty Pebble has sometimes done!" said the teacher. "What terrible fires he has lighted!—for a spark from the flinty Pebble has set whole forests on fire, and wrapped towns and cities in flames.

14. "But there is even a worse use than that, that the flinty Pebble has allowed himself to be put to. It was when a thousand, ten thousand, or a hundred thousand soldiers, in battle array, carried the old flint-lock muskets. It was a sad story that the Pebble told then—and it was

told amid the roar of battle, and the groans of the dying, and the sighs and lamentations of widows and orphans.

3.—*His Stories of Peaceful Life.*

15. "But the Pebble can tell some *pleasant* stories, too,—stories of peaceful life, and happy scenes, and bubbling brooks, and shady fountains. Why! the Pebble is the musician of the streams; and, without the Pebble, the brook would lose its prettiest murmur. The brook thinks *it* sings. Just hear what it says:—

16. "‘I *chatter* over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles;  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I *babble* on the pebbles:’—  
—Tennyson.

but the *Pebbles* make half the music, at least; and the brook would be a dull singer at the best, without them. It is the *Pebbles* that put in the ‘little sharps and trebles’ that the brook prides itself on.

17. "So, also, we are told of the *water*, wherever found,—

“‘It hath a *thousand tongues* of mirth,  
Of grandeur, or delight;  
And every heart is gladder made  
Where *water* greets the sight.’

18. "All very true: but what would the ‘*Mountain Stream*’ be, that tumbles, and splashes, and dives, and dashes down Rocky Glen, were it not for the *rocks* that give it its ‘*thousand tongues*,’ and help to make up its grandeur, and all its beauty?—or the cataract of Niagara itself, without the *rocks* over which it leaps, and *roars*, and *thunders*?

19. “ ‘The cataract strong  
Then plunges along,  
Striking and raging,  
As if a war waging  
Its caverns and rocks among.’

*Southey.*

“Yes, the *rocks* make the music when the water strikes them, and the rocky caverns echo it all around.

4.—*His Good Uses and His Family Relations.*

20. “How often have we heard the expression, ‘As hard as a stone’! And what can be harder than the flinty Pebble? You would think him all ‘unused to the melting mood’; but bring two of his friends about him, Potash and Soda, and get him well warmed, and he runs into melting tenderness, and is no longer Flint, but *Glass*!

21. “Then you put him to a thousand good uses. You see yourself as you look into his face; you drink out of his cup; he protects your pictures, watches, and books; and he furnishes you with beautiful and transparent shutters against the rain and the cold. He is a mighty magician, too, for he magnifies little things, so as to make mountains out of mole-hills; and he brings distant objects—even the sun, the moon, and the stars—quite near to you.

22. “He belongs to a very respectable family, also; for the Ruby, the Sapphire, the Emerald, the Topaz, and the Diamond, are all his kindred. For ages and ages these relatives of his dwelt with him in rocky caves, down in the very bowels of the earth, as little known, and as little honored, as the Pebble: but now they shine forth in the crowns of princes, and on the brows of beauty. But the Pebble has no cause to be envious of them. He fills *his* station, and they fill theirs.”



## CHAPTER XLI.—AROUND THE WORLD.—No. 2.

1. It was more than six weeks from the time when we received Freddy Jones's first letter, that the mail brought us one from Henry Allen, and also the *promise* of a post-script to it, by Freddy. We still call him *Freddy*, although he is now almost a grown young man, is travelling abroad, and writes a letter that would be creditable to a correspondent of one of our leading newspapers or magazines.

2. We already look for these letters from "Around the World" with much interest—for they are from *our* boys;—and the quiet of Lake-View is a little ruffled when the news of their arrival is circulated among the pleasant people who meet every Saturday evening at Wilmot Hall. With our many "gleanings," those from *foreign lands* are beginning to occupy a prominent place in the proceedings of the *Gleaners' Club*.

## HENRY ALLEN'S LETTER.

I.—*From Liverpool to London.*

1. Freddy's letter has kept our Lake-View friends informed of our progress up to the time when, having safely crossed the broad ocean, we were about to land at Liverpool,—the first time, for most of us, to set foot upon the shores of the Old World.

2. We spent four weeks in visiting the principal towns of England, making excursions of two or three days at a time from our steamer, and then returning to it to hear what Dr. Edson and Prof. Howard had to say about the places we had visited—our steamer in the mean time passing on from port to port to suit our convenience. With Dr. Edson, and others of our party, I visited Manchester,

Leeds, Sheffield, Birmingham, and other important manufacturing towns; and I was glad to hear the Doctor compare their varied industries with what I knew of those of our own country.

3. In our frequent excursions we saw many noble old mansions, and deer-parks, and castles celebrated in history and in song; but I was most interested in viewing some of the peasants' cottages,—even those thatched with straw, with their vine-covered porches, and neat homely surround-



ings,—for, as Dr. Edson says, these give us an insight into one phase of the domestic life of the English people, of which history takes little notice.

4. In one of our excursions we stopped to admire one of these neat straw-thatched cottages, and our artist took a hasty sketch of it, which he afterward filled up at his leisure, and then made a present of it to me. I send it to you, for I think you will admire its rural beauty.

5. When we returned to our steamer from this excursion, Prof. Howard made use of Mr. Upham's drawing to introduce some interesting remarks upon English scenery and English rural life. He also read to us Mrs. Hemans's beautiful poem on "*The Homes of England*," from which I here copy two verses, the first referring to the homes of the wealthy, the other to those of the middle classes:—

*The Homes of England.*

6. The *stately* Homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand!  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
O'er all the pleasant land;  
The deer across their greensward bound  
Through shade and sunny gleam,  
And the swan glides past them with the sound  
Of some rejoicing stream.
7. The *cottage* Homes of England!  
By thousands, on her plains,  
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,  
And round the hamlet fanes.  
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,  
Each from its nook of leaves,  
And fearless there the lowly sleep,  
As the bird beneath their eaves.

8. The Professor also read to us another poem on the same subject,—and it was a beautiful picture of just such a home as is represented in the drawing that I send you.

9. Sailing from Liverpool, first to Bristol, and thence around Land's End, we passed near the Eddystone Light-house, and entered Plymouth harbor,—a great naval station.

and the port whence our Pilgrim Fathers sailed in 1620, to make their homes in the New World. As we were passing within sight of the light-house, Dr. Edson gave us an interesting account of that famous structure,—of its total destruction, first in a terrific storm, and then again by fire, and finally of its rebuilding, since which time it has withstood the shocks of the winds and waves for more than a hundred years.

10. From Plymouth we continued on our course, up through the English Channel, and stopped a day at the fortified city of Portsmouth; then passing onward through the Straits of Dover, and making our way forty-five miles up the river Thames, through crowds of shipping, we came to anchor a little below the great city of London, the metropolis of the British Empire.

## II.—*London As I Saw It.*

1. Although Prof. Howard and Dr. Edson had marked out beforehand our daily excursions in London, and we were there a whole fortnight, yet at the end of that time I felt as if I had scarcely begun to see this famous city.

2. Dr. Edson tells us that, with the exception of New York, London is the greatest commercial city in the world. He says we Americans boast of the rapid growth of some of *our* cities, and, especially, of our Western towns: but here is a city of the Old World, whose population numbered less than a million at the beginning of the present century, and now it numbers three and a half millions!

3. Of all the great and splendid buildings in London, those which seemed to interest our party the most were St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and the "Parliament House." St. Paul's is grand without, but plain within; and under the centre of its lofty dome lie interred

Britain's greatest admiral, and greatest general,—Lord Nelson and the Duke of Wellington.

4. We first visited Westminster Abbey in the daytime. After the close of the church service, which is held there every day, we had an opportunity to examine at our leisure everything within the walls of this vast and noble edifice. Here all the British sovereigns, from Edward the Confessor to Queen Victoria, were crowned; and here most of them lie buried, some with and others without monuments.

5. There are also, grouped here and there, numerous sculptured monuments to British statesmen, warriors, philosophers, poets, divines, patriots, and men of eminence generally, each of whom has left his impress on the age in which he lived. But what interested us most were the carved statues designed to illustrate the characters and lives of the illustrious dead.

6. Thus, SHAKSPEARE seems to be musing of "cloud-capp'd towers and gorgeous palaces:"<sup>a</sup> HANDEL, the musician, is listening, in rapt attention, to an angel playing upon a harp: GARRICK, the actor, is throwing a curtain aside with a theatrical air: WATT, the inventor of the steam engine, is engaged with a pair of compasses in forming plans and designs of machinery: FOX, the patriot orator, is resting on a couch upheld by the Goddess of Liberty, with Peace reclining on his knee, and an emancipated slave near by; and England's greatest jurist, LORD MANSFIELD, is presiding in Court, with Justice on the one hand, and Wisdom on the other.

7. I had the good fortune to attend religious service in the old Abbey on a Sabbath morning; and I shall long carry with me the impression which the place, its surroundings, and the solemn worship, all combined, made upon me.

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<sup>a</sup> See Shakspeare's *Tempest*, Act iv. Scene 1, *Prospero*.

It was *something* to think over the names, and the fame, of those buried there,—and to reflect that, though now mute in death, they are still speaking, in their remembered greatness, to the ages that come after them.

8. Before the services began, I sat in the centre of the vast edifice, while all around, on the clustered columns, rich tracery-work, and monumental decorations, fell the softened lights from a thousand colored window-panes; and I gazed long at the intricate mouldings of the vaulted roof, one hundred feet above the pavement.

9. Then I saw a white-robed procession of choristers and clergy enter; I heard the swelling peals of the lofty organ; and I listened with feelings of mingled awe and reverence to the service of alternate prayer and praise, as it moved forward in massive grandeur, like the steady tread of armed men.

10. The “Parliament House,” an immense structure which has cost twenty millions of dollars, covers an area of eight acres, and has eleven hundred apartments, and two miles of corridors. The room occupied by the House of Lords, one hundred feet long and forty-five feet in width and height, and containing the splendid throne of the Queen, is said to be the most gorgeous legislative hall in the world.

11. Prof. Howard, in the closing remarks which he made to us about London, said, “It is a great city,—great in everything grand and noble; great in its public buildings, its monuments, its parks and gardens, its bridges, its churches, its wealth, and its charities; and were it not that poverty and wretchedness lurk in its lanes and alleys, as in those of every other great city, there would be scarcely a shadow to dim the brightness of its fame.”

12. I do not wonder that the Professor had not a word to say in praise of the beauty of the deep but sluggish



stream on whose low banks London stands; the Thames is so unlike our romantic and noble Hudson! "And yet," said he, "there is no other river in the world so alive with travel, and so freighted with commerce."

"And there is no other great city," remarked Dr. Edson, "so sober-minded, so stately, so earnest, so healthy, and so moral as London."

13. "That is all true," continued the Professor. "During the six working days of the week the rush of commerce through the streets of London, over her magnificent bridges, and seaward over the low, turbid, and foggy Thames, is like the roll and roar of the ocean. But when the seventh day dawns, what a change! All is hushed; the streets are deserted; and except when the vast population with sober pace and mien throng to and from the places of worship, London on the Sabbath is like a city of the dead! The English are a highly *moral* people at least."

14. I was afterward told by the landlord of our London hotel that all respectable Englishmen, with their families, attend public worship twice or thrice on Sunday. Perhaps this is one of the secrets of the might, and majesty, and moral power of the great metropolis.

15. Dr. Edson kept us very busy, while we were on ship-board, in listening to, and taking notes of, his *talks* about the resources, and the industries, of the English people. It was a kind of *school* for all of us; but we could do as we chose about attending it, and profiting by it. Here are some of the things that he told us:

16. "It is her mines of coal and iron," said he, "that have made Great Britain a great manufacturing nation. Without these the English would, doubtless, have been a farming people; their national character would have been widely different from what it now is; and there would have been fewer mechanical improvements than we now

see, fewer scientific discoveries, fewer railways, and fewer colleges and schools, but greater equality of condition. So, you see, national character and national wealth depend greatly upon the physical geography and mineral resources of the country which the people inhabit."

17. In speaking of English manufactures, he said that the power of the machinery employed in the British Isles almost surpasses belief. "It is calculated," said he, "that the machines working in Great Britain for the benefit of manufactures represent an amount of power equivalent to that of *thirteen hundred million of strong men*—a number equal to the entire population of the globe!"

### III.—*From London to Edinburgh, Amsterdam, Stockholm, and St. Petersburg.*

1. From London we proceeded along the eastern coast of England, stopping at Yarmouth, the great seat of the herring fishery,—and then twenty miles up the river Humber to the city of Hull, the third great commercial seaport in the kingdom. Our last port in the British Isles was Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, where we remained three days. We visited the Castle on Castle Hill, Hol'rood House, and other noted places in the vicinity; after which we made an excursion of twenty miles to see the far-famed Melrose Abbey, which Prof. Howard tells us is the finest monastic ruin in Scotland.

2. From Edinburgh we sailed north as far as Aberdeen, and thence southeast across the North Sea, to Amsterdam, the largest city of Holland, and one of the wealthiest cities in the world. We remained there four days. The city is cut up by canals, which divide it into ninety islands; and there are also two great ship-canals connecting it with the North Sea.

3. It seems that the people of Holland are the busiest and most industrious people in the world. Much of their country they have actually *stolen* from the ocean; and they keep the waters out by building immense dikes or dams.

4. Prof. Howard says, "The industry of the Dutch has converted standing pools and lakes into fat meadows, covered barren rocks with verdure, built splendid cities where the ocean once rolled its waters, and made the waste places to bud and blossom like the rose."

5. While we were stopping at Amsterdam, Dr. Edson gave us a "talk," as Freddy would call it, in which he stated that the bottom and shores of the bay called the Zuyder Zee, which form the harbor of Amsterdam on the east, have been gradually sinking, several inches during a century, for many centuries past; and that the Zuyder Zee was first known as a marsh, then as a lake, and, finally, as an arm of the sea.

6. He also stated that while the Scottish coasts are slowly rising out of the surrounding ocean, the southern coasts of England, and all the coasts of Holland, the Netherlands, Germany, Denmark, Prussia, and Russia, as far as St. Petersburg, are slowly sinking, and probably have been for many centuries; while the northern portions of Norway, Sweden, and Lapland, and other regions bordering on the Frozen Ocean, are, like Scotland, gradually rising.

7. Then he told us of English traditions about whole forests and towns that are said to have sunk—little by little—beneath the waters of the ocean, since Julius Cæsar first visited the island, about half a century before the Christian era. Traditions also say that, far down in the ocean depths, on the eastern coast, bells of ancient churches, still hanging in their olden towers, and swayed to and fro by the waters, have been heard to give forth their sounds, as

they did in times long gone by, when they called the pilgrims to worship. It is a German poet that refers to one of these traditions in the following lines :

8. " Oft in the forest far one hears  
A passing sound of distant bells:  
Not legends old nor human wit  
Can tell us whence the music swells.  
From the lost church, 'tis thought that soft  
Faint ringing cometh on the wind :  
Once many pilgrims trod the path,  
But no one now the way can find."

*Uhland.*

9. From Amsterdam we sailed for the shores of the Baltic, and St. Petersburg, thinking to spend the latter part of the hot month of August in a cooler climate than Holland. We passed by Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, without stopping ; but we entered the magnificent harbor of Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, where we remained two days. We visited the Royal Palace, which is built of solid granite ; but the numerous parks, with their beautiful pleasure-grounds, pleased me more than the noblest buildings.

10. From Stockholm we steamed across the Baltic, and up the Gulf of Finland to St. Petersburg, the capital of the vast empire of Russia. We have just landed here, and are now in a handsome hotel in the Nev'skoi, the finest street in the city, where, with some aid from Dr. Edson and the Professor, I have just finished this long letter.

11. Freddy has been writing a postscript to this ; but it has already grown to such dimensions, that he says I need not wait for it, but he will finish it, and send it in a separate letter. So you may expect something from him soon.

## CHAPTER XLII.—FAIRY ISLAND AND THE FAIRIES.

Nellie and Willie Hardy had often spoken about the pretty *fairy* stories which their mamma had told them; and some of the young people who meet at Wilmot Hall on Saturday evenings were so anxious to hear about the fairies, that they sent a written request to Mrs. Hardy—"Aunt Clara," as they all call her—to write something on the subject for one of their meetings. So Aunt Clara wrote the following, taking, for her subject, the title which we have placed at the head of this chapter.

I.—*Who are the Fairies?*

1. It has often been asked what gave to that charming spot, so dear to those of our people who love rural beauty, its pretty name of *Fairy Island*. Our answer is, that the name was given it because those little people, *the Fairies*, so well known in fable and in song, were once said to make it their favorite gathering place, and even to dwell there. But who are the Fairies?

2. To be truthful, then, we must tell you, that they are but creatures of the fancy,—or, to speak more plainly, that they are "such stuff as *dreams* are made of." And yet a great many stories have been told about them, just as though they *were* real beings, and as though they had been well known, and had been seen a thousand times.

3. They are *said* to be creatures in human form, *very little*, and *very beautiful* too,—clad in gauzy garments of green, and more light and airy than the little silver-winged butterflies that you have so often seen, on a summer's day, gayly sporting over Maple Channel, or gathering in clusters along the borders of the stream. We will *imagine*, then, that the Fairies are real beings.

4. It has also been said of them, that they wear the tiniest of bell-flowers, for hoods; that they catch the big blue-bottle flies, and ride them in their airy flights over mountain and moor; that glow-worms light their halls; and that crickets sing to them at their merry-makings. Almost everything that is known about them has been told in poetry,—perhaps because poetry is, especially, the language of fancy and imagination. Here is one of the songs that has been sung about them.

*The Fairies in Winter.*

5. Pray, where are the little bell-flowers gone,  
That lately bloomed in the wood?  
Why, the little fairies have each taken one,  
And put it on for a hood.
6. And where are the great big blue-bottles gone,  
That buzzed in their busy pride?  
Oh, the fairies have caught them, every one,  
And have broken them in, to ride.
7. And they've taken the glow-worms to light their  
halls,  
And the crickets to sing them a song,  
And the great red rose-leaves to paper their walls,  
And they're feasting the whole night long.
8. But when spring comes back, with its mild, soft ray,  
And the ripple of gentle rain,  
The fairies bring back what they've taken away,  
And give it us all again.
9. It is believed that they are seen only after twelve  
o'clock on moonlight nights, and that midnight is the dawn  
of the Fairies' day. It is said that then may be heard, by



those who are listening unseen, the gentle tinkling of a fairy's bell, calling these tiny creatures from their nestling places beneath the daisies, or from the thousand little blue-bells in which they sleep so much of their time away.

10. The open grassy lawn, in the centre of Fairy Island, was long believed to be their favorite gathering place, especially on summer moonlight nights. Thus, it is said—

When midnight comes, and all is well,  
They swarm from many a nook and dell,  
And hither, hither, wing their way,—  
For 'tis the *dawn* of the Fairies' day.

11. They are said to sing a song of their own when they are gathering here on some great merry-making occasion, and this is the song which some midnight dreamer is said to have heard from their lips: but how mortal ears could have caught the very words, we cannot tell:

We come! we come!—

From our homes in the shells, and beside the fountains,  
From the woodland buds, and the clefts of the mountains,  
From the nodding blue-bells, and the ferns in the brake,  
And the lilies that float on fair Lenapee Lake;  
And we promise to guard, with charm and spell,  
The beautiful Island we love so well.

12. But so "fairy-like" are the forms of these little creatures, and so gently do they move about, that should a crowd of them be seen trooping across the lawn in the dim moonlight, one would be apt to think it a shadow only. And so, perhaps, moonlight shadows have been as often mistaken for them, as they for shadows. Here are a couple of verses which describe the Fairies as they are said to have been once dimly seen, as they were gathering for their midnight dances on Fairy Island.

*Moonlight Shadows, and Fairies.*

13. Twinkle, twinkle, o'er the grass—

Is it shade? or is it light?

Or do both together pass

Across the green to-night?

Twinkle, twinkle: now are seen

(Mantle-fold and feet between)

Glancing feet, and mantles green,

Greener than the grass, I ween,

Mingling shade and light.

14. Trooping—trooping,—on they go,

O'er the dewy grass—

Little feet as white as snow,

Twinkling as they pass.

O'er the grass their mantles sweep,

And the daisies, roused from sleep,

Half unclosetheir dewy eyes,

Timidly, and with surprise—

Nothing seen but starry skies,

And the dewy grass.

15. So, it seems, even the daisies cannot see the shadowy forms of the Fairies; and yet, human eyes are said to have seen them,—or, how could we describe to you a Fairy's funeral, which is said to have been once seen on Fairy Island? This is the story, as it was told to us by one whose fancies, we have thought, were often akin to dreaming.

*II.—A Fairy's Funeral.*

1. "It was during one of those long, balmy, summer nights, when everything was lulled to sweetest repose, and even the drowsy murmur of Stony Brook was hushed in the

stillness, that once, when reclining on the grassy lawn by moonlight,—but whether waking or sleeping we know not,—we saw celebrated a Fairy's funeral.

2. "First we heard small pipes playing, as if no bigger than hollow rushes that whisper to the night-winds; and more piteous than aught that trills from earthly instrument was the low, wailing dirge, that but scarcely reached our listening ear. It seemed to rise from the stream, every foam bell giving forth a plaintive note, till the airy anthem came floating over our couch, and then alighted, without footsteps, upon the lawn near by;—

"And mingling with the wailing dirge  
There came a rustling sound,  
As if a thousand Fairy folk  
Were gathering all around."

3. "The pattering of little feet was then heard, as if little creatures were arranging themselves in order; and then there was nothing but a more ordered hymn. The harmony was like the melting of musical dew-drops, sung without words, but telling of sorrow and death. We opened our eyes;—or, perhaps sight came to them when closed, and dream was vision.

4. "Hundreds of creatures, no taller than the crest of the lapwing, and all hanging down their veiled heads, stood in the circle on the green plat before us; and in the midst was a bier, formed, as it seemed, of those tiny flowers, the pyxies, which are so loved by the Fairies, but which are unknown to the hills around; and on the bier a Fairy, lying with uncovered face, pale as the lily, and motionless as the snow.

5. "The dirge grew fainter and fainter, and then quite died away; when two of the creatures came from the

circle, and took their station, one at the head and the other at the foot of the bier. They sang alternate measures, not louder than the twittering of the wood-lark before it goes up in the dewy air, but sad, and mournful, and full of the desolation of death,—

‘Scarce as loud as the notes of the lark in the sky,  
But plaintive and sad as the breath of a sigh.’

6. “Then, as the little creatures gathered around, as if to take a last look at the delicate form lying there, and the pale face upturned in the moonlight, the flower-bier stirred; the spot on which it lay sank slowly down; and in a few moments the greensward was as smooth as ever—the very dews glittering over the buried Fairy.

7. “A cloud passed over the moon; and with a choral lament the funeral troop sailed duskily away, heard afar off, so still was the midnight solitude of the Island. Then the stream, which had been so still, began to rejoice, and murmur on as before; and at the sudden leaping of the waters, and outbursting of the moon, we awoke.”

8. One of our Lake-View poets has told the story of the burial of the Fairy in a little poem. After telling how the two Fairies chanted the funeral dirge over the bier, the poet thus continues:

9. “As they ended, the group gathered closer around,  
And the flower-formed bier slowly sank in the ground:  
Not a trace did the grave of the Fairy betray;  
E’en the night-dew appeared on the spot where she lay.

10. “This sad office done, like the dew-moistened flowers  
The Fairies in sorrow retired to their bowers;  
E’en their footsteps re-echoed along the night air,  
So silent and still was the solitude there.”



11. Mrs. Hardy, laying aside her paper, then continued :

"Tradition further relates, that on the next day after this wonderful event, and on the very spot where the mourning ones had shed their tears of sorrow, there was seen, for the first time, in full bloom, a cluster of those same spring flowers, the *pyxies*, that had formed the bier of the Fairy.

12. "This beautiful trailing plant, to which has been given the name by which the Fairies are known to one another, has since spread all over the Island, from Stony Brook to Maple Channel ; and so now, when, in early spring-time, we see the *pyxies* on Fairy Island, with their delicate white blooms, we think of those gentle beings, the Fairies, who are said to have planted them there." <sup>a</sup>

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WRITTEN EX. [See *Eighth Series*, p. 289.]—1. In this closing chapter the history of those fanciful beings, the Fairies, is given by Mrs. Hardy ; and in language highly poetical the peculiar habits of these gentle creatures of the night are described by her.—2. Is the truth of the story vouched for by her?

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<sup>a</sup> The *pyxies* (*Pyxidanthera*, or *Diapensia*) are small, prostrate, or creeping plants, with heath-like leaves and minute white flowers, found at the base of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and in pine barrens southward in other parts of North America. But *pixy* (for *Pucksy*, from *Puck*) is Provincial English for *fairy*. Hence it is no great stretch of fancy to suppose that the *pixies*, or *fairies*, have an affection for the little trailing plant known by the like name of *pyxies*, with the change of only a single letter. This plant is accurately represented, of the natural size, in the border of the illustration of the *Fairy's Funeral*, page 332.



## STANDARD SELECTIONS.

## No. 1.—THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

*Samuel Woodworth.*

“Woodworth’s fine song, ‘The Old Oaken Bucket,’ which has embalmed in undying verse so many of the most touching recollections of rural childhood, will preserve the more poetic form, *oaken*, together with the memory of the almost obsolete implement it celebrates, through all dialectic changes, as long as English shall be a spoken tongue.”—From G. P. MARSH’S *Lectures on the English Language*.

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
When fond recollection presents them to view!  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,  
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;  
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,  
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;  
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,  
And e’en the rude bucket which hung in the well!  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.
2. That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;  
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,  
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,  
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell ;  
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well ;  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3. How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,  
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips !  
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.  
And now, far removed from the loved situation,  
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well ;  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

### No. 2.—A PSALM OF LIFE.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

An English reviewer says of Mr. Longfellow, "No writer has more beautifully expressed the depth of his conviction that life is an earnest reality,—a something with eternal issues and dependencies; that this earth is no scene of revelry or market of sale, but an arena of contest. This is the inspiration of the *Psalm of Life*; than which we have few things finer, in their moral tone, since those odes by which the millions of Israel tuned their march across the wilderness."

—REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

1. Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
"Life is but an empty dream !"  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem !

2. Life is real ! life is earnest !  
And the grave is not its goal ;  
“ Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”  
Was not spoken of the soul !
3. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way ;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.
4. Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.
5. In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !  
Be a hero in the strife !
6. Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !  
Let the dead Past bury its dead !  
Act—act in the living Present !  
Heart within, and God o'erhead !
7. Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time :
8. Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

9. Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate ;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

No. 3.—EXCELSIOR.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

*Excelsior*, a Latin superlative, meaning *still higher*, is here used to give expression to that spirit of advancement and loftiness of purpose which constantly aims at still higher attainments, and whose course is ever onward and upward. Of this poem of Longfellow, it has been said that it is "one of those happy thoughts which seem to drop down, like fine days, from some serener region, which meet instantly the ideal of all minds, and run on afterwards, and forever, in the current of the human heart. It has expressed in the happiest and briefest way what many minds in the age had been trying in vain to express."—REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

1. The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device,  
*Excelsior !*
2. His brow was sad ; his eye beneath  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
*Excelsior !*
3. In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
*Excelsior !*

4. "Try not the Pass!" the old man said;  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"  
And loud that clarion voice replied,  
*Excelsior!*
5. "O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!"  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
*Excelsior!*
6. "Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!"  
This was the peasant's last good-night;  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
*Excelsior!*
7. At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
*Excelsior!*
8. A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
Half buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device,  
*Excelsior!*
9. There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
*Excelsior!*

## No. 4.—ONWARD.

*L. Banks.*

1. Onward is the language of creation. The stars whisper it in their courses; the seasons breathe it as they succeed each other; the night wind whistles it; the water of the deep roars it out; the mountains lift up their heads and tell it to the clouds; and Time, the hoary-headed potentate, proclaims it with an iron tongue. From clime to clime, from ocean to ocean, from century to century, and from planet to planet, all is onward.

2. From the smallest rivulet to the unfathomable sea, everything is onward. Cities hear its voice, and rise up in magnificence; nations hear it, and sink into the dust; monarchs learn it, and tremble on their thrones; continents feel it, and are convulsed as with an earthquake.

3. From one stage of civilization to another; from one towering landmark to another; from one altitude of glory to another, we still move upward and onward. Thus did our forefathers escape the barbarisms of past ages; thus do we conquer the errors of our time, and draw nearer to the Invisible. So must we move onward, with our armor bright, our weapons keen, and our hearts firm as the "everlasting hills." Every muscle must be braced, every nerve strung, every energy roused, and every thought watchful.

## No. 5.—THE STREAM OF LIFE.

*Bishop Heber.*

1. Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmuring of the little brook and the winding of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over



our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty.

2. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing before us; we are excited by some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us.

3. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of its waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our farther voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal.

#### No. 6.—HOHENLINDEN.

*Thomas Campbell.*

The battle of Hohenlinden, between the French and Austrians, was fought December 3, 1800. The following description of it is said to be "one of the grandest battle-pieces in miniature that was ever drawn. In a few verses, flowing like a choral melody, the poet brings before us the silent midnight scene of engagement wrapt in the snows of winter, the sudden arming for the battle, the press and shout of charging squadrons, the flashing of artillery, and the final scene of death."—*Chambers's Cyclopædia.*

1. On Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

2. But Linden saw another sight,  
When the drum beat at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.
3. By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
Each horseman drew his battle-blade ;  
And furious every charger neighed  
To join the dreadful revelry.
4. Then shook the hills, with thunder riven ;  
Then rushed the steed to battle driven ;  
And, volleying like the bolts of heaven,  
Far flashed the red artillery.
5. But redder still those fires shall glow  
On Linden's hills of purpled snow ;  
And bloodier still shall be the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
6. 'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout 'mid their sulphurous canopy.
7. The combat deepens : on, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory or the grave !  
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave !  
And charge with all thy chivalry !
8. Few, few shall part where many meet :  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre !

## No. 7.—CLEON AND I.

*Charles Mackay.*

CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D., is one of the most popular of modern English poets. His verse is exceedingly sweet, flowing, and melodious. An English reviewer says, "In all his songs, as in all his writings, he has one great purpose at heart, from which he never deviates for a moment,—the promotion of human virtue and human happiness. If any gentle-hearted imaginative person would have the springs of childhood's purest feelings touched, and the aspirations of manhood's noblest moods strengthened, let him read the sweet poems of Charles Mackay."

1. Cleon hath a million acres—ne'er a one have I;  
Cleon dwelleth in a palace—in a cottage, I;  
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes—not a penny, I;  
But the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not I.
2. Cleon, true, possesseth acres—but the landscape, I;  
Half the charms to *me* it yieldeth money cannot buy;  
Cleon harbors sloth and dulness—freshening vigor, I;  
He in velvet, I in fustian—richer man am I.
3. Cleon is a slave to grandeur—free as thought am I;  
Cleon fees a score of doctors—need of none have I.  
Wealth-surrounded, care-environed, Cleon fears to die;  
Death may come—he'll find me ready—happier man  
am I.
4. Cleon sees no charms in Nature—in a daisy, I;  
Cleon hears no anthems ringing in the sea and sky.  
Nature sings to me forever—earnest listener, I;  
State for state, with all attendants, who would change?  
Not I.

## No. 8.—YOU AND I.

*Mackay.*

1. Who would scorn his humble fellow  
For the coat he wears?  
For the poverty he suffers?  
For his daily cares?  
Who would pass him in the footway  
With averted eye?  
Would *you*, brother? No—you *would* not.  
If *you* would—not *I*.
2. Who, when vice or crime repentant,  
With a grief sincere,  
Asked for pardon, would refuse it—  
More than heaven severe?  
Who, to erring woman's sorrow,  
Would with taunts reply?  
Would *you*, brother? No—you *would* not.  
If *you* would—not *I*.
3. Would you say that Vice is Virtue  
In a hall of state?  
Or that rogues are not dishonest  
If they dine off plate?  
Who would say Success and Merit  
Ne'er part company?  
Would *you*, brother? No—you *would* not.  
If *you* would—not *I*.
4. Who would give a cause his efforts  
When the cause is strong,  
But desert it on its failure,  
Whether right or wrong?

Ever siding with the upmost,  
Letting downmost lie?  
Would *you*, brother? No—you *would* not.  
If *you* would—not *I*.

5. Who would lend his arm to strengthen  
Warfare with the right?  
Who would give his pen to blacken  
Freedom's page of light?  
Who would lend his tongue to utter  
Praise of tyranny?  
Would *you*, brother? No—you *would* not.  
If *you* would—not *I*.

#### No. 9.—THE WINE-CUP.

(From Dr. Samuel W. Fisher's *Lectures to Young Men*.)

1. If you would be a man, a patriot, and a Christian; if you would fit yourselves for the largest employments and the most responsible positions; if you would attain competency, and with it unfold a character that your fellow-citizens shall delight to honor; if you would enjoy the serene pleasures of domestic life, and plant no sting in the bosoms of those who love you most dearly, then dare to resist the tempter that lies hidden in the wine-cup, whatever form he may assume, whatever disguise he may wear!

2. If the highest in station in the land should seek to draw you off from this high position; yea, if she who seems to you the fairest and purest of her sex, commends this poisoned chalice to your lips, then, in all the confidence of rectitude and intelligent principle, refuse the offer, and prove yourself truly brave as free.

3. Around us intemperance is working out the ruin of

hundreds of the young and the noble. In the wine-party and in the club-room it throws around multitudes the silken net of its enchantment; in restaurants and elegant saloons these cords are transmuted into chains of brass; and ere the deluded ones are aware, they have lost the confidence of employers, they are marked as men to be shunned by an eagle-eyed public; they are fast descending to the gross sensuality of the doomed and lost inebriate.

4. If any of *you* have *begun* to form this terrible habit, and feel a thirst for this poisonous stimulus; if you find the fondness for this fatal indulgence growing within you, and your feet at stated times seeking the haunts of intemperance, and you begin to comfort yourself with the deceptive argument that you are only a moderate drinker, to *you* I say, with the deepest solemnity, *turn! turn! turn!*

5. Mad swimmer! already thou art in the frightful vortex; round and round it has borne thee, till, intoxicated with the pleasure, thou seest not how the circle narrows and stealthily moves thee nearer the yawning gulf that awaits thee.

#### No. 10.—SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

1. The woman was old, and ragged, and gray,  
And bent with the chill of a winter's day;  
The streets were white with a recent snow,  
And the woman's feet with age were slow.
2. At the crowded crossing she waited long,  
Jostled aside by the careless throng  
Of human beings who passed her by,  
Unheeding the glance of her anxious eye.



3. Down the street, with laughter and shout,  
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"  
Came happy boys like a flock of sheep,  
Hailing the snow piled white and deep ;  
Past the woman, so old and gray,  
Hastened the children on their way.
4. None offered a helping hand to her,  
So weak and timid, afraid to stir,  
Lest the carriage-wheels or the horses' feet  
Should trample her down in the slippery street.
5. At last came out of the merry troop  
The gayest boy of all the group :  
He paused beside her, and whispered low,  
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."
6. Her aged hand on his strong young arm  
She placed, and so, without fear or harm,  
He guided the trembling feet along,  
Proud that his own were young and strong ;  
Then back again to his friends he went,  
His young heart happy and well content.
7. "She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,  
For all she's aged, and poor, and slow ;  
And some one, some time, may lend a hand  
To help *my* mother—you understand ?—  
If ever she's poor, and old, and gray,  
And her own dear boy so far away."
8. "Somebody's mother" bowed low her head  
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was, "God be kind to that noble boy,  
Who is somebody's son, and pride and joy."

9. Faint was the voice, and worn, and weak,  
But Heaven lists when its chosen speak :  
Angels caught the faltering word,  
And "Somebody's Mother's" prayer was heard.

No. 11.—THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACH'ERIB.

Byron.

In the year 710 B.C., Sennach'erib, King of Assyria, sent an immense army against Jerusalem, and in the most taunting and insulting language demanded its unconditional surrender; but that very night "The angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred fourscore and five thousand men." (See II. Kings, xix. 6, 7, 35, 36.) Many believe that the "*blast*" sent upon the Assyrian host, as foretold by the prophet Isaiah, was the suffocating hot wind—the *simoom*—of the desert.

1. The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.
2. Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.
3. For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever were  
still !

4. And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,  
But through them there rolled not the breath of his  
pride,  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray on the rock-beating surf.
5. And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.
6. And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

No. 12.—A HOME PICTURE.

*Charles G. Eastman.*

Mr. Eastman, born in Maine in 1816, has been highly commended as a successful delineator of the "rural life of New England."

1. The farmer sat in his easy-chair,  
Smoking his pipe of clay,  
While his hale old wife, with busy care,  
Was clearing the dinner away :  
A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes,  
On her grandfather's knee, was catching flies.
2. The old man laid his hand on her head,  
With a tear on his wrinkled face :  
He thought how often her mother, dead,  
Had sat in the self-same place :

As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,  
"Don't smoke!" said the child; "how it makes you  
cry!"

3. The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,  
Where the shade, afternoons, used to steal;  
The busy old wife, by the open door,  
Was turning the spinning-wheel,  
And the old brass clock on the mantle-tree  
Had plodded along to almost three.
4. Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,  
While close to his heaving breast  
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair  
Of his sweet grandchild were pressed:  
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay—  
Fast asleep were they both on that summer day.

No. 13.—TOM.

*Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

1. Yes, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew.  
Just listen to this:  
When the mill took fire, and the flooring fell through,  
And I with it, helpless, there, full in my view,  
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire,  
That crept along, crept along, nigher and nigher,  
But Robin, our baby-boy, laughing to see  
The shining! He must have come there after me,  
Toddled alone from the cottage, without  
Any one's missing him. Then what a shout—  
Oh, how I shouted, "For Heaven's sake, men,  
Save little Robin!"

## 2. Again and again

They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall.  
I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call,  
“Never mind, baby, sit still like a man,  
We’re coming to get you as fast as we can.”  
They could not see him, but I could: he sat  
Still on the beam, his little straw hat  
Carefully placed by his side, and his eyes  
Stared at the flame with a baby’s surprise,  
Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept.

## 3. The roar of the fire up above must have kept

The sound of his mother’s voice shrieking his name  
From reaching the child. But I heard it. It came  
Again and again—Oh, God, what a cry!  
The axes went faster, I saw the sparks fly  
Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat  
That scorched them—when, suddenly, there at their feet  
The great beams leaned in—they saw him—then, crash,  
Down came the wall!

## 4. The men made a dash—

Jumped to get out of the way—and I thought,  
“All’s up with poor little Robin!” and brought  
Slowly the arm that was least hurt, to hide  
The sight of the child there,—when swift, at my side,  
Some one rushed by, and went right through the flame  
Straight as a dart—caught the child—and then came  
Back with him—choking and crying, but—saved!  
Saved safe and sound!

## 5. Oh, how the men raved,

Shouted, and cried, and hurrahed! Then they all  
Rushed at the work again, lest the back wall

Where I was lying, away from the fire,  
Should fall in and bury me.

Oh, you'd admire  
To see Robin now; he's as bright as a dime,—  
Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time:  
Tom, it was, saved him. Now isn't it true,  
Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew?  
There's Robin now—see, he's strong as a log—  
And there comes Tom too—

Yes, Tom was our dog.

No. 14.—IN SCHOOL DAYS.

*Whittier.*

1. Still sits the school-house by the road,  
A ragged beggar sunning;  
Around it still the sumachs grow  
And blackberry vines are running.
2. Within, the master's desk is seen,  
Deep scarred by raps official;  
The warping floor, the battered seats,  
The jack-knife's carved initial.
3. The charcoal frescos on its wall;  
Its door's worn sill, betraying  
The feet that, creeping slow to school,  
Went storming out to playing.
4. Long years ago a winter's sun  
Shone over it at setting,  
Lit up its western window-panes,  
And low eaves' ivy fretting.



5. It touched the tangled golden curls,  
And brown eyes full of grieving,  
Of one who still her steps delayed  
When all the school were leaving.
6. For near her stood the little boy  
Her childish favor singled,  
His cap pulled low upon a face  
Where pride and shame were mingled.
7. Pushing with restless feet the snow  
To right and left, he lingered,  
As restlessly her tiny hands  
The blue-checked apron fingered.
8. He saw her lift her eyes; he felt  
The soft hand's light caressing,  
And heard the tremble of her voice,  
As if a fault confessing:
9. "I'm sorry that I spelt the word;  
I hate to go above you,  
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—  
"Because, you see, I love you!"
10. Still memory to a gray-haired man  
That sweet child-face is showing.  
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave  
Have forty years been growing!
11. He lives to learn, in life's hard school,  
How few who pass above him  
Lament their triumph and his loss  
Like her—because they love him.

## No. 15.—BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

1. Such beautiful, beautiful hands !  
    They're neither white nor small,  
    And you, I know, would scarcely think  
    That they were fair at all.  
I've looked on hands whose form and hue  
    A sculptor's dream might be,  
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands  
    Most beautiful to me.
2. Such beautiful, beautiful hands !  
    Though heart were weary and sad,  
    These patient hands kept toiling on  
    That children might be glad.  
I almost weep, as, looking back  
    To childhood's distant day,  
I think how these hands rested not  
    When mine were at their play.
3. But, oh ! beyond this shadowy land,  
    Where all is bright and fair,  
I know full well those dear old hands  
    Will palms of victory bear ;  
Where crystal streams, through endless time,  
    Flow over golden sands,  
And where the old grow young again,  
    I'll clasp my mother's hands.

## No. 16.—THE ROLL-CALL.

*Anon.*

1. "Corporal Green !" the Orderly cried ;  
    "Here !" was the answer, loud and clear,  
    From the lips of the soldier who stood near,—  
And "Here !" was the word the next replied.

2. "Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell,—  
This time no answer followed the call:  
Only his rear-man had seen him fall,—  
Killed or wounded, he could not tell.
3. There they stood in the failing light,  
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,  
As plain to be read as open books,  
While slowly gathered the shades of night.
4. The fern on the hill-sides was splashed with blood,  
And down in the corn where the poppies grew  
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;  
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.
5. For the foe had crossed from the other side  
That day, in the face of a murderous fire  
That swept them down in its terrible ire;  
And their life-blood went to color the tide.
6. "Herbert Kline!" At the call there came  
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,  
Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,  
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.
7. "Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered, "Here!"  
"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied.  
They were brothers, these two: the sad winds sighed,  
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.
8. "Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:  
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said;  
"Where our ensign was shot, I left him dead,  
Just after the enemy wavered and broke."

9. "Close to the road-side his body lies ;  
I paused a moment and gave him drink ;  
He murmured his mother's name, I think,  
And death came with it and closed his eyes."
10. 'Twas a victory ; yes, but it cost us dear ;  
For that company's roll, when called at night,  
Of a *hundred* men who went into the fight,  
Numbered but twenty that answered, " Here !"

No. 17.—FARMER JOHN.

*J. T. Trowbridge.*

1. Home from his journey Farmer John  
Arrived this morning, safe and sound :  
His black coat off and his old clothes on,  
"Now I'm myself," said Farmer John ;  
And he thinks, "I'll look around."  
Up leaps the dog. "Get down, you pup !  
Are you so glad you could eat me up ?"  
The old cow lows at the gate to greet him,  
The horses prick up their ears to meet him.  
"Well, well, old Bay !  
Ha, ha, old Gray !  
Do you get good feed when I'm away ?"
2. "You haven't a rib !" says Farmer John.  
"The cattle are looking round and sleek ;  
The colt is going to be a roan,  
And a beauty, too : how he has grown !  
We'll wean the calf next week,"  
Says Farmer John. "When I've been off,  
To call you again about the trough,

And watch you, and pet you, while you drink,  
Is a greater comfort than you can think !”

And he pats old Bay,

And he slaps old Gray.

“ Ah, this is the comfort of going away !

3. “ For, after all,” said Farmer John,

“ The best of a journey is getting home !

I’ve seen great sights, but would not give

This spot, and the peaceful life I live,

For all their Paris and Rome !

These hills, for the city’s stifled air,

And big hotels, all bustle and glare,

Land all houses, and roads all stones,

That deafen your ears and batter your bones !

Would you, old Bay ?

Would you, old Gray ?

That’s what one gets by going away !

4. “ There Money is king,” says Farmer John,

“ And Fashion is queen ; and it’s mighty queer

To see how, sometimes, while the man

Is raking and scraping all he can,

The wife spends every year

Enough, you would think, for a score of wives

To keep them in luxury all their lives !

The town is a perfect Babylon

To a quiet chap,” says Farmer John.

“ You see, old Bay,

You see, old Gray,

I’m wiser than when I went away.

5. “ I’ve found out this,” says Farmer John,—

“ That happiness is not bought and sold,

And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,  
In nights of pleasure and days of worry ;  
And wealth isn't all in gold,  
Mortgages, stocks, and ten per cent.,  
But in simple ways and sweet content,  
Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,  
Some land to till, and a few good friends,—  
Like you, old Bay,  
And you, old Gray :  
That's what I've learned by going away."

6. And a happy man is Farmer John,—  
Oh, a rich and happy man is he !  
He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,  
The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,  
And fruit on vine and tree ;  
The large, kind oxen look their thanks,  
As he rubs their foreheads and strokes their flanks ;  
The doves light round him, and strut and coo :  
Says Farmer John, " I'll take you too,  
And you, old Bay,  
And you, old Gray,  
Next time I travel so far away."

No. 18.—A GENERAL THAW.

*Josephine Pollard.*

1. A giant came up from a tropical clime,  
And summoned his minions together,  
And said, " You must know it is almanac-time  
For a very great change in the weather !"  
So he gave them their orders, and sent them away,  
Their faces like furnaces glowing.  
" My laws," said the giant, " the world must obey !"  
And his voice set the south wind a-blowing.



2. He rapped at the door of a ponderous cliff,  
And spoke to the spirit within it,  
And said, "You are sitting up there mighty stiff,  
But I'll bring you to terms in a minute!"  
Then he blew such a blast from his trumpet of fire  
That the hill, and the rill, and the river,  
Released from their ague, began to perspire,  
And the Ice-King went off in a shiver.
3. The giant strode on at a wonderful pace,  
Through valleys and fields without number,  
And tore the rich meadows from Winter's embrace,  
And roused them from indolent slumber.  
"Come, throw off your ermine!" he loudly exclaimed,  
"'Tis time that vacation was over;  
For Spring is now due, and you'll all be ashamed  
If you're late with your corn and your clover!"
4. The giant then listened a moment, to hear  
The chorus that Nature was singing,  
And smiled as the music saluted his ear  
Of the liberty-bells that were ringing.  
At the touch of his finger, the strength of his law,  
The veins of creation were flowing:  
To the jubilant notes of a general thaw  
He had set the old music-box going.
5. But he happened to pass, on his way further north,  
A dwelling of regal dimensions,  
Where platters of silver and gold flourished forth  
The owner's great pride and pretensions.  
"What ho!" said the giant, "here's something to pay!  
Those minions of mine—won't I fix 'em!  
They had express orders to come out this way  
And thaw out the heart of old Wixham."

6. The giant was wroth, and his breath like a coal ;  
But Wixham appeared not to mind it,  
For his heart was a piece from the very North Pole,  
And the giant himself couldn't find it.  
" Ah me !" sighed the giant, " I see that my law  
Won't work where the Ice-King has brooded :  
So in my report of a general thaw  
The heart of this man is excluded !"

No. 19.—THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

*Robert Southey.*

The battle of Blenheim (also called the battle of Hochstadt) was fought on August 13, 1704, near Blenheim, a village of Bavaria, on the Danube, between the French and Bavarians on one side, and the English and Austrians under the Duke of Marlborough (pronounced Mawl'bro) and Prince Eugene on the other. A hundred and twenty thousand men were engaged on both sides, and the French and Bavarians met with a complete overthrow, losing twenty-five thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. For the great victory won by Marlborough the English government bestowed upon him " Blenheim Park," containing about three thousand acres of land, and built there for him a magnificent residence (" Blenheim House"), that cost two and a half millions of dollars.

This great battle of Blenheim was fought, with its immense sacrifice of life and treasure, to determine whether an Austrian or a French prince should become monarch of Spain. Probably but few of the combatants could tell " what 'twas all about."

1. It was a summer evening,  
Old Kaspar's work was done,  
And he, before his cottage door,  
Was sitting in the sun ;  
And by him sported on the green,  
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

2. She saw her brother Peterkin  
Roll something large and round,  
Which he beside the rivulet,  
In playing there, had found :  
He came to ask what he had found,  
That was so large, and smooth, and round.
3. Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
Who stood expectant by ;  
And then the old man shook his head,  
And, with a natural sigh,  
“ ’Tis some poor fellow’s skull,” said he,  
“ Who fell in the great victory.
4. “ I find them in the garden,  
For there’s many here about ;  
And often when I go to plough,  
The ploughshare turns them out ;  
For many thousand men,” said he,  
“ Were slain in that great victory.”
5. “ Now tell us what ’twas all about,”  
Young Peterkin he cries ;  
While little Wilhelmine looks up  
With wonder-waiting eyes ;  
“ Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they killed each other for.”
6. “ It was the English,” Kaspar cried,  
“ Who put the French to rout,  
But what they killed each other for,  
I could not well make out ;  
But everybody said,” quoth he,  
“ That ’twas a famous victory.

7. " My father lived at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by ;  
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly ;  
So, with his wife and child, he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head.
8. " With fire and sword the country round  
Was wasted far and wide ;  
And many a nursing mother then  
And new-born baby died :  
But things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory.
9. " They say it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won ;  
For many thousand bodies here  
Lay rotting in the sun :  
But things like that, you know, must be  
After a famous victory.
10. " Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,  
And our young prince, Eugene."  
" Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !"  
Said little Wilhelmine.  
" Nay, nay, my little girl !" quoth he,  
" It was a famous victory.
11. " And everybody praised the Duke  
Who this great fight did win."  
" But what good came of it at last ?"  
Quoth little Peterkin.  
" Why, that I cannot tell," said he,  
" But—'twas a glorious victory."

*Note.*—As a further interesting incident connected with the battle of Blenheim, it may be mentioned that the poet Addison celebrated it in a poem entitled *The Campaign*, in which he very happily described Marlborough, in one of the grandest similes ever penned. Addison was then struggling with poverty, but he was at once rewarded with a lucrative office, and from that time fortune smiled upon him. (See *Sixth Reader*, p. 143.)

No. 20.—ONE BY ONE.

“As thy days, so shall thy strength be.”—Deut. xxxiii. 25.

A. A. Procter.

1. One by one the sands are flowing ;  
    One by one the moments fall ;  
    Some are coming, some are going ;  
    Do not strive to grasp them all.
2. One by one thy duties wait thee ;  
    Let thy whole strength go to each ;  
    Let no future dreams elate thee ;  
    Learn thou first what these can teach.
3. One by one—bright gifts from heaven—  
    Joys are sent thee here below ;  
    Take them readily when given ;  
    Ready, too, to let them go.
4. One by one thy griefs shall meet thee ;  
    Do not fear an armed band :  
    One will fade as others greet thee,—  
    Shadows passing through the land.
5. Do not look at life's long sorrow ;  
    See how small each moment's pain :  
    God will help thee for to-morrow,  
    So each day begin again.

6. Every hour that fleets so slowly  
Has its task to do or bear ;  
Luminous the crown, and holy,  
If thou set each gem with care.

No. 21.—OCTOBER.

1. Child of the grand old autumn,  
October floateth by,  
A regal grace on her sun-kissed face,  
And light in her beaming eye.  
\* \* \* \* \*
2. She will breathe on the dim old forest ;  
And stainings of crimson light,  
Like the blushes that speak  
On her own bright cheek,  
Will fall on the leaves to-night ;  
And the mellow light of the dawning  
When the first faint sunbeams play,  
And the flushes that rest  
On the sunset's breast,  
She will leave on the trees to-day.
3. She will tap at the cottage window,  
One tap with her fingers cold,  
And the fire will be bright  
On the hearth to-night,  
As it was in the nights of old ;  
And hearts will draw close together,  
In the light of the cheery flame,  
While fond lips will bless  
For their happiness  
The sound of October's name.



4. Then she'll touch the tree-tops softly,  
And a carpet all fresh and sweet,  
In colors as bright  
As the rainbow's light,  
Will fall at her fairy feet;  
Sometimes she wooes the summer  
By the light of her magic smile,  
Sometimes she calls  
At the past king's halls  
And bids *him* reign awhile.
5. Then, when the hills are woven  
With many a tinted strand,  
When a veil of romance  
Like the bright clouds' dance  
Is wrapped over sea and land,  
Like a dream that is wild with splendor,  
Like the sun at the close of day,  
Like the visions that rest  
In a maiden's breast,  
October will float away.

No. 22.—THE HEALING OF BARTIMEUS.

*De Loss Lull.*

Read Mark x. 46-52, and Luke xviii. 35-43.

1. By the wayside sat a blind man,  
Melancholy, sad,  
While the beasts and birds about him  
Seemed so glad,

As they sported in the sunlight,  
While to him the world was midnight :  
    Sightless, lightless,  
    There he sat,  
Musing, musing, only that.

2. See! he's startled from his musings  
    By some distant sound,  
And he listens, breathless, bending  
    To the ground ;  
While a zephyr floating by  
Whispers, " Blind man, help is nigh."  
    Nearer, clearer,  
    Murmurs rare  
Mingle strangely in the air.

3. Soon a thousand feet are treading  
    Past the very spot  
Where the blind man has bemoaned  
    His bitter lot.  
Busy voices glide along,  
Joy anon breaks forth in song,  
    While one voice  
    More rich and clear  
Falls like music on his ear.

4. Rising and erectly standing,  
    Eagerly he speaks,  
While a glow of fervor kindles  
    On his cheeks :  
" Tell me, tell, what means this throng ?  
Why this joy, these words, this song ?"  
    Kindly, promptly,  
    Comes reply,  
" Jesus of Naz'reth passes by."

5. As through clouds the sunlight breaking  
Brightens earth and sky,  
So a radiance of gladness  
From on high  
Seemed to lighten up his face,  
When he heard that mighty grace  
Was even nigh  
To touch his eye  
And end the burden of his sigh.
6. Christ is near ; but he is passing—  
And will not he see  
Him whose eager looks are pleading?  
Will not he  
Pause to touch and bless those eyes  
With miraculous surprise?  
Still on he moves  
Amid the throng ;  
Footsteps, voices, glide along.
7. Suddenly an outcry startles  
All the passing throng,  
Loud, and full of supplication,  
Loud, and long :  
“ Jesus ! Son of David ! hear  
One who knows that thou art near ;  
Mercy ! mercy  
Have on me !  
Touch these eyes, that I may see ! ”
8. “ Why this outcry ? ” ask the people.  
“ Hold, Bartimeus !  
Silence, silence, man ! Why need you  
Clamor thus ? ”

But he did not cease his prayer,  
Louder still it rent the air  
    As he pleaded  
    With his might,  
"Son of David, give me sight!"

9. Not the volume of his pleading,  
    Nor the uttered word,  
But the spirit of entreaty  
    Jesus heard,  
For his onward steps were stayed.  
Quick he called for him who prayed;  
    Eager he  
    The Lord to find,  
Staff and mantle left behind.

10. In the blessed Master's presence  
    See the blind man stand,  
Waiting for the revelations  
    Of command.  
But, instead, he touched his eyes;  
Forth the wondrous virtue flies:  
    Lo, he sees!  
    His night is o'er!  
Bartimeus is blind no more.

No. 23.—NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

Sentiments from *William Wirt*, and others.

1. The education, moral and intellectual, of every individual must be chiefly his own work. You shall see issuing from the walls of the same college, nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family, two young men, of whom the one shall be admitted to be a genius of high

order, the other scarcely above the point of mediocrity ; yet you shall see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness, while, on the other hand, you shall observe the young man of moderate abilities plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting at length to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country. Now, whose work is this? Manifestly, their own. They are the architects of their respective fortunes.

2. The best seminary of learning that can open its portals to you can do no more than afford you the opportunity of instruction ; but it must depend at last on yourselves whether you will be instructed or not, and to what point you will push your instruction. And of this be assured, there is no excellence without great labor. It is the fiat of fate, from which no power of genius can absolve you.

3. DEMOSTHENES combated an impediment in speech and an ungainliness of gesture which at first drove him from the forum in disgrace. CICERO failed at first through weakness of lungs, and an excessive vehemence of manner which wearied the hearers and defeated his own purpose. These defects were conquered by study and discipline. He exiled himself from home, and during his absence in various lands passed not a day without a rhetorical exercise, seeking the masters who were most severe in criticism, as the surest means of leading him to the perfection at which he aimed.

4. To be the greatest orator of Rome, the equal of Demosthenes, was his supreme desire, and to it all other studies were made subservient. Poetry, history, law, philosophy, were regarded by him as only so many qualifications without which an orator could not be perfect, and he could not conceive of a great orator except as a great man, nor a

good orator except as a good man. The cherished theory of Quintilian, the great Roman rhetorician, that a perfect orator would be the best man that earth could produce, is really but a restatement of Cicero's firm belief.

5. Of LORD CHATHAM, whose name is the representative in our language of whatever is bold and commanding in eloquence, it is related that, while at school, he studied and practised, with some of his associates whom he enticed from the play-ground for the purpose, the art of easy and animated conversation, for which he was so celebrated in after-life. He also went *twice* through the largest dictionary of that day, examining every word attentively, dwelling on its peculiar import and modes of construction, and thus endeavoring to bring the whole range of our language completely under his control. The labor which he bestowed on such exercises, and upon others for his improvement in oratory, was surprisingly great; and it is said of him, that "probably no other man of genius, since the days of Cicero, has ever submitted to an equal amount of drudgery."

6. Of WILLIAM PITT the younger, the greatest of English statesmen next to his father, Lord Chatham, it is said that "his whole soul, from boyhood, was absorbed in one idea,—that of becoming a distinguished orator;" and when he heard, at the age of seven, that his father had been raised to the peerage, he instantly exclaimed, "Then I must take his place in the House of Commons."

7. Although his constitution was frail, his love of study was unbounded; and many of the years of his youth were ardently devoted to such studies as the classics, the mathematics, and the logic of Aristotle applied to the purposes of debate. He studied the different styles of the Greek and Latin authors, whose works he translated with great facility; and his private tutor said of him that there was



not a Greek or Latin classical writer of any eminence the *whole of whose works* Mr. Pitt had not read, in a thorough and discriminating manner, before the age of twenty.

8. The poets, also, had a large share of this youthful student's attention; his memory was stored with their finest passages; and few men ever introduced a quotation in a more graceful manner, or with a closer adaptation to the circumstances of the case. He had the finest passages of Shakspeare by heart, and he read the best historians with great care. He was intimately acquainted with the sacred Scriptures, not only as a guide of his faith and practice, but, in the language of the poet Spenser, as the true "well of English undefiled."

9. England's greatest jurist, the celebrated LORD MANSFIELD, was a most diligent student in early life; he read everything that had been written on the principles of the art of oratory; he made himself familiar with all the great masters of eloquence in Greece and Rome, and spent much of his time translating their finest productions, as the best means of improving his style. He joined a debating society where the most abstruse legal points were fully discussed. For these exercises he prepared himself beforehand with such copiousness that the notes he used proved highly valuable in after-life, both at the bar and on the bench.

10. The great ambition of the English statesman and orator, Mr. Fox, was directed in early life to a single object, that of making himself a powerful debater; and he strove to do this by acquiring that knowledge of general principles, that acquaintance with each subject as it comes up, that ready use of all his faculties, which enabled him to meet every question where he found it, to grapple with his antagonist at a moment's warning, and to avail himself of every advantage which springs from a perfect command

of all his powers and resources. In all this he thought of but one thing,—not language, not imagery, but *argument*. With such habits and feelings, he rose, says Mr. Burke (another great orator), “by slow degrees, to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater the world ever saw.”

11. Let such examples as those we have adduced impress upon the young men of our country the truth of the principle that there can be no great excellence in any of the professions without unremitting toil, combined with great attainments in a varied scholarship, and true personal worth.

#### No. 24.—NOT WORDS ALONE.

*Anon.*

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise  
 And soothe where'er we can;  
 Fair speech should bind the human mind,  
 And love link man to man.  
 But stay not at the gentle words;  
 Let *deeds* with language dwell:  
 The one who pities starving birds  
 Should scatter crumbs as well.  
 The mercy that is warm and true  
 Must lend a helping hand;  
 For those who *talk*, yet fail to *do*,  
 But “build upon the sand.”

#### No. 25.—THE EVER-RESTLESS SEA.

*All the Year Round.*

1. The wind blew over the barley, the wind blew over the wheat,  
 Where the scarlet poppy tossed her head, with the bind-weed at her feet;

The wind blew over the great blue sea, in the golden  
August weather,  
Till the tossing corn and the tossing waves showed  
shadow and gleam together.

2. The wind blew over the barley, the wind blew over the  
oats,  
The lark sprang up to the sunny sky, and shook his  
ringing notes  
Over the wealth of the smiling land, the sweep of the  
glittering sea.  
“Which is the fairest?” he sang, as he soared o’er the  
beautiful rivalry.
3. And with a fuller voice than the wind, a deeper tone  
than the bird,  
Came the answer from the solemn sea, that Nature,  
pausing, heard:  
“The corn will be garnered, the lark will be hushed,  
at the frown of the wintry weather,  
The sun will fly from the snow-piled sky, but I go on  
forever !”

- No. 26.—SPARROWS.

*Mrs. Whitney.*

1. Little birds sit on the telegraph-wires,  
And chitter, and flutter, and fold their wings:  
Maybe they think that for them and their sires  
Stretched always, on purpose, those wonderful strings;  
And perhaps the thought that the world inspires  
*Did* plan for birds among other things.

2. Little birds sit on the slender lines,  
And the news of the world runs under their feet,—  
How value rises, and now declines,  
How kings with their armies in battle meet ;  
And all the while, 'mid the soundless signs,  
They chirp their small gossipings, foolish-sweet.
3. Little things light on the lines of *our* lives,—  
Hopes and joys and acts of to-day,—  
And we think that for these the Lord contrives,  
Nor catch what the hidden lightnings say.  
Yet from end to end his meaning arrives,  
And his word runs underneath all the way.
4. Is life only wires and lightnings, then,  
Apart from that which about it clings?  
Are the thoughts and the works and the prayers of men  
Only sparrows that light on God's telegraph-strings,  
Holding a moment, and gone again ?  
"Nay : he planned for the birds, with the larger things."

No. 27.—THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

*Whittier.*

*Buena Vista* (Spanish pronunciation bwā'nah vees'tah) is a small hamlet about twenty miles southwest of Monterey, in Mexico, near which a battle was fought February 22 and 23, 1847, between five thousand United States troops under General Zachary Taylor and twenty thousand Mexicans under General Santa Anna. The Mexicans were defeated with heavy loss. During the fight Mexican women were seen hovering near the field of death, giving aid and succor to the wounded. One of these poor women was found, after the battle, surrounded by the maimed and suffering of both armies, and ministering to the wants of Americans and Mexicans with impartial tenderness.

1.

Speak and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward, far away,  
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,

Who is losing? who is winning? are they far, or come they near?  
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we hear.

## 2.

“Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls;  
Blood is flowing, men are dying: God have mercy on their souls!”  
Who is losing? who is winning?—“Over hill and over plain  
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain rain.”

## 3.

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look once more.  
“Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,  
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman, foot and horse  
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its mountain  
course.”

## 4.

Look forth once more, Ximena!—“Ah! the smoke has rolled away;  
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of gray.  
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of Minon  
wheels;  
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels.

## 5.

“Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat, and now advance!  
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla’s charging lance!  
Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot together fall;  
Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them ploughs the  
Northern ball!”

## 6.

Nearer came the storm, and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on!  
Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost, and who has won?  
“Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall.  
O’er the dying rush the living: pray, my sisters, for them all!

## 7.

“Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting: Blessed Mother, save my brain!  
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain.  
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and strive  
to rise:  
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes!

## 8.

"O my heart's love! O my dear one! lay thy poor head on my knee:

Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear me?  
canst thou see?

O my husband, brave and gentle! O my Bernal, look once more  
On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! all is o'er!"

## 9.

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down to rest;  
Let his hands be meekly folded; lay the cross upon his breast;  
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said:  
To-day, thou poor, bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

## 10.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier lay,  
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life away;  
But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,  
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol-belt.

## 11.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her head;  
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her dead;  
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling breath  
of pain,  
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.

## 12.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand and faintly  
smiled:  
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside her child?  
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart supplied;  
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured he, and  
died.

## 13.

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth  
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping, lonely, in the North!"  
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her dead,  
And turned to soothe the living and bind the wounds which bled.



## 14.

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a cloud before the wind  
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and death  
behind:

Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded strive:  
Hide your faces, holy angels! O thou Christ of God, forgive!"

## 15.

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains! let the cool, gray shadows  
fall;

Dying brothers, fighting demons—drop thy curtain over all!  
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle rolled,  
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips grew cold.

## 16.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,  
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint and  
lacking food;

Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care they hung,  
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and Northern  
tongue.

## 17.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours;  
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden  
flowers;

From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer,  
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air.

No. 28.—ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN ON LEAVING  
SCHOOL OR COLLEGE.

*Rev. Wm. Lloyd.*

1. Now, my young friends, allow me to speak a word to  
you upon your future career. I wish to ask you a ques-  
tion which you *must* answer at some time. You are just

about to enter upon that mysterious voyage, the perils of which no man knows, the currents of which may set to honor or dishonor, wealth or poverty, glory or shame. The question I would ask each of you is, *Will you sail, or will you drift?*

2. Every life is either a drift or a voyage. The end is determined by the beginning. You may, if you will, battle against winds and waves, against tides and tempests, against hurricane and iceberg, welcoming sunny heavens and balmy breezes, and, sailing over sunlit seas, voyage steadily on toward a chosen, desired harbor; or you may drift over the sea, and founder, or dash upon the rocks and sink beneath waves of despair.

3. A few weeks ago, in search of health and rest, I wandered to one of the sweetest spots in Old England. It was Grasmere, the home and haunt of one of England's most philosophic poets. I strolled into the quiet churchyard. There, close side by side, are two graves. The one is carefully tended and enclosed; the grass upon it is kept green, and an ancient yew-tree bends almost lovingly over it. The other is neglected; no flower blooms upon it; the grass is rough and tangled with weeds, and the foot of the careless stroller steps upon it unrebuked.

4. The one was the grave of the poet Wordsworth,<sup>1</sup> a name honored to-day wherever the English language is spoken. The waters of the Rotha murmured softly by, the waves of Rydal Lake gleamed like gold in the sunlight, the shadow of the Helen crag fell grandly over the scene; and murmuring waters, sun-kissed waves, and solitary mountain seemed to breathe the poet's spirit, and whisper one to another, "He, being dead, yet speaketh."

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<sup>1</sup> WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, poet-laureate of England after the death of Southey. (See *Sixth Reader*, p. 249.)

5. The other was the grave of Hartley Coleridge<sup>1</sup>—brilliant as a meteor, and as soon passed ; inheritor of marvellous genius which never ripened ; his life one long struggle, ending in failure so sad that he himself wrote upon the fly-leaf of a Bible his mother gave him,—

“ When I received this volume small,  
My years were barely seventeen,  
When it was hoped I should be all  
Which once, alas ! I might have been.  
And now my years are thirty-five,  
And every mother hopes her lamb  
And every happy child alive  
May never be what now I am.”

6. The one man sailed. The other drifted. The one aimed at goodness rather than greatness, held his lower nature subservient to the higher, and passion in check to principle. The other was a wayward child of genius, and grappling feebly with inherited tendencies and physical and moral weakness, he became the sport of every wind of passion, tossed on waves of indulgence, and was at last flung up a wreck, shattered, dead. I confess that my eyes were dim with tears as I looked at that uncared-for grave, and said Amen to the prayer upon the little cross that marks the spot, “ By thy cross and passion, O Lord, have mercy upon us.”

7. Young men, I entreat you, steer ; do not drift. Have a clearly-defined purpose in life. Make up your mind

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<sup>1</sup> HARTLEY COLERIDGE, son of the well-known Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the author of the “ Ancient Mariner ” (see *Sixth Reader*, p. 278), was an erratic genius, a man of brilliant conversational powers, of exquisite poetic fancy, and of childlike purity and simplicity of character ; but he had no steadiness of purpose, and he early acquired habits of wine-drinking over which he afterward had but little control.

what you mean to be, and then steadily pursue it. This world is full of purposeless men. The men who have written their names high above their fellows, in statesmanship, in literature, in commerce, in anything, have been men of steady purpose and strong will. When you find occupation that is congenial to your tastes and suitable to your ability, stick to it.

8. Listen to the voice of your conscience; watch its every indication. It is the compass of life. No man will drift much who is heedful of it. Longfellow sings,—

“Oh, if our souls but poise and swing,  
Like the compass in its brazen ring,  
Ever level, ever true  
To the toil and task we have to do,  
We shall sail serenely, and safely reach  
The fortunate isles, on whose shining beach  
The sights we see and the sounds we hear  
Will be of joy and not of fear.”

9. Look out for rocks upon which others have split, and avoid them. I can only name some of them. There is Debt Rock: this has stranded thousands. There is Smartness Rock,—smartness without honesty or principle. There is Speculation Rock: look out for that, young man. Almost all the defalcations, the bank-robbings, the failures, the misery of burst bubbles in our age are due to this gambling business. Avoid all these.

10. Do a legitimate business, and then you can be proud of every dollar you win. Steer toward a home of your own. Work hard; be honest; be earnest; be a good, true citizen. Thrust behind you all temptations to illicit gain. Fear God and work righteousness. Then, when life ends, with a clear conscience, honored by men, loved by those you leave behind, you shall

“Sail into the sunset,  
Sail into the dusk of evening,  
To the islands of the blessed,  
To the kingdom of the Father,  
To the land of the hereafter.”

No. 29.—TWO PICTURES.

1. An old farm-house with meadows wide,  
And sweet with clover on each side ;  
A bright-eyed boy who looks from out  
The door with woodbine wreathed about,  
And wishes his one thought all day :  
“Oh, if I could but fly away  
From this dull spot the world to see,  
How happy, happy, happy,  
How happy I would be !”
2. Amid the city's constant din,  
A man who round the world has been  
Is thinking, thinking all day long,  
“Oh, if I could only trace once more  
The field-path to the farm-house door,  
The old green meadows could I see,  
How happy, happy, happy,  
How happy I would be !”

No. 30.—THE LAND OF LIBERTY.

*Anon.*

1. I love my country's vine-clad hills,  
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,  
Her sunshine and her storms,

Her rough and rugged rocks that rear  
Their hoary heads high in the air,  
In wild, fantastic forms.

2. I love her rivers deep and wide,  
Those mighty streams that seaward glide  
To seek the ocean's breast,  
Her smiling fields, her flowery dales,  
Her shady dells, her pleasant vales,  
Abodes of peaceful rest.

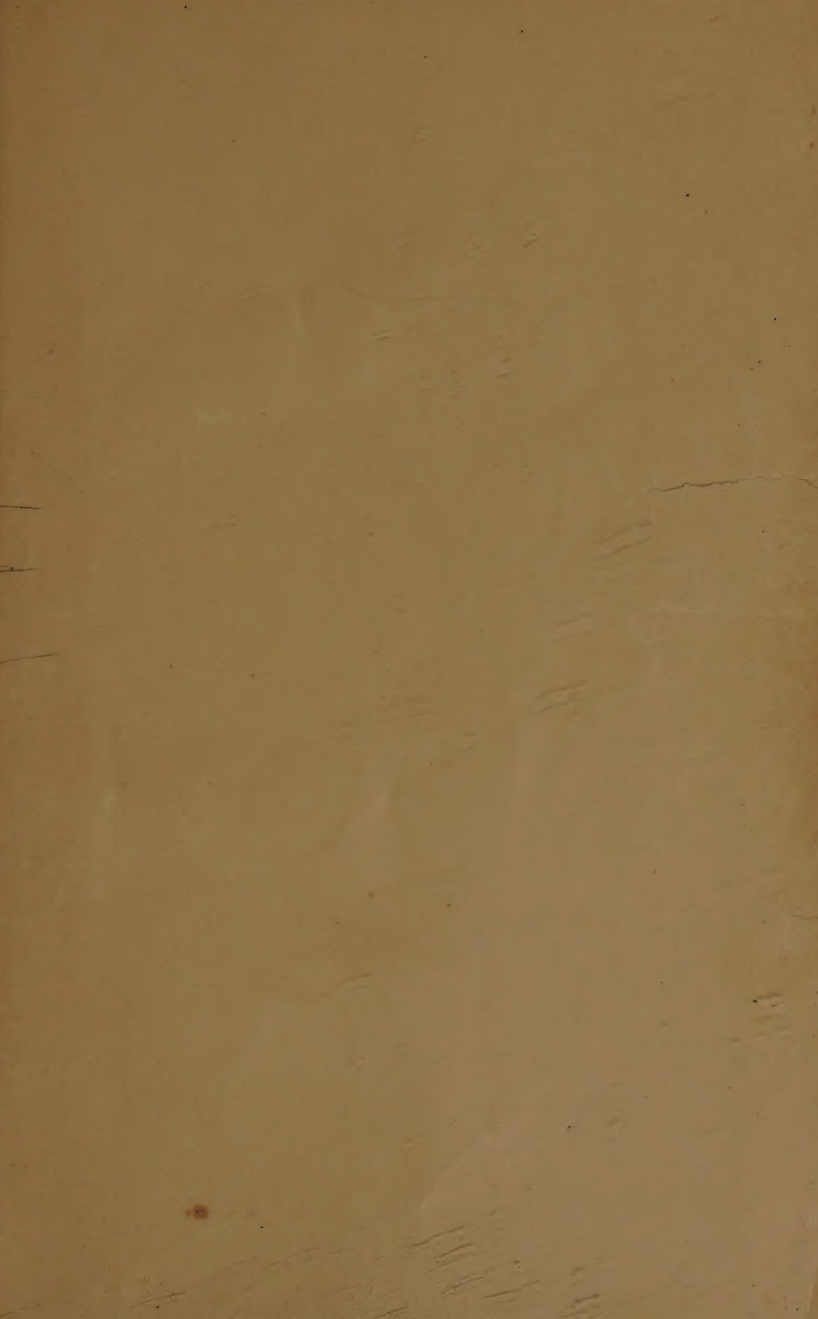
3. I love her forests dark and lone,  
For there the wild-bird's merry tone  
I hear from morn to night ;  
And lovelier flowers are there, I ween,  
Than e'er in Eastern lands were seen,  
In varied colors bright.

4. Her forests and her valleys fair,  
Her flowers that scent the morning air,  
All have their charms for me ;  
But more I love my country's name,  
Those words that echo deathless fame,—  
*The land of Liberty !*









X X X X  
C B D

H. E. Peffley.  
Maysville  
Perry Co  
Pa.  
Pa.

C B D Base

General John A. Sargent was  
the first to go to the Candy  
Poston of the 1848 and also

Day  
Dr

B. B. Club.

Hay Seed.

